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Vol. IV.—No. 19. OCTOBER, 1900.

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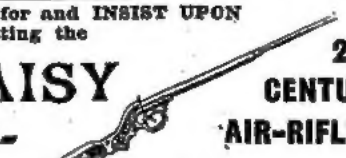

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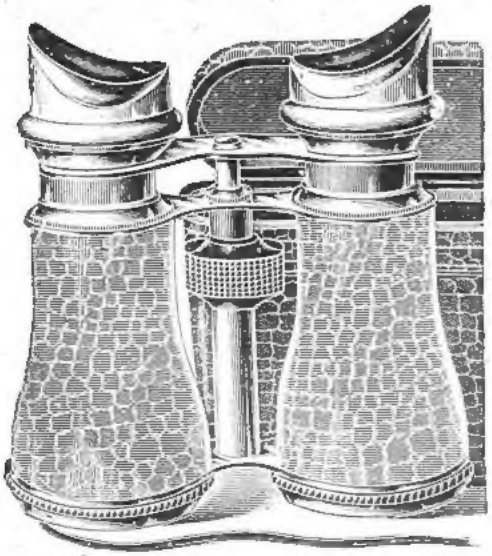

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—*The Birmingham Daily Gazette*, July 3, 1900.

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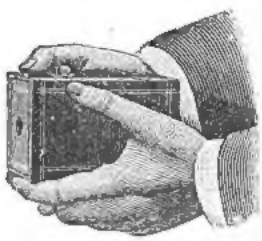

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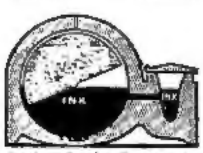

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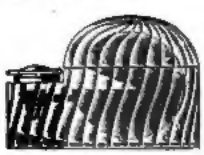

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THE CAPTAIN.

Contents for October, 1900.

		PAGE
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR	*Back of Frontispiece*	
"THE SPY HAS ESCAPED!"	*Frontispiece*	
THE CRUISE OF THE "VENGEFUL." (CHAPTERS I.—IV.) Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.	3
TELE-PHOTOGRAPHY With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.	A. WILLIAMS	15
WHAT I THINK OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY	21
THE BIRTH OF ASTON VILLA		25
OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE SLANG	A CHRIST CHURCH MAN	26
KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST. (CHAPTERS I.—II.) Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.	W. W. MAYLAND	27
THE STORY OF PRINTING With Illustrations from Old Prints.	WALTER DEXTER	33
THE STAMP COLLECTOR (ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS)	H. M. GOOCH	37
WHEN D'ARTAGNAN WAS A BOY Illustrated by VICTOR VENNER.	J. MACDONALD OXLEY	38
ON THE CARE OF RABBITS	"AMPHIBIAN"	42
TALES OF GREYHOUSE. ("THE GREAT REBELLION.") Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	R. S. WARREN BELL	43
OUR LIBRARY CORNER		50
CONCERNING CYCLOMETERS With Illustrations.	HAYDON PERRY	51
THE HERRING INDUSTRY	GILDART J. WALKER	54
ICH DIEN Illustrated by E. F. SHERIE.	E. MENHINIC MORPHEW	55
"OUR BILL"	ARTHUR STANLEY	60
AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR		61
PRISONERS OF WAR Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON.	WALTER RHOADES	62
THE ABSURDITIES OF GERMAN GRAMMAR Illustrated by REUBEN COHEN.	EYED AWRY	68
"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION." (DR. PRIMROSE)	E. WILLOUGHBY	69
AERIAL SHIPS With Illustrations.	ATHOL FORBES	70
A TALE OF TOOTHACHE Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	JESSIE POPE	74
THE CITY OF WHITE GHOSTS	H. E. WOOLLEN	79
A BIT OF OUT-FIELDING Illustrated by AYTON SYMINGTON.	G. F. FARQUHAR	81
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		85
SPECIAL PAGES	CONTRIBUTED BY READERS	87
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER		91
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		92
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		94
RESULTS OF AUGUST COMPETITIONS		96

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

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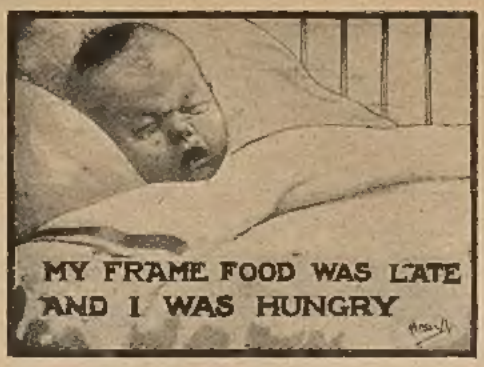

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INDEX.

PAGE

ACTON'S CHRISTMAS. By FRED SWAINSON 301
(*Illustrated* by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)
ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS, MY. By the REV. JOHN BACON, F.R.A.S. ... 439
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs.)
ADVENTURES OF TINTOETUMTOOTYKIETOKE. By C. EDWARD WEIR 158
(*Illustrated* by COLEBROOK PEARSE.)
ADVICE GRATIS. From the *Brighton College Magazine* 529
AERIAL SHIPS. By ATHOL FORBES 70
(With *Illustrations*.)
A LETTER FROM CHILE, AND OTHER ESSAYS 530
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By THE EDITOR ... 91, 191, 286, 382, 478, 573
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By C. B. FRY ... 24, 128, 313, 412
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By A. E. MANNING FOSTER ... 174, 368
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By H. M. GOOCH ... 37, 246, 421, 511
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By HAYDON PERRY ... 311, 436, 523
ASSAULT OF THE STUDIO, THE. By D. H. PARRY ... 195
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE SOPER.)
"ASTON VILLA," THE BIRTH OF ... 25
ATHLETIC CORNER, THE Conducted by C. B. FRY:
WHAT I THINK OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL 21
ON KEEPING FIT 121
VERSATILITY IN FOOTBALL ... 310
GAMES THAT GIRLS CAN PLAY 110
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS 136
AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR, SIR EIZAK PITMAN TO AN 305

BAFFLING A BULLY. By W. LLOYD SUMMERS B.A. 161
(*Illustrated* by E. F. SKINNER.)
BELOW THE SALT. By CHARLES GIBBON 262
(*Illustrated* by E. F. SKINNER.)
BICYCLE, A SONG OF THE. By HELEN K. WATTS ... 371
BIT OF OUT FIELDING, A. By GEORGE G. FARQUHAR 81
(*Illustrated* by J. AYTON SYMINGTON.)
BRITANNIA'S LAST FIGHT, THE. By FRED WHISHAW 387
(*Illustrated* by E. F. SKINNER.)

CALENDAR, "THE CAPTAIN" 1, 97, 193, 289, 385, 481
CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA 580
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS 376, 472, 568
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS 91, 188, 281, 380, 476, 571
CHASE OF BIRD, THE. By "VIVE LA FRANCE." 290
(*Illustrated* by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.)
CHASE OF FOX, THE. By "VIVE LA FRANCE." 153
(*Illustrated* by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.)
CHINESE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY, THE. By A. COLLINS 139, 295
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs.)
CHIVALRY OF JOHNSON MINOR, THE. By CHARLES D. LESLIE 174
(*Illustrated* by JOHN HASSALL.)
CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS. By JAMES WEIR 501
CHURCH, THE OLDEST IN ENGLAND. By S. BISHOP 280
COACHING DAYS, IN THE. By WALTER DEXTER 313
(*Illustrated* by WALKER HODGSON, and from Old Prints.)
COMPETITIONS, COMMENTS ON THE 480, 576
CONJURING TRICKS, SOME EASY. By a Master of Magic 372
CROAKER'S CHRISTMAS. By ALF. H. COOPER 271
(*Illustrated* by E. F. SKINNER.)

BODLEIAN LIBRARY 31·7 190

PAGE

CRUISE OF THE "VENGEFUL," THE. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ... 3, 99, 205, 353, 438, 543
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE HAWLEY.)

CYCLING CORNER, THE. Conducted by HAYDON PERRY:
- CONCERNING CYCLOMETERS ... 71
- CONCERNING CYCLE SADDLES ... 257
- CONCERNING TYRES ... 337
- BICYCLE BELLS ... 434
- CONCERNING LAMPS ... 519

D'ARTAGNAN WAS A BOY, WHEN. By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A. ... 38
(*Illustrated* by VICTOR VENNER.)

DEEP SEA FISHING. By ALAN OSCAR ... 489
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE HAWLEY.)

DIARY, ONE DAY'S. By the "O. F." ... 364

DRUMMER LARKIN GOT THE VICTORIA CROSS, HOW. By DAVID KER ... 319
(*Illustrated* by W. B. HANFORTH.)

"ENGLAND EXPECTS——" By E. FITZWILLIAM ALASTAIR ... 303
(*Illustrated* by H. A. HOGG.)

EVENING. By ETHEL DAY ... 318

FIREWORKS, CONCERNING. By J. A. KAY ... 112
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GERMAN GRAMMAR. By "EYED AWRY" ... 68
(*Illustrated* by RUBE COHEN.)

"HANDS UP!" By JOHN PATRICK ... 366
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE HULME.)

HERRING INDUSTRY, THE. By GILDART J. WALKER ... 54

HOW SPARKES UNEARTHED AN INHERITANCE. By H. HERVEY ... 512
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE SOPER.)

HOW SPARKES UPSET A KOPIE. By H. HERVEY ... 159
(*Illustrated* by T. W. HENRY.)

ICH DIEN. By E. MENHINIC MURPHEW ... 55
(*Illustrated* by E. F. SHERIE.)

IN A BEAR'S DEN. By DAVID KER ... 539
(*Illustrated* by J. LITTLER.)

JUNGLY AND THE MONKEY. By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS ... 523
(*Illustrated* by THE AUTHOR.)

JUNGLY THE BIRD-CATCHER. By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS ... 423
(*Illustrated* by THE AUTHOR.)

KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST. By W. W. MAYLAND ... 27, 127, 267, 322, 413, 533
(*Illustrated* by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.)

LIBRARY CORNER, OUR ... 50

4 S. D. OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON. By HAROLD MACFARLAN ... 556
(*Illustrated* by THE AUTHOR.)

MACDONALD, V.C., CAPTURED KRUGER'S CATTLE, HOW. By DAN WINSLOW ... 178
(*Illustrated* by G. M. DODSHON.)

MANDARIN'S PIGTAIL, THE. By JACK BUNTING ... 563
(*Illustrated* by ALF J. JOHNSON.)

MENAGERIES, WHOLESALE AND EXPORT. By EDWARD TEBBUTT ... 428
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MILITARY TRAINING IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS. By JOHN J. PARKER ... 559

MIRAGE, AN AUSTRALIAN. By E. GEORGE BOREHAM ... 400

MRS. BROWN'S TAME TIGER. By H. HERVEY ... 253
(*Illustrated* by T. W. HENRY.)

MUSEUM, A HOME. By F. W. FIELD ... 313

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."
III.—"DR. PRIMROSE." By E. WILLOUGHBY ... 69

NATURAL HISTORY, ESSAY ON. By "EYED AWRY" ... 256

NIGHT OF ACTION, A. By MAITLAND S. HERRIES ... 170
(*Illustrated* by H. S. GREIG.)

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS, SOME. By WALTER DEXTER ... 469
(*Illustrated* with Diagrams.)

"OUR BILL." By ARTHUR STANLEY ... 60

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE SLANG. By a Christ Church Man ... 26

PAGE

PETS, ON THE CARE OF. By PERCY W. FARMBOROUGH, F.Z.S., F.E.S. 144
(*Illustrated* by COLBRON PEARSE.)
POST-CARD, THE NATIONAL. By HAROLD MACFARLANE 457
(*Illustrated* by THE AUTHOR.)
"PRINCE CHARLIE" ANECDOTE, A. By GERTRUDE E. MALKIN 304
PRINTING, THE STORY OF. By WALTER DEXTER 33
(With *Illustrations* from Old Prints.)
PRISONERS OF WAR. By WALTER RHOADES 62
(*Illustrated* by G. M. DODSHON.)

RABBITS, ON THE CARE OF. By "AMPHIBIAN" 42
(*Illustrated* by COLBRON PEARSE.)
RAILWAY TRAVEL, A CENTURY OF. By J. A. KAY 311
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs.)
REFORMATION OF FLAXBOURNE, THE. By JOHN PATRICK 110
(*Illustrated* by STEWART BROWNE.)
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS:
AUGUST 96
SEPTEMBER 192
OCTOBER 288
NOVEMBER 384
DECEMBER 480
JANUARY 576

SCHOOL, THE OLDEST IN ENGLAND. By J. WATSON 280
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED 85, 182, 374
SCHOOLS, PHOTOS OF:
Manumead College (Plymouth), Kent College (Canterbury), Mathematical School (Rochester), Blairlodge School (Stirlingshire), King William's College (Isle of Man), The King's Hospital (Dublin) 303
SECRET OF THE IDOL, THE. By W. MURRAY GRAYDON 451
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE MORROW.)
SHOW BILL, AN OLD. 336
SOLDIER AND SON. Translated from the French by ALYS HALLARD 291
(*Illustrated* by GEORGE SOPER.)
SPECIAL PAGES. Contributed by Readers 87, 184, 281
STAMP COLLECTOR, THE. Conducted by H. M. GOOCH
XIII.—"WHAT WILL MY STAMPS FETCH?" 68
XIV. HOW TO START A STAMP COLLECTION 214
XV.—THE BEST STAMPS TO BUY 328
XVI.—"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!" 419
XVII.—THE STAMPS OF GREAT BRITAIN 520
SYMPATHY. By W. J. C. NETTLETON 330

TALE OF A TIP, A. By the REV. E. E. BRADFORD, B.A. 239
(*Illustrated* by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)
TALE OF TOOTHACHE, A. By JESSIE POPE 74
(*Illustrated* by E. F. SKINNER.)
TALES OF GREYHOUSE. By R. S. WARREN BELL:
THE GREAT REBELLION 43, 147, 247
TWO SUNDAY NIGHTS 343
THE TOP ROOM 401
QUITS 453
TELEPHONE CONVERSATION 501
TELE-PHOTOGRAPHY. By A. WILLIAMS 15
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs by THE AUTHOR.)
"THE CAPTAIN" IS PRINTED, HOW. By J. DAVIS 393
(With *Illustrations* from Photographs.)
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL 92, 189, 285, 381, 477, 573
THEATRICALS FOR CHRISTMAS EVENINGS. By C. S. JONES 276
(*Illustrated* by WALKER HODGSON.)
THRILLING EXPERIENCE ON THE ALPS, A. By GEORGE H. BEST 155
(*Illustrated* by A. J. JOHNSON.)
TIGER SMILED, AND THE 467
"TOMBOY" WON HIS GOLDEN TUSKLETS, HOW. By H. HERVEY 341
(*Illustrated* by J. LITTLER.)
TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER, A RUN IN A. By "GED." 111
TURNER'S TYPEWRITER. By W. SNOW 466
(*Illustrated* by WALKER HODGSON and E. F. SKINNER.)

WALKER AND THE WHIPPET. By STARR WOOD 498
WHITE GHOSTS, THE CITY OF THE. By H. E. WOOLLEY 79
(*Illustrated* with Photographs by THE AUTHOR.)
WOLF HUNT, AN UNEXPECTED. By FRED. WHISHAW 224
(*Illustrated* by J. LITTLER.)
WORCESTER FIGHT, AFTER. By FRED. SWANSON 161
(*Illustrated* by F. C. LUCKHURST.)

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OCTOBER, 1900.

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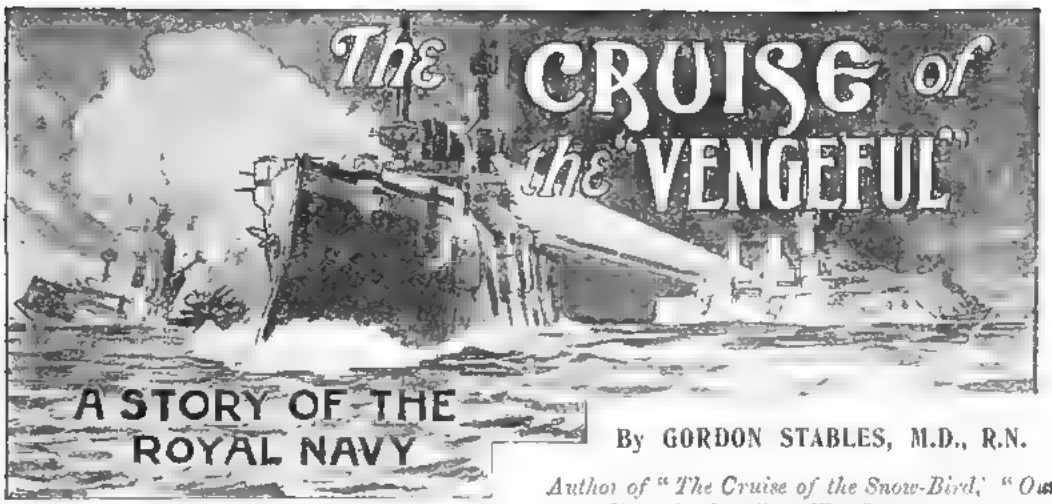
1.	*Monday* ...	*Cambridge Term begins*	6.38
2.	*Tuesday* ...	*Ex-President Steyn born*, 1857	6.35
3.	*Wednesday*...	*First Race for America Cup, 1899* ...	6.33
4.	*Thursday* ...	*Guizot, the French Historian, b.* 1787 ...	6.31
5.	*Friday* ...	*Great Fire at Liverpool*, 1838	6.29
6.	*Saturday* ...	*Lord Tennyson died*, 1892	6.26
7.	**Sunday** ...	*Seventeenth after Trinity*	6.24
8.	*Monday* ..	*Henry Fielding, novelist, d.* 1754, *aged* 47 ...	6.22
9.	*Tuesday* ...	*Kruger issued his Ultimatum*, 1899 ...	6.19
10.	*Wednesday*...	*Oxford Term begins*	6.17
11.	*Thursday*	*War declared with Transvaal*, 1899 ...	6.15
12.	*Friday* ...	*Pekin occupied*, 1860	6.13
13.	*Saturday* ...	*Guy Boothby, novelist, b.* 1867	6.10
14.	**Sunday** ...	*Eighteenth after Trinity*	6.8
15.	*Monday* ...	*King of the French fired at*, 1840	6.6
16.	*Tuesday* ...	*Massacre of Aleppo*, 1850	6.4
17.	*Wednesday*...	*Duchess of Edinburgh born*, 1853	6.2
18.	*Thursday* ...	*St. Luke the Evangelist*	6.0
19.	*Friday* ...	*Dean Swift died*, 1745, *aged* 78	5.59
20.	*Saturday* ...	*Battle of Glencoe*, 1899	5.57
21.	**Sunday** ...	*Nineteenth after Trinity*	5.55
22.	**MONDAY** .	**NOVEMBER "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**5.52**
23.	*Tuesday* ...	*Sir Michael Hicks-Beach born*, 1837 ...	5.49
24.	*Wednesday*...	*Michaelmas Law Sittings begin*	5.47
25.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Balaclava*, 1854	5.45
26.	*Friday* ...	*"Rebecca" Rioters tried at Cardiff*, 1843 ...	5.44
27.	*Saturday* ...	*Captain Cook born*, 1728	5.42
28.	**Sunday** ...	*Twentieth after Trinity*	5.40
29.	*Monday* ...	*H. W. Bainbridge, cricketer, b.* 1862 ...	5.39
30.	*Tuesday* ...	*H. K. Foster, cricketer, b.* 1873	5.37
31.	*Wednesday*...	*Hallowmas Eve*	5.35

Calendar Events for December are invited.

"THE SPY HAS ESCAPED! THE SPY HAS ESCAPED "—(See page 13.)



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

CHAPTER I.

WAR!

H.M.S. *Vengeful* lay low on the water, like a panther couched and ready to spring. A first-class cruiser was she, armed with the most powerful guns ever built; with the lightest and best of armour; with everything perfect in and around her; but, strangely enough, with masts and rigging which, by the aid of machinery, could be unshipped at will. She was designed for special service, and could steam, when there was need of such a spurt, six-and-thirty knots (about forty and a-half miles) an hour. The *Vengeful* was one of a new class, for in this terrible year of 1909 such vessels would be surely needed.

And why? Because stirring times had come. The fiat of two great nations in coalition had gone forth, and Britain was doomed—so they said. She would no longer rule the seas; no longer be mistress of Egypt, of India, nor of Africa itself. Russia, with her monstrous armies; France, with her monstrous navy—what nation could stand against these? Ah! But Britain meant to fight to the grim end, as heroes, like Nelson and the gallant good Rion had done in days gone by—fight for death or victory.

The blood of the nation was roused; war would soon be declared, and invasion might be attempted. But what cared Britain for fickle France, or the shadow of the great Bear itself? Old men told the young of a time when this country was at war with the whole world, and more than held its own. What her brave forefathers had done, *they* could do.

And so the patriotism of the country, which is not always on the bubble, was as hot now as melted pitch. Even the boys at school, or on the street, forgot all their games for that of sham warfare and sham battles; French and Russians against British would be arrayed every day on the playground, and black eyes were at a discount.

And all around the coast the country was ready. It had not been idle since the days of the great Boer War. The yeomanry and volunteers, and even some militia were mounted, and if the enemy were to bombard and destroy some of the sea-port towns, woe would await them with the attempt to land.

The factories were busy; the clang of hammers was heard in every ship-yard in the kingdom, and in the dockyards every man was hard at work and on the alert.

Yet serious all, for imminent was the danger that threatened to hurl Great Britain, with Greater Britain, from her place among the nations.

Young Commander Capel joined on the very day that Tom Harris did, a man from his own country, and after reporting himself to the captain, proceeded almost immediately to his duty.

When he had stepped on board every man and officer saluted him, and he had a pleasant nod and smile for all, as he passed onwards to the quarter deck.

A notice were going to press our attention was called to the fact that Mr. G. A. Henty had recently published a book entitled "A Roving Commission." The title of Dr. Gordon Stables' story has therefore been altered to "The Cruise of the Vengeful."—Ed. CAPTAIN.

When he came on deck once more the crew were in little groups here and there. They were talking low but respectfully of the new officer who was to be the captain's right hand. A V.C. man in the Service is looked upon with a mixture of pride and awe, and all hands delight to honour him.

The *Vengeful's* men, both below and aloft, were so busy now that they looked like swarms of bees on a June morning.

Many of these fellows had been specially chosen by the commander, and some had sailed with him before.

But this splendid ship was bent on a dangerous mission, and the deep sea would close over many a sailor ere the *Vengeful* could hope to bear up again for her native shores.

In three weeks' time the splendid ship was ready for sea. Every officer save one had joined, and the good warrior-cruiser was hauled clear of the basin, and lay quietly at anchor outside in the harbour.

What a splendid yet terrible craft she looked, in her blue-green war paint; how shapely, how determined! The fighting-tops, the masts and rigging, had been lowered, and the great guns covered carefully with well-fitting tarpaulins. No brine-laden breeze must ever blow athwart the polished steel of these sailors' pets, nor spray nor damp get near them.

Built for speed she was. Even the rawest marine recruit, gazing out at her from the dockyard sheds, could have noticed that. Her lines were perfection. Those bows were meant to cleave the wind and dash through the waves as ship of war had never done before.

The *Vengeful* was one of a class, however, and ere many months were over no less than ten as good, as strong, and as swift, would leave the dockyards round the coast.

But it was not only her cut-water that was graceful, for everything on board or above board was constructed to present the very least resistance to the wind. Her funnels raked aft and were triangular in front; even her great fore-turret was faced by a cut-weather shield; and so, too, were the upper works, and the commander's conning tower.

But this was not all. For the boilers had been constructed with special consideration for lightness and strength. There was a secret about this, which no spying, prying enemy had ever yet been able to find out; while her bunkers were filled, not with Welsh coals, but with specially-prepared patent fuel, all but smokeless, yet capable of giving five times the heat of anything ever dug from the earth's dark depths, or invented.

The *Vengeful's* secrets had been most carefully guarded, for spies from foreign nations were everywhere in England, and nothing now-a-days was looked upon as sacred, not even truth itself.

And the *Vengeful* was ready!

Ready and waiting! Waiting for those magic words, "War is declared!" which would ere long flash on lightning wings from Whitehall, as a centre, to every port and every city in Great and Greater Britain.

Waiting is always wearisome to sailors, especially when they have bidden farewell to their nearest and dearest.

But one evening when Jack was on shore—careless, happy-go-lucky Jack—having his pipe and his modest pint; and just as the dockyard clock chimed nine, suddenly a great gun roared out on the still night air.

Jack's pipe almost dropped from his mouth.

Jack's pint was left unheeded; Jack listened in silence. Indeed, for a few moments there was silence everywhere, a silence drear and deep, but broken at last by the crash of guns coming from every direction. From the forts in the bay, from forts on shore, and on the distant hills. The windows rattled, the very earth seemed to shake. It was like the din of some mighty bombardment.

Then, out from every house of call or pleasure; out, too, from private residences; out from barracks; forth from hotels, rushed men, women, and children; soldiers, sailors, and civilians.

"*War! War! War!*" The cry, the shout, came from every throat, and seemed to shake the very walls.

"At last! At last! Hurrah! Hurrah!" and in the crowded streets, irrespective of rank or title, every man shook hands with him who stood nearest.

Bugles sounded. Drums were beating, and patrols went hurrying along the streets, to hurry all hands off to their respective ships.

Nor was it the *Vengeful* alone that steamed away from the darkling land and moonless shore, long ere the dawning of another day.

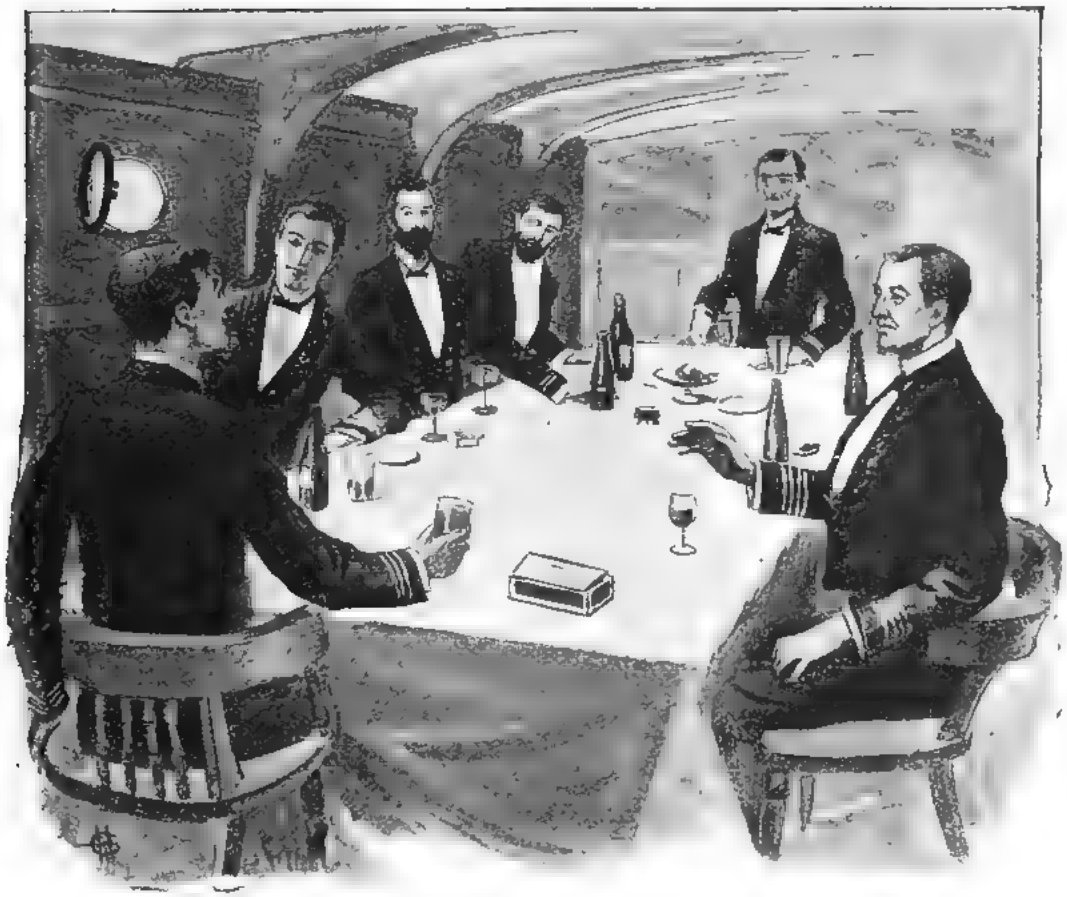
Fleets and squadrons, like a flight of arrows, darted away from their anchorage, and before four-and-twenty hours were over would appear like a dark and threatening cloud along the shores of France.

Never before had so terrible a naval armada sailed from any country in the world.

But it is on the books of the *Vengeful* that our names—your's and mine, reader—are borne. With her must we sail, for life or for death, for weal or for woe.

* * * * *

It was a very jolly party of officers that surrounded the ward-room mess table of the cruiser



"AND WHITHER ARE WE BOUND, CAPTAIN BULLARD, AND WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?" REMARKED ELLIOT.

next evening, for the captain himself had been asked to dinner in the ward-room, and more than one modest middy was invited to meet him.

The wind was blowing from right ahead, from off wild Biscay Bay; the sea was choppy and swollen; but the false keels were lowered, and although the good ship rose and fell with each advancing wave, her rolling, or side motion, was almost unfelt.

There were two parallel tables in the ward-room; but they were not far apart, so that every-one could join in the conversation, whenever it became general.

Now, there are two officers in the Royal Navy who never preside at table—namely, the commander and the chaplain. The former has his seat next the president, to the right; the latter sits anywhere, on the left. But to-night Captain Bullard himself occupied the position of honour, while Fleet-Surgeon O'Shane was president, and the newly-arrived junior surgeon did his duty at the other end; the senior medico, ranking under the fleet surgeon, being president of the other table, and here were most of the younger officers.

Well, as far as British nationalities went, the mess was of a decidedly mixed character. For the most part it stood by English; but Scotland and Ireland also held their own. The captain, well over fifty, with kindly face and whiskers mixed with grey, might have been a well-to-do tradesman sitting at a poor-law board; but something very like dark lightning flashed from his blue eyes when he spoke of the war they had now entered upon. There was no look of the tradesman about him then—he was a bold British tar, determined to do his duty, be it what it might, or sink with the vessel he commanded.

Capel was very tall, but well built—he was reputed to be the best fencer in the ship, and the sword he wielded was almost as tall as the cheeky

little midshipmite, with his chin in the air, who occupied a seat at the other table.

The fleet surgeon himself was a little dark fellow, with shaven face and blue-ground of beard, heavy eye-brows, and Irish. This wee man was reputed to be a tartar towards his junior medicoes, but a toady to those above him; he had been on board for four weeks, and had always seemed bent on exacting deference from his Scotch assistant, Dr. Duncan McDrift.

During a lull in the conversation the junior doctor and new-comer—Elliot—put a strangely straight and abrupt question to Captain Bullard, which drew every eye upon his daringly handsome face, though he quailed not beneath the scrutiny.

"And whither are we bound, Captain Bullard, and what are we going to do?" he said.

A few seconds of intense silence round the board; then a rippling laugh.

"Well, well, well!" began the kindly captain, but he was interrupted by Dr. O'Shane, F.S.

"Really, Elliot, I'm sorry to have to call you to order. Such a question is *not* service."

Elliot bent his head.

"I'm so sorry," he murmured.

"Ah! never mind," quoth the captain. "You're young to our ways, Mr. Elliot. But you shall know all in good time."

The handsome face was raised again, and the dark eyes met the shifty grey peepers of his Irish chief fearlessly, almost defiantly.

Everyone there had reason afterwards to remember that glance.

But conversation now became general all round the tables. No one in the mess was really old, and most were young. Judging from their merry, laughing voices a stranger might have taken them for a party bent on pleasure, instead of men going forth to fight the battles of their native land—to bleed, to die, to sink, if Fate should will it so, for England, home, and beauty.

Not a cloud overhung the heart of anyone in the ward-room to-night, and although the wild wind went whistling through rigging and cordage away aloft, those below hardly gave the storm a thought.

Just one face, however, seemed every now and then overcast with thought. It was that of the assistant-paymaster. And why? He could not really have told you, had he been asked. His eyes were frequently turned towards Elliot, however; he seemed watching his every movement, and noting the ever-changing expression of his beautifully daring face, as a solicitor might watch the countenance of a prisoner in the dock. The truth is, that this Mr. Rawlings was puzzled. Elliot was a kind of riddle to him, and a riddle, moreover, that he could not read.

Rawlings hated riddles that he could not read. But he was still more puzzled as the night wore on.

The band had ceased to play after giving a selection of dance music, all to please the merry middies of the gun-room mess, and right heartily had those boys footed the floor to waltz, to jig, and hornpipe.

The chief engineer, a burly Scot, had brought out his fiddle, and the commander himself had sat down to the piano. But Rawlings, at the conclusion of a piece, remarked the wistful look on Elliot's face, and was constrained to observe:—

"Would Dr. Elliot oblige us?" Elliot would. And everyone in that ward-room was struck dumb.

Middies crowded round the door; the sentry paused to listen, and even the commander's satellite, little Bob the messenger boy, was on his hands and knees by the gun-rack, and a wondering lad was he.

"Dr. Elliot," cried the captain, "your music is ravishingly sweet. Where on earth did you study?"

"In France and Italy," replied Elliot carelessly; "but this, sir," he added, "is my favourite instrument."

And he took up the engineer's violin, and began to play. When, with a sigh, he placed it once more in its case, its owner vowed that he himself would never play another note in the ward-room mess.

"Man!" cried Duncan McDrift, shaking hands with Elliot, "you're an aqua-section to the mess. How bonnie you play! It's long, long sin' anybody has seen the tears in my eyes. I'd give ten years of my life to play only half as well as you."

For the first time to-night Elliot seemed to notice the assistant-paymaster's fixed and puzzled stare.

He drew himself up almost haughtily:—

"Did you speak, Mr. Rawlings?"

"I did not."

"But your looks speak."

"They speak my thoughts perhaps," replied Rawlings. "May not one *think*?"

Commander Capel looked curiously from one to the other and smiled.

But he did not know that these men were enemies from that very hour.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"Five bells, sir, please. Five bells, sir, please."

"Five bells! Five bells! Turn out, young gentlemen. Turn out!"

The quartermaster had a strong and sturdy thumb, and as he crept along from hammock to hammock next morning, at half-past six, he dug that thumb with healthy vigour into the most dependent portion of each. Very soon, indeed, all his "babies," as he called the middies, were awake and had swung themselves to the deck, well knowing that only five minutes' grace would be given before the numbers of the delinquents' hammocks would be taken, and the lazy ones reported to the first lieutenant.

Though they turned out, however, it was not to dress immediately. The sleepiest preferred to squat like rabbits on their sea-chests; the pluckiest made a dash for the bath-room, and practical joking became the rule of the morning. But this was of a very mild character; these junior officers not being well enough acquainted yet, to throw wet sponges, or douse each other in the bath.

But by six bells—seven o'clock—even the laziest cadet or middy was tidily dressed and on deck for morning drill and inspection.

The wind had gone down and eke the sea; there was sunshine everywhere — sunshine that glanced and glinted from steel-tipped guns; from polished wood and brass; sunshine in the sky, sunshine on the sea;—ay! and sunshine in the heart of every man or boy who trod the deck of that noble cruiser, and when at eight bells

> The flag that braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze

was unfurled in the light air, that caught the sunshine, too, and surely never did bunting look more radiantly beautiful. Even the good ship herself seemed to catch inspiration from the brightness of the morning, bobbing and curtseying to each advancing wave, like a veritable thing of life.

"God Save the Queen!" The band has struck in with that time-honoured melody, and all hands face the quarter-deck and stand silent and uncovered, until the last notes melt in cadence over the water.

Muster by open list immediately the bell tolled twice. And what a gallant array that is! Officers of ward-room and gun-room—brave lads in blue and gold—lashed to their swords or dirks; white-capped blue jackets in double files along the decks; marines in blue and red, with rifles brown, and bayonets fixed.

Yonder are the captain and paymaster; yonder Capel, the commander; yonder the great ship's book, and every soul on board must answer to name and tell his rating.

Then the band strikes up once more, but in merrier strains, and the duties of the day are commenced. The medicoes hurry off to the sick bay, and the watches go to work.

Not a cloudlet of smoke comes from the funnels, and even the engines are mysteriously silent. Barely ten years ago a war-ship was known by its serpentine trail of murky reek, that hung for miles astern of it; the jerking and rattle of the engines made those on board almost believe they were living in a mill, and, whenever the wind blew aft, the captain's table linen used to be covered with blacks as big as millet seed. But all this is changed. All is quiet here; all as still as a mountain top, and all is clean to perfection. Peep we into the sick bay, now.

The fleet surgeon occupies the easy chair; his juniors beside him. The few patients, one by one, appear before them to tell their symptoms, and the sick-bay steward receives his orders from the chief himself.

But Dr. Elliot *will* put in an oar and obtrude his advice. The fleet surgeon nods and smiles, but he frowns.

"Better let me prescribe," he says pointedly.

By word and look the handsome young Elliot seems to fascinate the men.

Again the fleet surgeon smiles and frowns. "You must talk a trifle more gruffly to them," he says.

"That I refuse to do," said Elliot gravely and quietly. "Yes, I *must* refuse, Mr. O'Shane. Do *you* talk gruffly, Dr. McDrift, to these poor fellows?"

Note the distinction, reader, 'twixt "Mr." and "Dr." Well, McDrift was M.D.; the fleet-surgeon, with his three stripes, was but a licentiate.

But O'Shane's face grew dark as a thunder-cloud now.

"It is the custom of the service, sir," he told Elliot, "to address your chief as 'Doctor.'"

Elliot seemed not even to hear, much less heed the remark.

So Elliot made another enemy; he knew he had, but it really did not appear to trouble him in the least.

* * * * *

In about ten days' time, the brave cruiser being by this time across the line, everything was ship-shape on board. As far as the vessel herself was concerned she had been ship-shape alow and aloft before she sallied forth from Portsmouth; but officers and crew had now settled down each into his own niche and groove, and all felt that the ship was their home. The men in the various messes had become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and friendships had been formed, or dislikes bred and born, as the case might be. It was the same in the gun-room, and in the ward-

room also. Yet, to all appearance, as far as its sociology went, the *Vengeful* was going to be a happy ship.

But drill! drill! drill! was now the order of every day and almost every hour. Gun drill, small-arm drill, cutlass and sword exercises; torpedo manipulations; lowering and re-stepping masts, fighting-tops and rigging, with day-quarters and night-quarters—but why enumerate, when everything in a great war-ship like this must move like clockwork, and every item of machinery—electric, steam, or manual—must be as perfect as the chronometers themselves!

The commander in his conning-tower—brave Capel, the head, the very soul of the ship—by touching keys could communicate his orders to the remotest corner of the vessel and to every department on board.

By this time Elliot had not only proved himself to be an "aqua-section" to the ward-room, but in some measure a mystery.

As his diplomas and certificates proved, he had studied in Edinburgh, and he confessed to having spent most of each summer in the far Scottish Highlands, where his father was an honest sheep-farmer. Whence, then, his wonderful power as a musician and linguist? This was the riddle Rawlings was burning to read—but could not. His knowledge of medicine and surgery, moreover, made O'Shane horribly jealous, and it is no wonder that he soon came to hate his clever junior; for, whenever an officer ailed, or thought he ailed, it was never the fleet surgeon who was consulted, but invariably the genius, Dr. Elliot.

The commander and the young medico were frequently together below, for the former had many service books in German, French, and Russian, which but for Elliot's welcome aid would have been sealed to him.

But the plums were not to be all on Capel's side of the pudding. No; he must be the instructor as well as the pupil.

"I want to know everything," Elliot had frankly told him. "I'm going to be a perfect man-o'-war's man, so complete in myself that in six months' time I shall be able to act as chief engineer, torpedo-man, gunner, or skipper of your submergible boat."

Capel had looked at him curiously, and smiled.

"I'm in earnest, Captain Capel. Ah! *mon ami*, knowledge is power, and during war even a humble man-o'-war's surgeon never knows what he may become in time of need."

"Your thirst for knowledge, Dr. Elliot, is truly marvellous, and it is certainly commendable. I'll help you all I can. And—yes, knowledge is power."

"A dangerous power in *some* cases!"

That was a voice close behind them on the quarter-deck, and both officers had wheeled quickly round to find themselves face to face with Rawlings.

He had a note-book in his hand.

"It was concerning this account I wished to consult you, sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Rawlings. One minute, Dr. Elliot."

Rawlings and this mysterious doctor exchanged defiant glances, and the latter retired.

"Follow me below, Mr. Rawlings."

In the commander's cabin the account was soon set to rights, and the A.P. was about to retire, when, at a word from his superior, he wheeled round again and faced him.

"You do not seem to like Dr. Elliot, Mr. Rawlings. Why?"

Rawlings' reply was not very lucid. He simply said, with a shrug of his shoulders:—

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why, I cannot tell,
> But—I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

"You must excuse me, Captain Capel," he added; "but there is a mystery about Elliot that I cannot unravel. Yet—*I mean to*. Those who live longest will see the most wonders. No one should trust strangers *too* far."

Capel bowed, but was silent.

CHAPTER III.

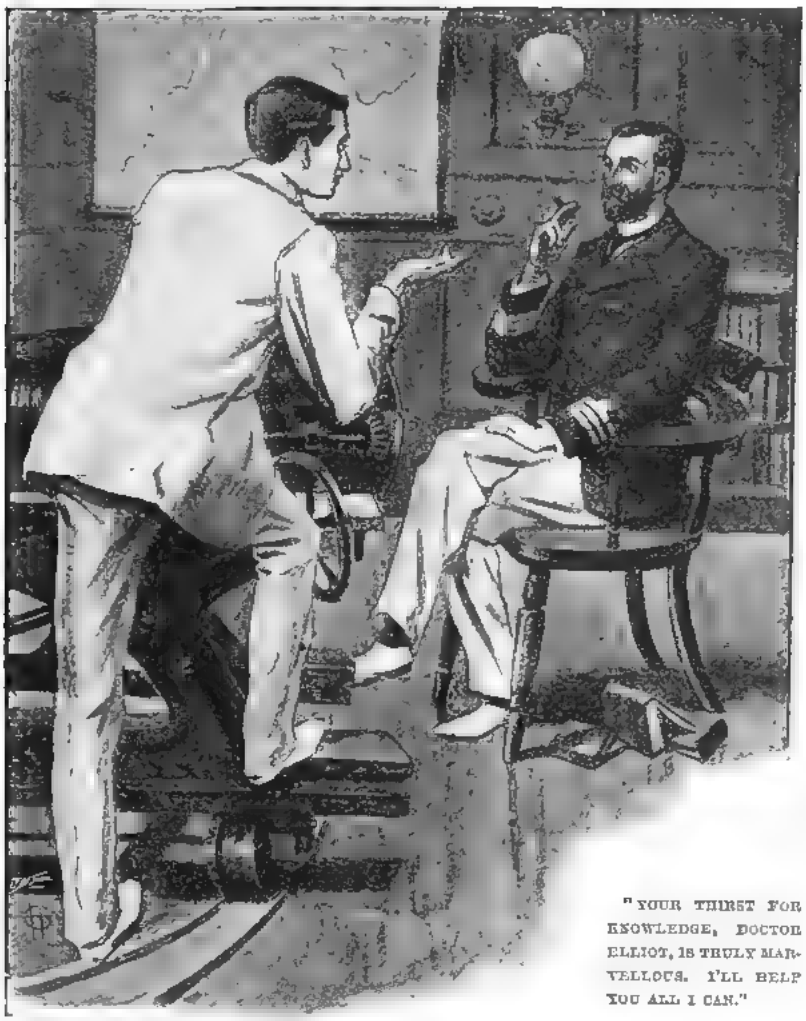
CONDEMNED TO DIE!

If anybody was more ubiquitous on board the *Vengeful* than Commander Capel himself it was little Bobby Blair. He was this chief officer's special messenger boy, and revolved around him as the moon revolves around the earth.

Bobby possessed the wonderful knack of being in about twenty different places at one and the same time. So it really seemed, anyhow.

"Messenger boy!" shouts a sentry, "Commander wants you."

And yonder goes Bobby, tumbling over the captain's dog in his haste to scuttle down below. Is Bobby with the commander now? Not a bit of it. That is Bobby for'a'd yonder, telling the men to make less noise if they don't want their leave stopped. That is Bobby, is it? Then who is that swaying high aloft yonder, talking to the captain of a fighting-top? That is Bobby also. Who is that darting aft to the captain's quarters? Bobby again. Bobby hovering round the conning tower; Bobby in the cook's galley; Bobby in the



"YOUR THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE, DOCTOR ELLIOT, IS TRULY MARVELLOUS. I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN."

sick bay; Bobby bobbing up from the engine-room; Bobby bolting about everywhere, like streaks of greased lightning—a very real little chap was Bobby, and when the commander himself didn't require Bobby, somebody else was sure to requisition the services of this bright wee button of a Bobby.

But Bobby, after all, was only a waif and a stray whom Captain Capel had stumbled across one dark night in the streets of London, and took pity on. A waif who felt sure he'd never had no "favver or muvver 'cause he'd never seen 'em"; a waif who had sold newspapers when he had money to buy them; who fought about crusts of bread with street curs; who was the plague of the copper's life, and slept on a dirty staircase every night of his wretched existence. On very many ships of war there is a boy—often a mere child, I may say—somewhat like Bobby of the *Vengeful*. If he is extra smart, as this messenger boy was, and extra good-natured and plucky, he is generally as much of a pet as the ship's dog or cat, and enjoys a certain license that is accorded to no other lad on board. Sometimes he is a black boy, sometimes brown, and sometimes white, like Bobby.

"Bobby, you young rascal," said our A.P. one day, seizing the urchin by the arm, but smiling to show he was in fun, "Come into my cabin. I want you."

From Mr. Rawlings' little cabin Bobby emerged a quarter of an hour afterwards, looking very knowing, but very happy, and pocketing a new half-crown.

Bobby was happy now. Not that he was ever anything else perhaps, but he had found employment for his spare time—and he did have some—which was very congenial to him, namely, that of a private detective.

* * * * *

Nothing strikes a landsman more forcibly when on a voyage to the Cape, than the loneliness of the vast sea which, for six thousand miles, stretches from the chalky cliffs of his native land, to the heath-clad hills of Southern Africa.

Is it not the great ocean highway from England to the far-distant antipodes? And ought not ships to swarm here? These questions he asks himself as he gazes around with a feeling akin to dread, at the expanse of blue water stretching away and away to the limitless horizon. He may see birds, an occasional gull, a Mother Carey's chicken, and,

south the line, that great eagle of the ocean, the albatross, but ships only seldom. Perhaps he shudders slightly as he thinks of the terrible lonesomeness of the situation. There is nothing in sight, nought to fill the great void, but God, and to Him he breathes a prayer for protection from the dangers of the mighty deep.

There were no landsmen on the *Vengeful*, however, if we except the newly-fledged middies, and by the time the good ship was in the latitude of St. Helena, every one of even these had settled down and felt themselves to be sailors every inch.

It was now no secret in the ward-room that the cruiser was bound on special service; but the duties she had to perform, and her exact cruising ground, were secrets that the captain and commander alone held between them. And, in black and white, were these secrets stowed away in the captain's escritoire, of which he himself kept the key.

When still one hundred miles from Ascension two British steamers were overhauled, warned that war was declared, and advised to alter their course more to the west.

Fuel was taken on board at the island, and in less than a week the *Vengeful* lay at anchor under the bonnie hills of Simon's Bay.

She had been a happy ship throughout all the long voyage; but a cloud had been rising that even Commander Capel was not aware of.

And this cloud was now about to burst.

Before granting leave, even to the officers, the captain himself had gone on shore to the admiral's quarters. He came quickly off again, and beckoning to Capel to accompany him, retired at once to the privacy of his own cabin.

The news he had to communicate was indeed startling.

A telegram in cipher from the Admiralty at Whitehall. Brief, but mysterious, it read as follows:—

"An enemy's spy on board you. Search. Let no one leave the ship till discovery. Has obtained State secrets. Presumably a medical officer."

Capel and his captain stared at each other blankly for a few seconds.

"Do you suspect anyone?" said the commander at last.

"I do," was the reply. "Listen! Hardly a week ago, as you know, I was ill and sleepless. Dr. McDrift went on watch at eight in the evening and was relieved at twelve by Elliot. This officer gave me a sleeping draught, and I seemed to doze quietly off. Hitherto, Capel, I have looked upon what I saw as a dream.. I do not now. Elliot read for a time, then slowly rose and felt my pulse, and, as if satisfied, possessed himself of my keys, and, opening my escritoire, read—yes, and copied my papers."

"Good Heavens!" cried Capel. "Sir, this is a case for instant action."

"Be cautious, Capel, be cautious!"

But the commander had rushed from the cabin and betaken himself to the ward-room. Luncheon had just been laid. The stewards were busy, and the officers were all as merry as merry could be.

Then fell the thunderbolt!

Pale, but determined-looking, stood the commander in the starboard doorway, and his messmates noticed that he wore his sword.

That sword he now drew.

"Officers and gentlemen," he said, "I have a terrible duty to perform. There is a traitor amongst us. Dr. Elliot, I arrest you, in the Queen's name, as a spy. Marines, do your duty."

Two men in red glided in, with naked bayonets, and Elliot was at once made prisoner. He struggled for a moment in a vain attempt to shake the marines off. But to no purpose.

Then all his hauteur and independence returned, and he smiled, as devils may smile.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed; "there is some miserable mistake here. Who accuses me?"

The officers had drawn back, forming a kind of ring, leaving Elliot alone, in the midst, with his captors.

"Who accuses me? Who dares?" he cried, exultantly.

How splendidly handsome he looked at this moment.

"*I* do!" said Rawlings, advancing.

"And *I*!" cried the ubiquitous Bobby Blair, in tones that were meant to be heroic, but which, at any other time, might have caused amusement.

"Remove the prisoner!" said the commander, somewhat sadly. "Midshipman of the watch, see Dr. Elliot's sword into my cabin. No; not the cells; his own room."

With lowered eyes and bent head, Elliot now followed the marines out and away.

* * * * *

A whole fortnight flew past, and the routine of the ship went on as before, regardless of the fact that in yonder cabin, in front of which is a sentry, was a human being condemned to death. And to-morrow it was determined that the dread sentence should be carried out.

Short indeed is the shrift that spies receive in times of war; and but for one occurrence which delayed the court martial, the sea would have closed over Elliot long ere now.

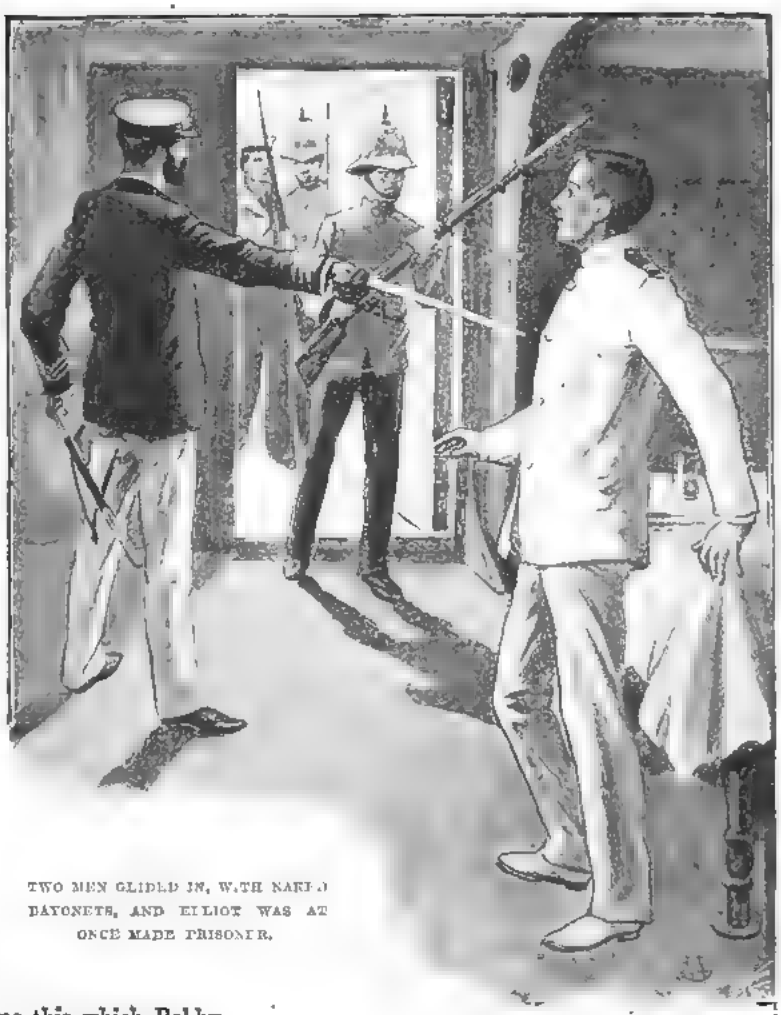
A bonnie barque under a cloud of canvas had

sailed into the bay to report that she had been chased and all but captured by a French man-o'-war—a consort of her's having been taken, pillaged, and sunk. Everything else had been forgotten, as the *Vengeful* shot out seawards, prepared for action. In three days' time the enemy was sighted, and a long chase ensued; but just as the *Vengeful* was coming up with her, hand-over-hand, land appeared, night fell, and the Frenchman was lost.

And here the cruiser lay at anchor, close to the wooded shore of Madagascar.

The evidence against the prisoner had been overwhelming. Bobby Blair had watched him well. Little had Elliot known that, while writing and making drawings in his cabin, the door of which he kept locked, bright eyes were noting his every movement.

His private papers he had hidden in a large telescope that hung from the roof of his cabin. It was this which Bobby produced at the court-martial.



TWO MEN GLIDED IN, WITH NAKED BAYONETS, AND ELLIOT WAS AT ONCE MADE PRISONER.

And this is Elliot's last night. The dread sentence would be carried out on shore in the wood yonder. No traitor's blood must dye the deck of this British man-o'-war.

The last night! Elliot had lain down on his bed apparently very penitent, after confessing that he was indeed a French spy.

Was it any wonder that the silence to-night was almost unbroken around the mess table—that mess of which the condemned wretch was wont to be the very life and soul?

The officers spoke but little, and one by one all who were not on duty quietly retired.

It was far on in the blackness of the middle watch, and the sentry at Elliot's door was resting on his rifle.

"Hist!" The sound came through the jalousie.

"Sentry! Whisper. Here is grog. I am handcuffed—you need not fear. Enter, and help yourself and me. It is my last request. Do not forget that to-morrow I have to die."

The sentry hesitated just a moment, and cast uneasy glances around him. But all was silent as the grave.

Then he slowly turned the key and stood within. Potent indeed was the rum this truant sentry drank—for he sank to the deck insensible almost immediately.

Now is the time for action! But the time is short: the officer of the watch, whose footsteps Elliot can hear on the deck above, may come down at any moment. So quickly indeed does he wriggle his small white hands free from his fetters. In five minutes more he is dressed in black skin-tight clothing from chin to heels, and

his face is masked. Silently now he leaves the cabin, and steals forward along the aft-deck, taking advantage of every shadow, and often pausing to listen.

Along the gallery he glides, past the commander's cabin, and down the companion; forward now, till he finds himself beneath the middies' hammocks.

Here are two huge torpedoes, half hid in the gloom, and looking weird and uncouth.

Elliot hesitates not a moment, but speedily deposits between them a mysterious little parcel. He bends down and applies his ear thereto.

Yes, it is ticking; it is working well. Except the steady breathing of the sleepers, there is no other sound to be heard, save when a middy, dreaming of home, utters some half-articulate words.

Elliot smiles grimly to himself, as he steals away, as silently as he had come. In half an hour he will be on shore, a free man.

Ere another hour passes by those torpedoes will be exploded, magazines as well, and every soul on board will be hurried into eternity, as the *Vengeful* takes its downward plunge into the dark depths below.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

SILENTLY indeed had the spy glided into the gunroom-flat, where the great torpedoes lay, and, having finished his terrible work, just as silently did he retire, creeping from shadow to shadow—himself like a shadow—but with ears for the slightest sound, and eyes that seemed able to penetrate the darkness and gloom around him.

Back to his cabin, where, on the deck, breathing stertorously, lay the drugged and half-dead sentry. Emerging thence next minute with a black-covered knapsack lashed to his shoulders, and something clutched firmly in his right hand.

Will he escape? Nay, but *can* he escape? He has to pass more than one sentry yet who are very much alive indeed. Nor does the watch on deck fall asleep at night even when a ship of war is at anchor.

The tide is ebbing and the bows of the *Vengeful* point shorewards, where dreamily over the woods and hills falls the moon's pale light, and 'twixt the shingly beech and the vessel is a broad triangle of silvered sea. A swim of 200yds. and over will tax all his strength, should he succeed in reaching the water.

He must try, therefore, to get as far forward as possible before taking the plunge, for well he knows that wary sharks patrol the shore, ever alert for prey, while shines the moon.

Louis mon Brave—the name by which in French circles he was familiarly known—was reckless and fearless to a degree. Such men are dangerous. In society this Louis seemed to carry his heart on his sleeve; in battle he could take his life in his hand. Young though he was, he had faced death in a dozen different shapes, yet never once had he lost his presence of mind.

In his own country it was said that he often mingled a certain amount of humour with his "deeds of derring-do," and this is certainly not absent from his adventures to-night.

But now he has reached the last fighting deck, and the next companion staircase will land him in the open air—the glorious open air, so fresh and free.

Yonder walks the sentry before the captain's quarters, hardly ten yards away.

He has seen Louis glide up the staircase, yet gives no alarm. A black shadow, he thinks, can only represent the commander's great Newfoundland dog, "King of the Wave," for this splendid fellow is wont to take his rambles on deck at night.

But well indeed it is for this marine that he stirs not. A flash, a report not much louder than the striking of a match, and the man would never more do "sentry-go."

On deck at last! Forward now, and forward, under the shadow of bulwarks and screen. Not a footfall of his can be heard. But lo! before he is aware he finds himself almost in the centre of a group of sailors. They are squatting on deck in the moonlight, yarning of home, though their voices could scarce be heard three yards away.

Sailors are superstitious to a degree. But all in this group are not.

"Mother of Moses!" cries an Irishman, "it's the devil himself entoirely!"

Louis mon Brave raises his arms skywards and gives vent to a quavering shriek, which adds to Paddy's terror.

One bound now, and Louis will be free!

"Not so fast, sonny," cries a Yorkshireman, and the spy is instantly grabbed by the legs and thrown aft.

He gathers himself up in a second. Then there is a flash and the sailor falls dead.

Back now rushes the apparently doomed man, while revolvers rattle on the bridge, and bullets whistle around him. Back to the quarter-deck, and down the captain's private staircase.

The sentry is felled to the deck with one crushing blow from Louis' fist, but speedily recovers.

The spy has disappeared; a happy thought had

struck him, and next moment he had dived from the after-walk, down, down, into the moonlit water.

"The spy has escaped! The spy has escaped!"

That cry, that shout, runs round the ship like wild-fire.

Two boats are ordered away in pursuit at once.

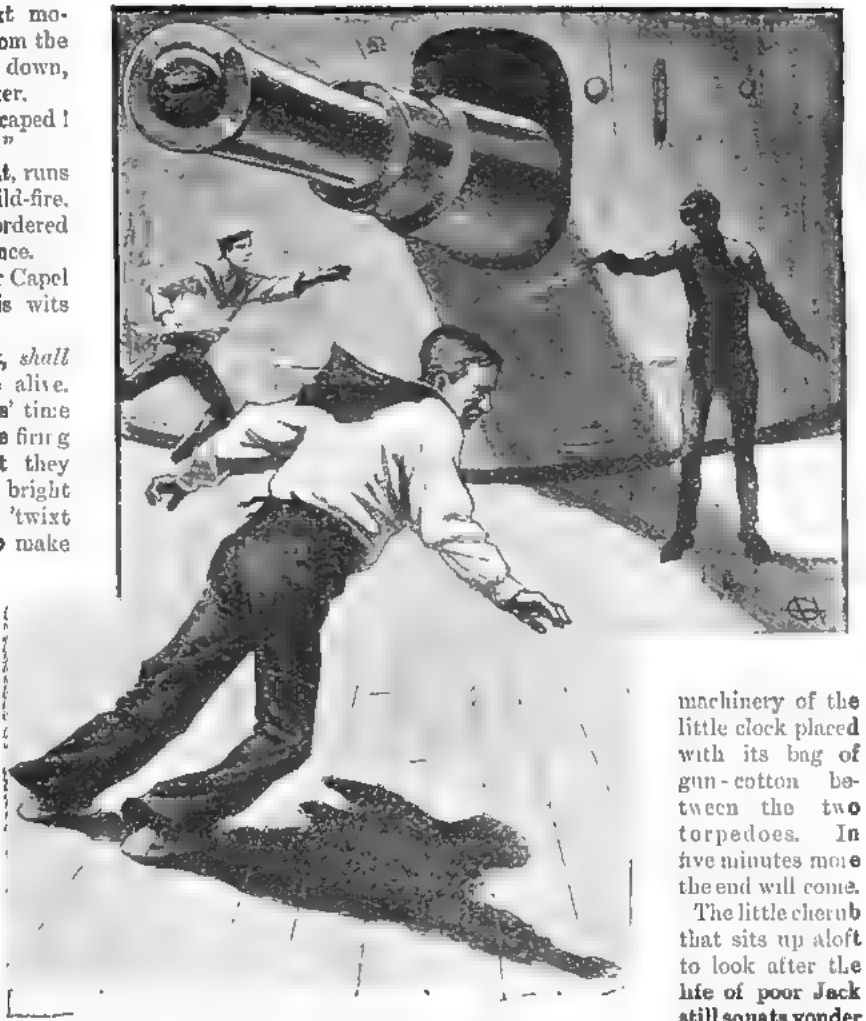
Nor is Commander Capel idle. *He* had all his wits about him.

The spy must not, *shall* not reach the shore alive. And in a few minutes' time a score of marines are firing at every dark spot they seem to see in the bright band of moonlight 'twixt bows and shore. To make assurance doubly sure, a maxim gun is also brought to bear thereon, and the bullets patter around the spy like hail upon the water.

Surely he bears a charmed life!

But now the boats are in hot pursuit. It is a race for life with Louis now.

How gladly he welcomes the hurtling sound of shingle on the beach!



THEN THERE IS A FLASH, AND THE SAILOR FALLS DEAD.

"Hurrah,* men! hurrah!" shout the officers in charge of the boats. "Up with her, lads! Up with her! Cheerily does it! Hurrah! hurrah!"

And the brave lads row as perhaps they never rowed before.

In vain! Louis has gained the shore and rushed, panting and breathless, into the friendly shadow of the woods.

Just a quarter of an hour after making good his escape, Louis mon Brave is resting quietly on a hill-top, his eyes on the dark hull of the *Vengeful*, watching, waiting for the awful explosion that is to hurl her to perdition.

But that explosion never took place.

As merciless, as relentless as Fate, moved the machinery of the little clock placed with its bag of gun-cotton between the two torpedoes. In five minutes more the end will come.

The little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the life of poor Jack still squats yonder in the rigging of even our modern cruisers; and surely never did that little cherub do its duty more faithfully than it did to-night.

The little cherub somehow put it into Bobby Blair's head to look between the torpedoes.

Next moment the London waif and stray doubles frantically forth to the aft-deck.

"Somefink is a-tickin'!" he shouts. "Somefink's tickin'! We'll hall be blow'd sky'igh in a minute!"

But Bobby doesn't lose his wits. He instantly seizes a cutlass, and hurries back.

Then the cord is severed and the danger is past!

Clutching the little clock, Bobby now goes rushing up on deck to see the commander, who is still anxiously watching on the bridge.

* "Hurrah!" in sailor parlance is a cry of encouragement, and means "hurry up."

"Hooray!" cries Bobby. "Hoor-roar! Hoor-roar! The hevening news, sir? Hextra speshal hedition! Hall the litest noos. Hooroar?"

And Bobby very unceremoniously thrusts the little morsel of devil machinery into his master's hand.

Perhaps Bobby had less respect for the Service than he ought to have had; anyhow the *pas de joie*, the wild daft dance that he now executed there before the eyes of the astonished commander, is certainly somewhat out of place on the bridge of a British cruiser, though it would have brought down the house in any tuppenny theatre in London.

But here comes the bo's'n's mate himself to explain.

"He's been and gone and saved the ship, sir, that's wot the little-un has been and gone and done," cried Tom Harris, "and he's saved every life on board, sir. And blow me as tight's bloomin' fiddler, sir, if Bobby Blair, as ever was, don't deserve the bloomin' Victoria Cross, my name ain't Tom Harris never no more."

And when matters were explained, so thought Commander Capel also.

* * * * * *

The night passed away without further adventure; the moon rose higher and higher, and when at last it sank in the west an hour of intense darkness succeeded, broken at last by the gleam of the coming sun, and something akin to cheerfulness returned to every heart when his glorious rays lit up the woods.

No one had thought of retiring to rest, and the day which now dawned, and which ought to have seen the execution of the spy, was long remembered on board, for the body of the sentry who had been drugged to death, and that of the brave Yorkshire bluejacket who had grappled with Louis mon Brave as he attempted to escape, were consigned to the deep.

Like all funerals at sea, the ceremony was solemn and impressive. In this case probably more so than usual, because a steam pinnace was lowered to bear the corpses out to sea, and far away to deep water.

The pinnace contained the captain, commander, and chaplain, with many messmates, to whom the poor fellows, who now lay stark and stiff, had been very dear.

Other boats followed the little steamer, and as they moved slowly away seaward the band played a funeral march on the quarter deck.

The row boats proceeded to the "ground" in silence and with muffled oars; no one spoke, and I believe the clergyman's voice was the first to break the stillness.

When describing a burial service at sea, it is usual for the narrator to say, that many a sturdy sailor dashed his brown fist across his eyes, to wipe away the tears he needn't have been ashamed of. Well, I dare say that something of this sort did occur; concerning one matter, however, I am certain—namely, that as the boats returned the pinnace was going ahead at full speed, and the men in the row boats bent sturdily over their oars, the band playing a livelier air as the procession dashed onwards to the ship.

"I am glad of one thing," said Capel to Captain Bullard, while they were still on their way back.

"And that is?" asked Bullard.

"I am glad," said the commander, "that the sentry has gone before a greater tribunal than ours, sir. It would have been hard to have had to condemn him to death!"

"True, Capel, true!"

There was an interval of silence now, broken at last by Jack Howard, a bluejacket, and a splendid specimen of your British sailor.

"Look ye 'ere, sir," he said, addressing the young commander, "that poor Yorkshire boy, as we've just laid below, were a pal o' mine, and I lov'd him like a brother. I was a-goin' to marry 'is sister, and may yet, though it's sad and sorrowful news I'll ha' to break to t' lass if ever we gets one. But 'ere I vows afore ye all, that if ever I meets that spy again—the Lord help him!"

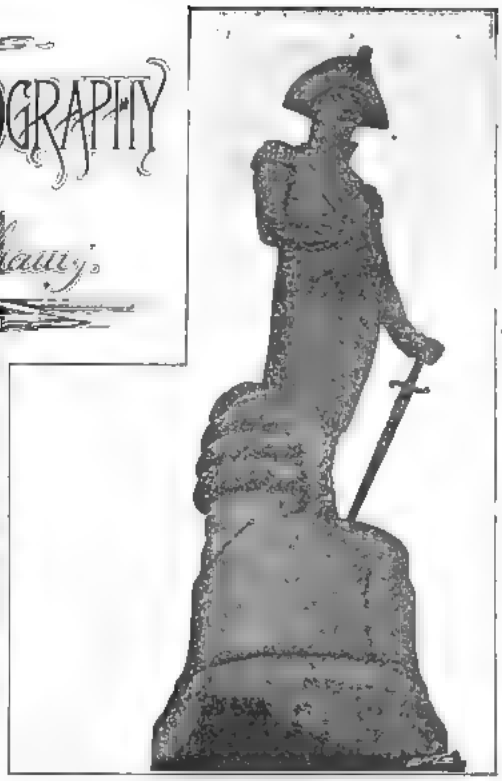
Frank Stubbs

To be continued

TELE-PHOTOGRAPHY

By J. Williams.

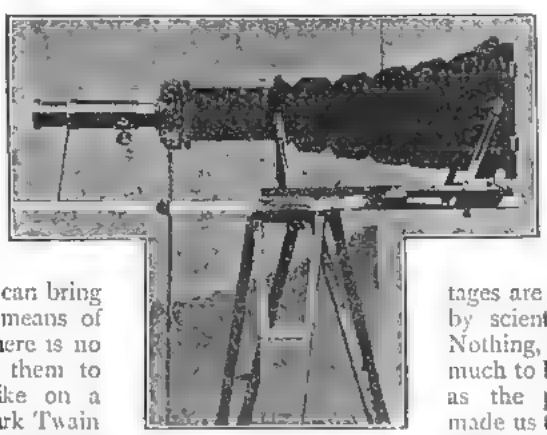
NELSON'S MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
800YDS. DISTANT.



NELSON, AS TAKEN FROM SAME SPOT WITH TELE-PHOTOGRAPH LENS.
It would need a powerful pair of field glasses to produce the same effect.

MAHOMET, to persuade his followers that he possessed supernatural powers, promised to bring a certain mountain to his feet. But when he gave the order, the mountain, by refusing to budge, placed the prophet in a very awkward position. Mahomet was, however, a man of resource, so that he did not own himself beaten, like King Canute, but said cheerfully, "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," and went.

The modern photographer is able to perform what Mahomet failed to do. He can bring distant peaks close by means of the telescopic lens. There is no need for him to scale them to learn what they look like on a closer acquaintance. Mark Twain evidently recognised the possibility of the telescope when he used it to ascend Mont Blanc by proxy, although the head guide refused to grant him a certificate on the strength of such an ascent. Photographs can be and are taken with an ordinary telescope, especially star photographs; but it is not that class with which we have to deal in this article. Our attention will rather be turned to the tele-photograph lens, the invention of Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer—a lens which, without being bulky, has the effect of a powerful telescope, and can be fitted to any camera. It has been in use for seven years or more, and its advantages are now being fully realised by scientists and military men. Nothing, perhaps, has done so much to bring it into public notice as the present war, which has made us talk glibly of heliographs, lyddite, and mausers — names which many scarcely knew a twelvemonth ago—and caused



THE AUTHOR'S CAMERA WITH TELE-PHOTO LENS ATTACHED.
TOTAL LENGTH, 30INS.

photographic minds to turn their attention to the tele-photograph lens working from the car of a balloon. As weapons become more and more powerful, it is increasingly difficult for an army to approach near enough to the enemy's position to spy out the land properly. But with the help of a balloon a wide view is commanded, and, with a good pair of field glasses, particulars can be noted to be transferred to the military sketch book. The tele-photograph lens does even more; it notes and registers as well; accurately and quickly, in a second of time, doing the work of many sketchers. Though we take the liberty of disbelieving that in the present campaign the tele-photograph lens has detected deserters in the enemy's camp, there can be no doubt that in any war waged in level country the lens will share with scouts the honour of being "the eyes of the army." A general will have the uncomfortable feeling that far away in the car of that pear-shaped thing suspended in mid-air some miles off, beyond the reach of rifle-bullet and shrapnel, is a brass snout taking in all the details of his earthworks, forts, and gun emplacements.

Before passing to the more peaceful uses of the lens, we will notice its structure and action. Any photographic beginner knows that a quarter-plate camera shows objects smaller than a half-plate. This is because the rays passing through the quarter-plate lens are brought to a focus sooner. Suppose that, instead of a half-plate camera we had a monster racking out to 64ins., and a lens to match. Then the image would be very large, and the camera very clumsy. So apparently we must, for ordinary purposes, sacrifice either lightness of apparatus or size of image. The tele photograph lens gives us both at once; it enables us to use a small camera and yet get any particular object on a large scale. The

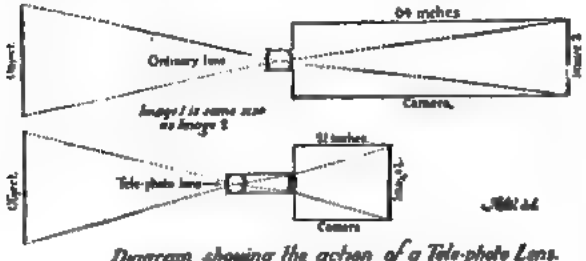
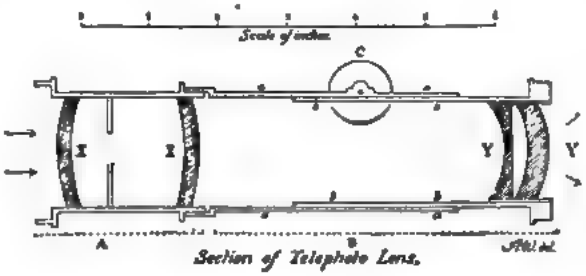


Diagram showing the action of a Tele-photo Lens.

sectional illustrations will explain this. The tele-photograph lens consists of two sets of lenses, X X and Y Y screwing into tubes *a a* and *b b*, one of which works inside the other by means of the rach and pinion, C. Rays from the object are caught by the lenses X X, and if left to themselves would come to a focus rather to the right of Y Y; but these latter lenses catch them before they have converged and scatter them again, so that they do not actually meet



Section of Telephoto Lens.

for another 21ins. The bending of the rays is the chief feature of the lens, for it will be seen, by referring to diagram 2, that the rays from the extremities of the object are now as far apart after travelling 21ins. as they would have been after a 64in. journey from an ordinary lens. Another great beauty of the arrangement is that, within limits, the object can be of any size. All that one has to do is to bring the two sets of lenses (X X and Y Y) nearer to one another and focus to suit. To illustrate this, a number of THE CAPTAIN was nailed on a barn and photographed four times at a distance of 15yds. *(See "Editorial.")* The largest picture is eight times larger every way than the smallest, which means that it has sixty-four times its area, or that it has the effect of having been taken with an ordinary lens at less than 2yds. distance. With the same power the electric light on the Eiffel Tower would be brought to within 150ft. of the camera, the cross of St. Paul's to within 60ft., and a tourist on the top of the Great Pyramid would be recognisable.

In war it is dangerous to get close to the object to be photographed; in peace it is often impossible or inconvenient. Supposing, for instance, that we have to take a house standing on one of the slopes of a valley. We shall find that the only spot whence we can get a fair view of it will be on the other slope. But now it is so minute that much of its detail is lost. So take off the ordinary lens and screw on the tele-photograph. The valley is spanned, the building brought close up, and the image is a useful size. Perhaps some of our readers will say, "O, but why not take a small picture and enlarge it to any size you like, as they do with the magic lantern?" It is a natural question with a simple answer. The image thrown

CLIFFS AT BOURNEMOUTH, TAKEN FROM THE PIER WITH AN ORDINARY CAMERA.

Reproduced from Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer's "Tele-photography" (Wm. Heinemann) by kind permission of the publisher.

by a magic lantern on to the screen looks clear enough at a distance, but the closer you come to it, the more blurred it appears. There is very good reason for this. To begin with, the original photograph was taken on a very small plate, on which the details of the image could all find room. Then it was transferred to another plate, so losing a little more detail, and finally thrown on to the screen—three processes. Now, if the image had come through a large lens *direct* on to the screen, then there would have been room for *all* the detail, and everything would have been sharp and clear. The tele-photograph lens is one that throws a large image in *one* process, hence its advantage. Look carefully at the two photographs taken by Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer of the cliffs at Bournemouth. In the general view a dot is visible on the face of the cliff below and rather to the right of the small house in the centre of the picture. What is this dot? It is no use to apply a magnifying glass, because that only gives a larger but equally indistinct dot. The detail isn't there, and consequently can't be produced. But turn to the tele-photograph. The dot now proves to be a clump of bushes, and the surrounding cliffs are shown beautifully scarred and striated.

For obtaining pictures of statuary and archi-

A TELE-PHOTOGRAPH VIEW OF PART OF THE CLIFFS AT BOURNEMOUTH, TAKEN FROM THE PIER.

The part photographed here is shown X X in the picture above, immediately below the small house in the centre of the picture. Observe how clearly the strata in the rocks are defined, while the small spot revolves itself into a clump of bushes.

Reproduced from Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer's "Tele-photography" (Wm. Heinemann), by kind permission of the publisher.

THE MONUMENT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT [redacted].

Taken from a point 70yds. distant.

tectural subjects the tele-photograph lens is invaluable. Our greatest admiral and our most famous general have had statues erected to them, but, being at a height proportionate to their renown, these statues are dwarfed to an ordinary lens. You can see the statue and get some rough idea of its attitude; the features and detail of the sculpture are invisible. The long-range lens, however, gives us a picture which might well have been taken from a scaffold raised conveniently near the statue.

Tele-photography has its difficulties. The chief one results from the weakness of light caused by using a high power of magnification. Only a certain number of rays can pass through a hole of a given size, such as the "stop" of a lens; and if these rays have to be spread over an area sixty-four times the normal extent covered by them, it is only natural that they should work out rather thin, like some school butter. With this feeble light, it is very hard to tell when an object is in focus. My apparatus (see illustration) is long, 30ins. in all, and when focussing I must keep my face well back from the ground glass, but yet manage to reach the pinion for adjusting the lenses. The position, especially if the camera be much tilted, is trying; and, with a fierce sun beating down on the black focussing cloth, is a test of endurance—as I found when manœuvring for the Duke of Wellington.

While taking Horatio Nelson from a spot on the top of the London County Council offices in Trafalgar Square I ran up against another difficulty. There was a strong wind blowing, which fairly hummed through the legs of the camera, making it tremble very visibly. An ordinary apparatus is bad enough under such conditions, but since a tele-photograph lens is quite impartial, and magnifies any movement eight times, I am sure that, but for an umbrella which I had with me, the victor of Trafalgar would have appeared as a blur against the sky.

THE DUKE, AS SEEN WITH THE TELE-PHOTOGRAPH LENS AT THE SAME DISTANCE.

Notice how clear the features are.

Thanks to the umbrella, he looks very much like himself.

A tele-photoist—to coin a word expressly for THE CAPTAIN—is not without honour. While

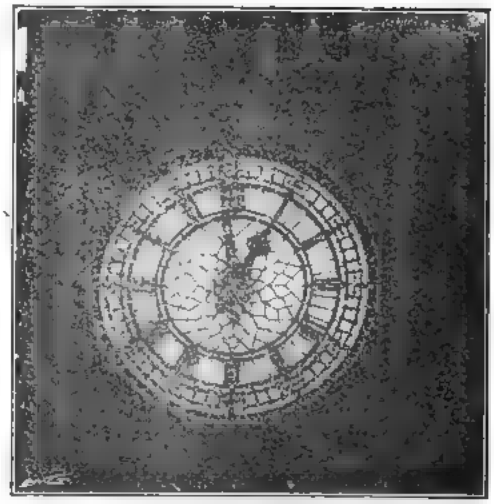
I was levelling my instrument on "Big Ben," one of the many spectators likened me to the "handy man" with his Maxim gun, and another hinted darkly at the new wireless telegraphy. Possibly he may have thought me a Boer spy, flashing signals to conspirators within the House. The Maxim gun man evidently noticed that the lens had something about it suggestive of the cannon's mouth. No doubt, if an explorer pointed such a lens at hostile niggers he might be able to rid himself of them pretty quickly as the possessor of an extremely "evil eye."

To turn to more certain uses. Most photographers in the basin-and-jug-of-water period fasten upon relations and make them "sit" in easy attitudes, with legs crossed carelessly, or hands folded gracefully on the knees. The results do not usually flatter either the sitter or the artist. The sitter's feet and hands seem to have suddenly become several sizes too large for his body, owing to their being unduly near the camera, and exaggerated in consequence; so that a professional takes good care to make the front rank of a group tuck their legs away where they will not be aggressive, or lay them sideways, so that the whole body may be in the same plane. With the tele-photograph lens the difficulty disappears. Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer, in his excellent book on "Tele-photography," gives a good example of this. On Boscombe Pier there is the skeleton of a whale. Now, if anyone should wish to photograph it large he must go on the pier, and as the pier is narrow he is obliged to set up his camera at one end of the whale. But that makes the creature appear all head or all tail. Mr. Dallmeyer accordingly used a tele-photograph lens, and from a point on the *beach* secured a large broadside picture of the skeleton, showing it all in proper proportion.

THE "COCK OF THE VILLAGE," SHINFIELD CHURCH.
Magnified by tele-photograph lens sixty-four times.

The lens will be a great treasure to the naturalist. Before its advent anyone who wanted to photograph wild animals had to be hidden until they chose to come near enough for his purpose. But now, armed with the lens, he can easily approach conveniently close without disturbing his quarry. A hedge or bush will afford sufficient cover. The wild rabbit appears a very fair size at 50yds., and a lion would be quite large enough at a much

"BIG BEN" CLOCK TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT — 200YDS. AWAY.



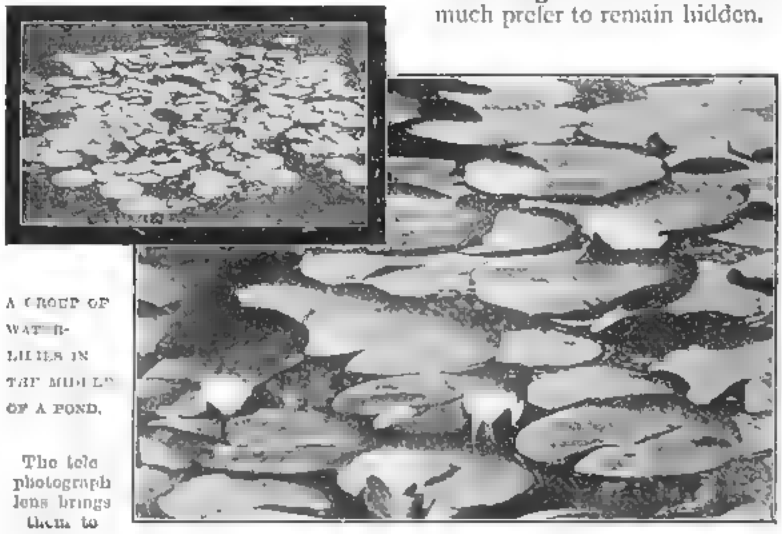
"BIG BEN" HIMSELF.

What proof is there that this photograph is not an enlargement of the other?

safer distance. I secured some very fair negatives of rabbits by rigging up a screen of galvanised iron, and whistling, which at once brought the creatures on their haunches, ears erect, as motionless as any photographer could desire.

For taking birds and their nests the lens has a fine opening. Some nests, especially those of sea birds, are so situated that they can only be seen from a distance, whence their details are invisible. Tele-photography will bring the illustrations of our bird books much nearer to nature than some of them are at present. The botanist, too, should welcome the art. Its use in his particular province may be illustrated by the two photographs of water-lilies. It is much simpler to set up a camera on the bank of a pond and work at ease than to strip and wade out into deep water. The feeling of slippery mud yielding beneath the feet is not pleasant, especially when the camera legs are also journeying downwards.

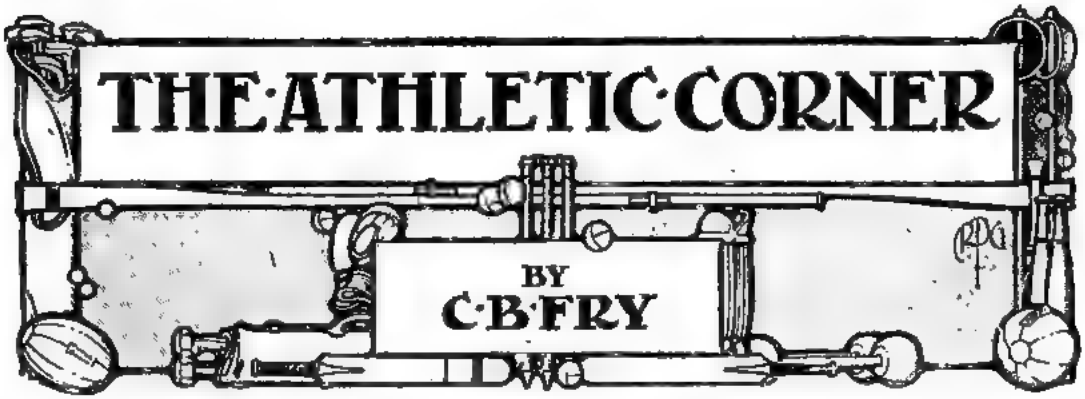
As time goes on, fresh uses for tele-photography will be found. In the meantime, we will conclude with a warning to all boys who have a taste for breaking bounds, smoking cigars, and other illegal acts, which their fathers were guiltless of. "Stalky & Co." were hard put to it by the field glasses of Foxy, the school porter. But the next generation of "Stalkies" may be even harder pressed. A telescopic lens and a biograph might, between them, reveal things which some would much prefer to remain hidden.



A GROUP OF WATER-LILIES IN THE MIDDLE OF A POND.

The tele photograph lens brings them to within 6ft. of the observer's eye.

For taking records of aquatic plants the lens will be invaluable.



WHAT I THINK OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL.

Only the "old boys" among the readers of The Captain can remember the time when the professional player of Association was not. By the time I came into contact with decent class football, professionalism was in full swing. That was when I got (very proudly) into my school team at Repton at the age of fifteen, and had the delight of playing against Derby County and Stoke. Repton, as I daresay you know, is near Derby, and therefore in the heart of the midland football district; so our school team now and then arranged mid-week matches with some of the great "pro" clubs. We learnt a thing or two on those occasions, I may say. I can remember several grand matches we played with Derby County, and one especially which ended in a draw. Repton has always been strong at "Soccer," and about that time we had some really exceptional teams.

We had a sort of old standing feud with Derby County, so the "Peakites" used to do their best to beat us. It may sound rather absurd to say we always gave them a good game, but we did;

A SCHOOL TEAM TAKES SOME LICKING ON ITS OWN GROUND,

and besides, we were very strong, as I said above; in fact, of the eleven who played that historic draw, ten either got their Blues or were tried for the 'Varsity; and the other man was, perhaps, the best of the lot, but did not go to Oxford or Cambridge. But I soon obtained a wider acquaintance with professionals, for in the Christmas holidays I was invited to go with the Casuals on their northern tour. Afterwards, for some years, I played regularly for the Casuals, and later for the Corinthians, both in the south, the midlands and the north, against practically all the great clubs; so, what with my Oxford matches and some odd others, I ought to know something about the "pros." Whether I can put my knowledge on paper is another matter; those of you who do exams. will understand the distinction.

You know, of course, that professionalism was only legalised by the Football Association, and fully recognised, after much trouble and many struggles. Some people still think it was a pity the Association ever legalised it. But that opinion is not of much account, because professionalism would have come whether the governing body recognised it or not.

The paid player arose in a very simple and natural manner. The clubs in the north and midlands, as interest in the game grew, found they could get a deal of gate money.

THE MEN WHO PLAYED WERE NOT WELL OFF,

and, naturally enough, did not see why a share of the money their club earned through them should not come into their pockets. The clubs did not mind this; they had the money to pay, and payment secured good players. This, at the time, was contrary to all football law, so the payments were made in a veiled manner. There were all sorts of stories about men finding sovereigns in their boots and "fivers" in their bags. This was reprehensible. But the money was available, and most of the players not only desired, but needed it. So what could you expect? It must be remembered that, as the number of matches increased, most of the men would have been unable to play owing to loss of time and wages had not the clubs paid them more than mere out-of-pocket expenses. Anyhow, after sundry storms and scandals, professionalism was recognised. And the moment

this was done the professional clubs began to multiply, and have continued to do so ever since. A gentleman invented the League, which consolidated and magnified the professional clubs included. Subsequently many other leagues and combinations arose. In the early days most of the men who played for a club lived in the neighbourhood, and

THE INTEREST WAS GENUINELY LOCAL

—the men of the town played for the town. But as soon as professionalism was recognised the clubs began getting men, no matter whence, to represent them. Football became a trade, and each player sold his labour in the best market. A town had a club, but the players were gathered from the four winds. Most of the "pros" came from Scotland. One very English town not long ago boasted a team every name in which began with "Mac." So nowadays, when Everton plays Southampton, it is not a case of Everton against Southampton, but of the team collected and paid by the one against the team collected and paid by the other.

We can now see what a modern professional club is. It is a concern managed on business lines, providing entertainment for people, and getting its income from the gate-money. Most of the big clubs are direct descendants of, and

BEAR THE SAME NAME

as, old-time amateur or semi-amateur clubs, but their constitution is entirely different. The old clubs were just like the modern town or village cricket club. Now most of the clubs are run on company or syndicate lines. A "pro" club requires capital to start it, like any other business; this money is found by certain people who hope to run the club at a profit, and to get interest on their money The players are the paid employés of the board of directors—they are engaged just as a theatre company is engaged, and football is their profession. They play, and people pay to see them. But there is a deal of sport in the promotion of a club in spite of the business of it, and a deal of genuine sport in playing, though the players are paid. It is not quite fair to speak of a "pro" club as a business concern in a lofty, despising spirit, for it must not be forgotten that the promoters are largely actuated by a desire to have a successful football team in their town, a team that wins matches and shows good sport.

THERE IS NOT MUCH PROFIT TO BE GOT FROM A FOOTBALL CLUB,

and a deal of risk. In fact, much more money has been lost than made at the business. In many cases the promoters know this, but are willing to risk their money in order that their town may have good football. Then as to the players. They, of course, get excellent wages and make their livelihood from the game; but most of them are genuinely fond of the game as such, and enjoy matches keenly Some of them have no other employment, but many follow trades and professions of various kinds. I know one man who came penniless from Scotland, a raw, hard, sandy youth. He played for a great northern team for some years; but all the while he was building up a boot business, which is now one of the best in a big town. He made money out of football; but he was thoroughly fond of the game, and regarded the boot trade as his real work. It is a pity that some clubs nowadays make a point of having

ENTIRE CONTROL OF THEIR MEN'S TIME,

so that the latter are in some cases unable, if willing, to engage in other pursuits besides football, but it must be remembered that the clubs pay very high wages.

It has frequently been said that professionalism is bad for the game. I have not always been sure what the people who say this mean. In a certain sense it is true. No game can be such a good sport when it is played as a business as when played purely for the fun of it. Directly money comes into a game undesirable things are sure to follow. But amateur football and professional football are quite distinct and separate affairs which do not affect one another very much. It is sometimes said that amateur football has been killed by professionalism. This, I do not think, is correct. The fact is, that before professionalism came in and produced

A HIGH STANDARD OF SKILL,

the "Old Boys'" clubs, and other amateur teams, held a much higher place in the football world than now. The decline of the latter, if it exists, is relative, not absolute. The League and cup ties have, it is true, taken most of the public interest out of ordinary club games; but I do not think the amateur teams now are fewer in number than formerly, or play worse football. The most enjoyable football of all—*viz.*, at schools and at the 'Varsities, remains just as it was (except in so far as the high standard of skill shown by the "pros" has improved it) and is entirely independent of the professional clubs. The tours of the Corinthians, the Casuals, and other strong amateur clubs, are as enjoy

able as ever. There is a great deal of amateur football played in the south. It is, I admit, rather hard luck on a good public-school, or 'Varsity player, who lives in the north or midlands, that, after leaving school or 'Varsity, he cannot get good football; he cannot, for there are

HARDLY ANY GOOD AMATEUR TEAMS

away from round London. But I do not think his case in any way worse than it was before the days of professionalism, for even then he would not have been able to get such games as he was used to and liked. Again, it is supposed that professionals regard matches with the Corinthians, Casuals, and the 'Varsities, as mere off-days. This is a mistake; the strong amateur teams have splendid matches with the professionals. The "pros" may occasionally be a little slack, but they do not at all like being beaten, especially by the Corinthians, as they frequently are—more often than not, in fact. This idea is largely due to some of the reporters, who start with the rooted idea that a "pro" team must be able to beat an amateur, and when the result upsets this theory, come to the unfounded and idiotic conclusion that the "pros" did not play up.

There used to be an idea that professionalism was bad for the game, because of the rough and foul play it introduced. This is an error. As to rough play, the professionals, even in the cruder days, very rarely indulged in it, and for this very simple reason: that

THEY HAD TOO MUCH TO LOSE BY IT,

since, if they got hurt, they lost wages, and perhaps their livelihood. No, the "pro" never liked hard charging. As to foul play of a tricky order, I am afraid I cannot say the same. But even on this point there is some misconception.

Formerly many of the northern and midland players indulged only too frequently in tripping and pushing and other illegalities. There were always some who were scrupulously fair, but I fear they were in the minority. I remember being extremely annoyed and exasperated by their tricks: they seemed to me to trip you and shove you as a matter of course, and to reckon on taking every possible advantage, however illegal. But I do not now think so badly of them as I did then. The truth is, they played the game in a totally different manner from we southerners; their standard was different. They all played, as it were, "on the cross"; it was a recognised thing that it did not matter what they did as long as the referee did not see, and they

EXPECTED EVERYONE TO PLAY THE SAME GAME.

If you and I played a game of *écarté* on the understanding that we would try to cheat, cheating would be part of our game and not really cheating at all. Well, the northern "pro," as a rule, played football that way: I am bound to say it was not right or good for the game. Many of the best teams played a very fair game; the worst offenders were the second and third raters, who were atrocious. Still, I remember once, in a match against Sunderland, the then centre forward made a bracket of his forearms and carried the ball through the goal from a scramble just in front. I told him in round terms that he was not an honourable man. He looked at me in contempt for a moment, then jerked his thumb towards the fat and distant referee, and remarked: "Ye daftie, yon could na' see." It was being found out that mattered—the Spartan code of honour, in fact. And the spectators encouraged this sort of thing; nothing pleased them so much as a successful trip—they shouted with laughter at us slow-witted loons who did not know the game

AS PLAYED UP NORTH.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was not because they were "pros" that the northerners behaved like this; but because they belonged mostly to a class by whom minor mal-practices of this sort were regarded as amusing and jestful; it was not because they were paid that they played unfairly, but because, in common with their pals, they did not regard the tricks as really unfair. All this has now been eradicated by strict enforcement of the laws of the game and wide-awake refereeing. And the spectators, having been educated to better things, so far from encouraging foul tactics, actually hiss them now. I remember rather a funny incident during a match between the Casuals and Grimsby one Christmas tour. There was a huge old fisherman planted on a a fence close behind the goal defended first half by Grimsby. Every time their goal-keeper handled the ball he applauded loudly and cheered in a voice that would have sounded above a Baltic gale. When we changed over he was quiet for a bit, but finally, unable to stand it any longer, he broke out into the most

HOMERIC ABUSE OF OUR GOAL-KEEPER.

He knew handling the ball was forbidden, but

was not aware of the exception in favour of the goal-keeper. He simply delighted in what he fancied was his own man's consummate skill; but he could not brook our man playing the same game. I expect he knows better now.

That professionalism has done good to football in one direction no one will deny. It has raised the standard of skill immeasurably. It was the old Preston North End that first invented and perfected combination as it is now known, and the other successful clubs followed their example. Combination has vastly changed and improved the old Association game. I need not enlarge on the virtues of combination, but we owe its perfection to the "pros." It is absurd to expect an ordinary amateur team to play as well as the average professional team. The former plays, perhaps, three times a fortnight; the latter has two matches a week, practise every day, and is in continual training. But I think

THE AVERAGE AMATEUR IS A BETTER PLAYER THAN THE AVERAGE "PRO"

when the conditions under which they respectively play are taken into account.

If you take a picked amateur eleven, like the Corinthians, they can hold their own with any professional team. They do not play quite the same game. The "pros" like short passing, and clever, tricky play; the amateurs go for the long pass and the rush. Short passing sometimes degenerates into piffling; long passing into raggedness. The "pros" are always much, much stronger at half-back—why, I cannot explain, but it is the reason of their being so difficult for amateurs, even the best, to beat. Give the average Corinthian team three "pro" halves, and no one would beat them. On the whole, I think the best five amateur forwards of the year have almost always been equal to the best five "pros," and often superior—this because, though not quite so clever, the former go straighter and with more dash. The best amateur pair of backs, as a rule, is superior to the two best "pros." The latter do not play so well with their halves, and generally kick too high and hard. In goal-keepers the amateurs quite hold their own. Personally, I fancy an amateur team, with "pro" half-backs, as, on the average,

THE FINEST COMBINATION AVAILABLE.

But I daresay I am prejudiced.

Whether professionalism is good or bad, there is no doubt that without it the enormous amount of football entertainment now provided for the eager public would be quite impossible. You could not very well have leagues without professionals, and without leagues you have no continuity of interest. I do not agree with those who think that this spectacular football keeps men and boys from playing themselves. There are more clubs and more matches now than there ever were: watching good football engenders a desire to play, and teaches how to play. Besides, many of the spectators have plenty of opportunities of playing during the week. And, in any case, I do not fancy that the majority of the "crowd" would be actively employed at the game if they were not looking on. They would have nothing to do most likely, and might be in much worse places than the "sixpenny stand."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. Mac has a novel cricket problem. He was playing cricket with his brother on the understanding that over a certain fence was out. The ball had a crack in it. "E. J. Mac" bowled a half volley, which the other Mac hit. He hit the cover off the ball. The cover was found over the fence, the body of the ball inside. Was the batsman in or out? Now my ruling is this: If I were the umpire I should (after being duly surprised that the lighter part of the ball carried farther than the heavier) give the batsman in, because, though there is no rule to meet the case, the spirit of the rules seems to imply (though why it should I do not know) that in any case of doubt the batsman is to have the benefit. An umpire whose turn of mind admitted of his being fully persuaded that the cover of a ball is the ball without the inside, would, however, be quite justified in giving the batsman out, for "the umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play." Still, it is a new case—for which much thanks. **W. E. G.**—I do not know the exact pathology of cramp, but I do know this—that a muscle which is not used to being exercised, or is exercised in a new way, is liable to cramp. Usually, after the muscle gets into training, cramp no more supervenes; so I advise you to go on with your athletics. Of course, in no case ought you to overtax your muscular system. If you are weak you must build yourself up gradually. Do not bathe in deep water or alone if you are subject to cramp in the water. **T. King-Parks.**—If you get a fast short ball outside the leg-stump, do not move towards square-leg, but in front of your wicket, facing round to the on, and placing the ball away past the umpire. If you cannot cut, you should give up the stroke, except to a very short ball, which you should hit hard and square with a horizontal bat, moving the front leg across a bit. Your fault in playing forward is very common. Either you play too far in front of your advanced leg, or else you play too soon. Take your bat well back, stand upright, and play at the last possible second. Write to THE CAPTAIN for a "CAPTAIN bat." State your age and height. **Arthur Heap.**—You can drive hard and safely without being strong. Hard driving comes from a long quick swing of the bat and accurate timing. You should get to the pitch of the ball if you can, with your feet near together, and your bat taken well back. Then hit with a quick, free swing, and without dropping your right shoulder (your back shoulder, that is). Hold your bat with both hands

close together near the top of the handle, very tight with the top hand, and rather looser with the other. **Edgar Mauser.**—(1) J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe against Derbyshire. (2) An amateur or professional, to play for a county, must either have been born in it or have had his home in it for two years. (3) No; on the whole it is better for a captain not to be a bowler, but it depends on his knowledge and common sense. **Gonu.**—Thanks. About your knee; I am inclined to think judicious bicycling will do it most good. When it is well again, avoid for a long time risking any sort of twist. Bicycling is straight work for it, and will strengthen the muscles round the joint. **Chas. J. Maberly** thinks it would be a good thing if the cricket-pitch were lengthened to 25yds., and gives some ingenious reasons. I do not think this would do much good. **F. Fairshorne.**—For the purposes of cricket you should learn to throw under your shoulder, picking up the ball and wuzzing it in with the same action, as it were. Keep the trajectory as low as you can, having regard to the required distance. For long throwing you want to take a long run and deliver the throw with a loose, easy, quick action; contrive that the impetus of your run is brought to bear on the throw. **Prof.**—(1) You might try Thomas & Sons, Cheapside, E.C. (2) Strictly speaking, yes; but, as a matter of fact, no. I did it myself at the age of fourteen, but if anyone had tried to disqualify me as a "pro" he would have been laughed at. **B. F.**—No; I do not think your smoking would have hurt your running. Probably you have not done much of that kind of exercise lately. Begin gradually, and do not expect results too quickly. Of course, you should not over smoke. **F. Skinner.**—As long as one foot is behind, the bowler is all right; he can have two there if he likes. **George H.**—(1) Anything under 2mins. 30secs. (2) Yes; eighteen is not too young. (3) You might run 880yds. in 2mins. 14secs. or so, but it depends. I hope you will do well and realise your ambitions. Be sure not to over-train, or do too much. Slow and sure is the motto for training methods—*i.e.*, work up gradually. **G. M. Casey.**—Scotton played for Notts, A. G. Steel for Cambridge and Lancashire, Peate for Yorkshire, and V. J. Walker for Middlesex. **P. C. Gaskin.**—There is no rule to prevent a batsman playing both right and left. **Graham Skillen.**—You are the right sort. Now, just take my tip—do not do too much. A quarter of an hour's dumb-bells in the morning is quite enough for you; 10mins. would be better. Do not use bells weighing more than 1½lb. each; 1lb. is better. You may follow Sandow's chart of exercises, but keep your work light. The whole point of physical culture is to get your results by very gradual means; this is the only way that does you good. Play games as much as you like. Yes; the bails have to be knocked off; but there are other ways of being out—*vide* the rules.

C. B. Fry

THE BIRTH OF "ASTON VILLA."

UNDOUBTEDLY the leading professional club of the day, the Aston Villa F.C. possesses a history which is ancient by comparison with that of most of the other league clubs. Of the thousands of excited partisans who now watch the Villa matches in Birmingham, few are probably aware that the club was started by the members of a Bible class connected with a chapel at Villa Cross, Handsworth, one of the suburbs of Birmingham. These young sportsmen had already established a cricket club, and one day, in 1874, having seen a match—under Rugby rules, by the way—between Handsworth and Grasshoppers, their spirit of emulation was fired, the result being the formation of the Aston Villa F.C. Among the founders of the club were Messrs. E. B. Lee and W. B. Mason (for some years hon. secretary) and Herr Weiss, who was an admirable vocalist. Their practice games took place on some waste ground, but their first match was decided on a field lent by a Mr. Wilson, who had seen them playing on the free pitch referred to. One half of their first match was played under Rugby rules and the other according to the Association code—a very impartial beginning. In the second season they made rapid strides, partly owing to the accession to their ranks of G. B. Ramsay, a young Scotchman, who, passing the Villa's ground, and noticing the game, volunteered his services. These proved valuable indeed, for besides having been one of its best players, Mr. Ramsay is now the secretary of the club, with which he has been connected nearly twenty-five years. It was owing to the shrewdness of Mr. Ramsay that the ground at Perry Barr was obtained, the rental being fixed at £5, while the first gate realised 5s. 3d.

The rental of the Perry Barr increased from the modest £5, at first paid, to £200; but as the accommodation was considered insufficient the club obtained the Aston Lower Grounds, on which some £20,000 has been spent. This new ground was opened at Easter, 1897, and since then it is computed that it has held more spectators than any other English ground, except that belonging to the Everton F.C. at Liverpool. The club is now registered as the Aston Villa Football Club, Limited. Their receipts during the last season amounted to upwards of £15,000, of which over £3,000 was clear profit. The players' wages and bonuses caused an outlay of over £6,000, figures which gives some idea of the expense of running a first-class professional club.

From "Association Football," by N. L. Jackson.

OXFORD UNDER-GRADUATE SLANG.

By a Christ Church Man.

Dear Smith,—Sorry I can't brekker with you to-morrow at the ugger, but have promised to brekker with Williams, of Wuggins.—Yours, Brown.

Such a note as the above would be almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader, but the phrases are those of every-day life at the 'Varsity. In ordinary English it would run something as follows :—

Dear Smith,—Sorry I can't breakfast with you to-morrow at the union, but have promised to breakfast with Williams, of Worcester College.—Yours, Brown.

One of the principle rules in this grammar of slang is to change the last syllable of the word to be mutilated into "er"—but this should not be followed too closely, as it once was, by a luckless "fresher," who informed his "scout" that he hoped he would be "punker" in serving his meals! What the "scout" said is not recorded To the undergraduate mind nothing is sacred. Saints, dons, churches, clubs—all have their own particular appellation. 'St. Barnabas' Church is condensed into "Barney"; St. Peter-le-Bailey and St. Peter-in-the-East become respectively, "Pagger le Bagger" and "Pagger le Beast!"

IN OXFORD SLANG THIS ARTICLE IS CALLED A "WAGGER-PAGGER-BAGGER."

The musical union rejoices in the very unmusical name of the "mugger ugger." In the morning, if you attend a roll-call, you "keep a roller," an expression which sounds somewhat startling to the uninitiated! You then "brekker," after which you attend lectures by "keeping lekkers." If you have more leisure, you take a "strag" or stroll down the High, or "play pills" with some friend in one of the many billiard-rooms in which Oxford rejoices. For recreations, you have the choice—in the winter term of "Soccer" and "Rugger"—the two styles of football—or a hockey "squash" in the University parks, or the "paggers," or you may play "fugg-soccer," a kind of indoor football, almost peculiar to Oxford. In the summer, a great form of "eccer" is "patters," a corruption of "patball," *i.e.*, tennis.

It can hardly be expected that the colleges themselves would escape this rechristening process. Hence we find Pembroke known as "Pemmy," Christ Church as "House," Brazenose College as "B. N. C.," Jesus Coll. as "Jaggers," Worcester as "Wuggins," St. Edmund Hall is familiarly known as "Teddy Hall," and the non-collegiate students are classed together under the *soubriquet* of "Toshers." If a college eight has been unusually successful on the river, the college have a "rag" in the evening, ending in the inevitable "bonner" or bonfire. If you are met by the Proctor after 9 p.m. without cap and gown, he fines you five shillings, and you are "progged," or you may be "marked in" or watched back to your college by one of his "bullers" or "bulldogs," a term applied to the four men who accompany each "Proggins" on his rounds, and do most of the rough work. That well-known land-mark of street orators, the Martyr's Memorial, goes by the title of the "Magger's Memugger." A little further up St. Giles is the church of St. Philip and St. James, or "Phil and Jim." An institution known as the Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union becomes, of course, the O.I.C.U. If, during the summer vacation, or the "Long," you do a little in the tutoring line, you are said to "take pups," "pups" being apparently a corruption of "pupils." When living out of college, you are said to "dig." The well-known ladies' college—Lady Margaret Hall—becomes "Lady Maggie." That flourishing institution, the 'Varsity Volunteers, are always known as the "bugshooters," a compliment, perhaps, to their accuracy of aim. When, at the end of the term, you interview the dons, and receive approbation, or the reverse, on your term's work, you attend a "don-rag." When you close your outer door for the night, you "sport your oak." Perhaps the consummation of atrocity is to be found in the term, "wagger-pagger-bagger," which, being interpreted, is "waste-paper basket." Such are a few Oxonianisms, which are to be most commonly met with at the 'Varsity.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET.

NOBODY knew—save three. As long as these three kept silent, nobody else, in the natural course of events, would be any the wiser. The three people who held this secret were the King of Kingland, the Lord Chancellor, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Save these three—nobody knew.

A little out of the common was the geographical situation of Kingland. There are parts of the South Atlantic where ships seldom appear, and in one of the most lonely regions of this expanse of ocean is situated an island, about the size of Yorkshire. Owing to the violence of the currents which abound in this latitude, the island of which I am speaking has for centuries been left severely alone by mariners, and this explains why nobody but myself knows that this island is inhabited by a large number of persons of European extraction. Although no vessels make this island a port of call, the inhabitants are constantly supplied with most of the luxuries and all the necessities of to-day; this may seem to you very remarkable, but the fact is that, of the hundreds of derelicts throughout the broad Atlantic, a large percentage drift with the southern currents on to the shores of Kingland. These deserted hulks are at times anxiously looked for by the inhabitants, who entirely depend on such driftage for food and clothing. There is a delightful uncertainty about the nature of these ocean gifts, for while one moon may yield a cargo of oil-cake and sewing machines, another may send them a wreck in whose battered hull may be found such a consignment of tinned delicacies as will feed the good Kinglanders for many months. Sometimes machinery is cast ashore; but this is useless, for they cannot eat it or work it. At other times, great is the delight of the populace when huge quantities of wearing apparel strike this peculiar island. Money is not known in Kingland; they exchange one commodity for another, and so they live.

Now, it is the custom in Kingland for the male inhabitants to take it by turns to rule: son follows father, nephew succeeds uncle. The throne is held for one year at a time, and thus the island, being full of men who have been kings, or hope to be kings, is rightly named "Kingland."

The people take their names from the occupations they follow, or some article connected with those occupations; and so it comes to pass that, at the time my story begins, a waiter, who had just ascended the throne, was very appropriately known to his loyal subjects as

KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST.

King Waterbottle, aged twenty-five, had at length ascended the throne recently vacated by his uncle, King Cupps the Ninth-and-a-Half, a coffee-house keeper. He was called King Cupps the Ninth-and-a-Half, because he had reigned a year and a-half, and he reigned this extra six months because his successor couldn't be found. Search high, search low, Prince Waterbottle evaded pursuit. He was advertised for—but in vain. The authorities got so

exasperated at his non-appearance that at length they offered a reward of a thousand boots for him—dead or alive. Then—he appeared. The Lord Chancellor produced him, and the thousand boots were paid over to the Lord Chancellor.

When the Chancellor received his thousand boots he went to the baker and said:

"Here are thirty pair o' boots for you. In return you will supply my household with bread for a year."

Then the Chancellor went to the butcher. "Here," said he "are a hundred pair o' boots—see?"

"Yes," said the butcher, "I see. It would be hard not to, as they quite block the passage up."

"Meat for my household for one year," said the Chancellor, going out before the butcher could raise any objection. It was rather aggravating of him, because they were all boys' boots, and the butcher had fourteen unmarried daughters. However, the Chancellor always did as he liked, because he was all-powerful, having the *Army* on his side. The Chancellor next went to a furniture man and gave him a lot of boots for a drawing-room *suite* (pale blue and gold, Cupps the Second period; very tasty); and to a horse-dealer, and exchanged fifty pairs of boots for a pony for his wife's governess-car; and to a poulterer, and got fowl-supply for a year; and to a barber, and got free hair-cuts for a year; and so on, all round the capital. That reward of a thousand boots came in very useful, the Chancellor concluded.

Now, you will want to know how the Chancellor managed to produce Prince Waterbottle just when the reward was offered. Why, he had kept him shut up in his dungeon all that six months, waiting for a reward to be offered. When the reward was offered, out came Prince Waterbottle, with his face nicely washed and his hair combed, looking as if he had been to a six months' tea-party.

So Prince Waterbottle ascended the throne, and King Cupps the Ninth-and-a-Half went back to his coffee-shop, and proceeded to barter cups of coffee for bits of rope, glasses, slices of bacon, and so on "in kind." His accounts used to get sadly complicated when he gave credit to customers and allowed them to "chalk it up" for any length of time.

But you are waiting for the secret. It will be explained in a conversation which was held between the new King and the Chancellor a few days after the crowning of Waterbottle the First.

"Good morning, your Majesty," said the Lord Chancellor, coming into the palace breakfast room as the King was lighting his pipe, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Chair, sir?" said the King, getting up and flicking the one he had been sitting on with his table-napkin.

"I beg your Majesty," cried the Chancellor, "to remember that your Majesty is now a King—that for a year you will cease to follow your customary occupation—that of a waiter."

"Very good, sir," said the King.

"I must request your Majesty not to address me as 'sir'" implored the Chancellor; "it isn't necessary. Oh, dear!" he added, "you kings are a bother. Your grandfather was always running about with cups of tea, offering them to the Court officials, and generally had his sleeves turned up. Force of habit, I suppose. Yes, you kings are a bit of a bother, your gracious Majesty."

"Still," said the King, "there are compensations." He looked at the Chancellor's boots in a meaning way, and the Chancellor blushed.

"Now," said the King, "I want to make a nice bit off the breast of it to you."

"Your calling again!" expostulated the Chancellor. "I presume you mean you want to make a clean breast of something to me."

"Yessir."

"Can't you be a bit more haughty?" inquired the Chancellor.

"Do me best, sir," said the King; "but in this hot weather 'aughtiness won't always keep. As to that, if I'm not 'aughty enough, my little bruvver is, I do assure you."

"Your little brother!" exclaimed the Lord Chancellor.

"That's it. I've got a brother. We're as like as two pins. We're twins. Ah! you never noo that afore, I guess."

"No, I never knew it, and I don't believe it," said the Lord Chancellor.

"It's true as I stand 'ere," persisted the King, beginning, in an absent-minded sort of way, to sweep the crumbs off the breakfast table.

"Then," said the Lord Chancellor, brightening up, "if you have a twin brother, he ought to be sharing the throne with you."

"Without a doubt," said the King.

"You can't very well *both* be kings," mused the Chancellor.

"Well," said the King eagerly, "I abdicate. That's what I do—I abdicate. Good morning!"

And he walked away.

"Here, come back, come back!" cried the Chancellor. "You mustn't go yet. Where is this twin-brother of yours?"

The King stopped, took off his crown, wiped it round with his pocket handkerchief, and hung it up on a peg.

"In England," he said.

"In England—what's that?"

"A little island on the map," said the King.

"Don't your great-uncle know he's there?" demanded the Chancellor, into whose head a great idea had come.

"No," said the King; "nobody but me—and you. Uncle sent him when he was a boy."

"I see," said the Chancellor; "and what's your brother doing over at that little island?"

"Getting heducated hat Heton hand Hoxford," said the King.

"But I thought," said the Chancellor, "that no ship ever called at this island. How could your brother be sent to this place called England?"

"CHAIR, SIR?" SAID THE KING.

"Well, it's rather givin' fam'ly secrets away," said the King; "but I must, if I want to abdicate. My old uncle, he's in league with the captain of a whaling schooner. It calls here twice a year, at dead of night. Uncle gives him all that stuff they call gold that he finds in derelicts, and in return the captain of the whaler gives uncle blubber."

"What does uncle do with that?" asked the Lord Chancellor.

"Makes it into butter," replied the King.

"Smart man, that captain," said the Chancellor, approvingly; "but what's this got to do with your brother?"

"Well, about eleven years ago," explained the King, "it was given out that my brother had died—wasn't it? Yes, but he hadn't. My father sent him to England on the whaler, as I said, to be heducated hat Heton hand Hoxford—gave the captain big pile of extra gold—three boxes."

"Yes?"

"Now," went on the King, "my little bruvver's heducation is complete, and he is a real gentleman. We expect him in the schooner when she arrives about the end of this month."

"Indeed! And does he know that it's his turn—and yours—to be King?"

"Yes; he arranged to be back in time to reign, and last time the schooner called, going home, uncle sent him a note telling him to return. This was six months afore you put me in your back-cellar, mister."

"Why didn't you tell me you had a twin-brother, *then*?" enquired the Chancellor, angrily.

"Well," said the King, "I didn't altogether like bein' shoved into that cellar of yours, so I kep' it as a sort of surprise."

"H'm!" The Chancellor reflected. Then he turned to the King.

"Now, look here," he said, "not a syllable of this to anyone. Do you hear?"

The King nodded.

"Mum's the word!" he muttered.

"I'll think over what you've told me," said the Chancellor, "so now you can do what you like till lunch-time. After lunch you must receive visitors You won't say a word—you'll be discreet?"

"Yessir," said the King, "I'll be so discreet that I'll forget I 'ave a brother—straight, I will."

So then the Chancellor went to look for the Commander-in-Chief, for he had a little plan.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE PLAN.

"COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF," said the Lord Chancellor, on being ushered into the great man's presence, "I wish to have a word with your excellency."

"With pleasure, Lord Chancellor."

Six shabby soldiers, in a variety of uniforms, and barefooted, were standing behind the Commander-in-Chief. The Chancellor glanced at them.

"By-the-way," he said, "the matter I have come to talk over is for your ear only."

The Commander-in-Chief turned to the six soldiers.

"Army—stand at ease!"

The Army stood at ease.

"Army—choose your partners!"

The Army chose partners.

"Army," thundered the Commander-in-Chief, "quick—waltz out!"

And the Army waltzed out.

The Commander-in-Chief then turned to the Chancellor.

"So please your excellency," replied the soldier, "there's a *wreck*——"

"*A wreck!*"

Like one man, the Commander-in-Chief and the Lord Chancellor shot out of the room, flew into the street, and hailed a cab. When cabs were washed ashore, the Kinglanders harnessed goats to them.

"Hey, cab, quick—*beach!*"

"How much?" demanded the cabby.

"Pair of boots," replied the Chancellor.

"Oh, no," said the cabby; "not good enough. 'Alf what you get!"

"Very well, very well; half what we get. But whip up, my good fellow, whip up. We have first information of the wrecked vessel that is drifting on to this island."

"Hurroo! hurroo!" shouted the cabman,

AND THE ARMY WALTZED OUT.

"Now, my Lord Chancellor," said he, "I think I know your business. I give you one of the Army and you give me boots enough for the other five?"

"That wasn't exactly the object of my call," purred the Chancellor, "but it's a very reasonable bargain. I'll book it."

Having made an entry in his note-book, the Chancellor was about to tell the Commander-in-Chief of his conversation with the King, when there came a loud rap at the door, followed up by the tallest soldier in the Army.

"What now, Colonel?" demanded the Commander-in-Chief, testily.

whipping up his goats. "I 'ope there'll be jam in it—kem epp, will you?" and again he furiously lashed his goats, which, butting everybody out of the way, tore down to the shore in first-rate style.

"Yes, I hope there will be jam, too," said the Chancellor; "we're all getting very tired of marmalade. Oh—*look there!*"

It was, indeed, a disappointment. A dismantled schooner was drifting *past* the island, and the people watching it observed that there were figures moving about the deck.

"If there's a gale to-night—and there's every promise of one," said the cabby, hopefully,

"she'll be blown back to us, and those people will be drowned, and we shall have *jam*. I know there'll be jam in her. Hurroo!"

"You're very sanguine, my friend," said the Chancellor, "so I trust you won't be disappointed. Come, Commander-in-Chief, let us return and continue our conversation."

The cabman gave a significant cough when they got back to the town.

"Pair of boots, I think you said," he reminded the Lord Chancellor.

"Oh dear, no! You bargained for *half what we got*, and as we got nothing, you get half nothing, which is very little. Now, if I have any trouble with you," he concluded, as the cabman began to get abusive, "I'll set the Army on you."

"Oo cares about the Army?" shouted the cabman, as he drove off in a fine fury; "a lot o' worn-out, frayed, moth-eaten, mildewed, cracked, creaky-jointed *cripples!*"

But the Commander-in-Chief and Chancellor—quite accustomed to this sort of thing—took no notice of him. When they found themselves alone in the house again, the Chancellor repeated his conversation with the King.

The Commander-in-Chief listened open-mouthed.

"A twin brother?"

"That is so."

"Striking resemblance?"

"As like as two pins."

"Being educated in England, I think you said? Ah, I have an English newspaper here. I'll show you what sort of people they are."

Going to a cupboard, the Commander-in-Chief routed out a halfpenny comic paper.

"Look at this," he said, showing the paper to the Chancellor, "comical sort of people, ain't they? Here they are, you see, on the outside, all tumbling down coal-holes and setting booby-traps for each other. Inside you see them in another mood—the men stabbing and killing one another, while the women look on and press their hands against their hearts. It says at the top: '*Read Our Grand New Serial!*' I suppose that is what they call their other mood. Good idea, eh? We might adopt it here. The Army has been idle too long."

But the Chancellor was looking very grave.

"If Waterbottle's brother is given to this sort of thing——" he began.

"Pooh!" said the Commander-in-Chief; "haven't we got the Army to protect us?"

"True—true," said the Chancellor, "I forgot the Army. Well—now for my idea. This young gentleman from Eton and Oxford will make a much better king than the present one, so suppose we change them?"

"Chancellor," said the other, "you are a genius. I agree with you—the present King isn't any good. Why, at the coronation he asked me three times if I would like to see the evening paper!"

"Detestable!" agreed the Chancellor. "That old rascal Cupps was bad enough, with his infernal habit of offering rashers of bacon to my wife and daughters whenever they went to see him; but this waiter fellow never seems happy unless he's frisking round the palace with a *serviette* over his arm, and asking everybody he meets whether they'll have their steaks well-done or under-done."

"It must be put a stop to!" cried the Commander-in-Chief furiously.

"It must," put in the Chancellor. "Now, my idea is, to keep the return of the twin Waterbottle a profound secret, smuggle him into the palace, pop the present King into my back cellar again, and—there you are. The other twin will be King——"

"And the present one?"

"A little rat-poison mixed with his porridge," said the Chancellor, in a cold-blooded, careless tone, "will stop the flicking of his beastly napkin for ever and a day."

"Won't anybody notice the difference?" inquired the Commander-in-Chief, a trifle uneasily. "You will remember that, when you said Cupps the Eighth had died of smallpox, but refused to let anybody see his body, there was very nearly a revolution."

"There won't be any suspicion that the twin Waterbottle is not the one that was crowned," said the Chancellor; "besides," he added boldly, "haven't we got the Army with us!"

"I can't answer for the Army," said the Commander-in-Chief; "their feet are so sore through having no boots that they're getting quite mutinous——"

"I'll send round six pairs this very day," hastily interrupted the Chancellor, "so that's settled. Now then—are we agreed?"

"We are," cried the Commander-in-Chief, rising from his chair. "I'm tired of these low-bred kings—grocers, and tramps, and waiters. It'll be a change to have a well-educated, funny young man, who plays leap-frog with old gentlemen in the day-time and goes about stabbing his enemies in the evening. It'll be good sport for us——"

"Unless he begins to stab *us*," put in the Chancellor, with a bit of a tremble in his voice.

"You forget—the Army!" cried the Commander-in-Chief.

"Oh, yes—I'll go and see about those boots at once."

"Make it two pairs each," urged the Com-

mander-in-Chief, "and—er—I—er—I could do with a pair myself." The Chancellor hesitated, for he had a mean little soul. Then he caught sight of the English newspaper, and the pictures of people killing each other.

"All right! Two pairs each man, and a pair for you."

"My wife's boots are worn to the uppers," gently insinuated the Commander-in-Chief.

"Oh, hang it! All right. I'll send your wife a pair, too."

The Chancellor thought the Commander-in-Chief had done, but he did not know that famous warrior quite as well as he might have.

The Chancellor was out of the room and halfway down the passage, when he heard a shuffling dot-clump, dot-clump behind him. It was the Commander-in-Chief—the "dot" was his stocking, and the "clump" his boot.

"My Lord Chancellor!"

"Goodness me, what is it now?"

"I have just recollected that my daughter is suffering from chilblains——"

The Chancellor interrupted him with a derisive laugh.

"And wants boots to make 'em well, I suppose?"

"She won't say 'no' to a nice pair, with kid tops," the Commander-in-Chief allowed, "to put on when her feet are well, but just at present she is in great need of some pretty *bedroom slippers*—woollen ones."

"Do you take me for a confounded boot and shoe company?" shouted the exasperated official.

"I take you for a kind gentleman," replied the Commander-in-Chief, gently.

"Then let me inform you that I am nothing of the kind," returned the Chancellor, panting with rage, "I'm a brute, a bully, a ruffian, a desperado, a—a——"

"WE ARE TWO VERY BAD MEN, I AM AFRAID."

"Yes," interrupted the Commander-in-Chief, as the Chancellor paused for breath, "anything else?"

And something he was holding behind his back *crinkled*.

"A poacher, a brigand, a highwayman," roared the Chancellor, "a horse-thief, a bush-ranger and a prize-fighter — all of 'em, and I won't give you a single boot, you *leech!*"

"O-ho!" cried the Commander-in-Chief, "won't give me a single boot, won't he? Then *HOW ABOUT THAT?*"

And he flashed before the Chancellor's terror-stricken eyes *another* English newspaper containing still more murderous pictures.

"This," cried the general," is what'll happen to you when your new king comes, unless you are protected by the *Army*."

"I was too hasty," quavered the Chancellor. "I'll send every boot — yes — *and* the pretty chilblain slippers. They'll arrive tonight."

The Commander-in-Chief stretched out his long arms.

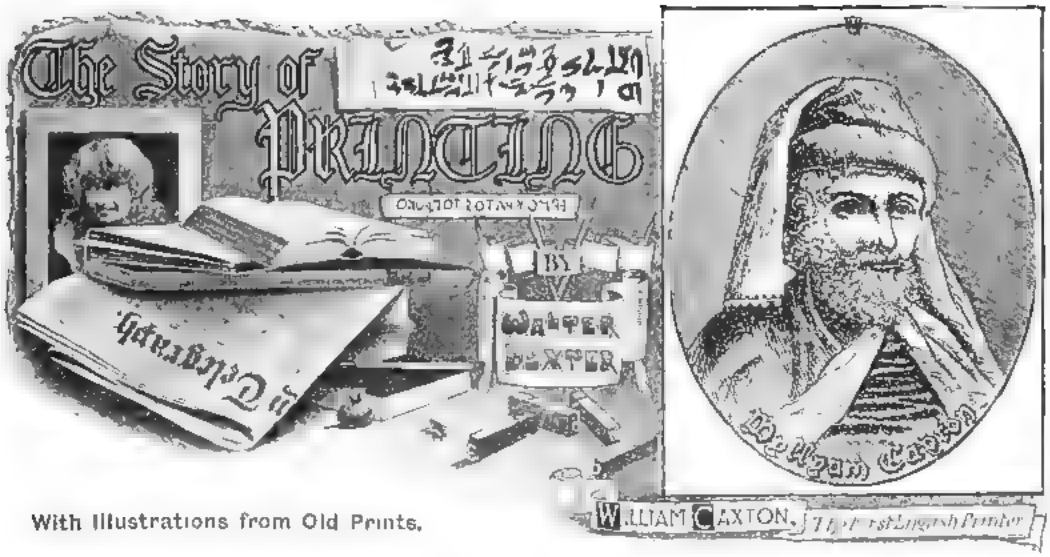
"You're a man, Chancellor—a great man. You have a great mind. Let us embrace."

So they embraced, although the Chancellor, being very small and fat, could only reach up to the Commander-in-Chief's waist.

"Chancellor," said the Commander-in-Chief "we are two very bad men, I am afraid."

"I fear you are right, Commander-in-Chief. We are very bad; but we're going to get a well-educated, funny, murdering sort of king, and that's all I care about. By-bye!"

(To be Continued.)



With Illustrations from Old Prints.

NOW, in the days of exceedingly cheap literature, as exemplified by the copy of THE CAPTAIN which you hold in your hand, it is difficult to believe what a great loss would have been ours had books never been thought of. For the profusion of books nowadays we have to be thankful to the first English printer, William Caxton, who, although not the inventor of the art, was the first to set up a printing press in England.

Looking at the term "printing" in its wider sense, it is hard to say how long it has been known. The Chinese claim to have printed fifty years before the Christian era. Among the ruins of Babylon were many stones with inscriptions on them, and the Romans are known to have practised a similar art.

At first blocks were cut out with the letters for each separate page, and when the page was finished these blocks were of no more use. Then came the invention of a movable type, which could be arranged as required, printed from, re-arranged in another form, printed from again, and so on.

The art of duplicating by means of stencils was well known in France, Spain, and Germany several years before Caxton's birth. This knowledge was used for the production of playing cards—a copy of one of which, a knave of bells, we reproduce herewith. The printing of a picture for a playing card gives us the introduction of pictures as now reproduced in books by means of blocks. The knowledge of the use of blocks was also applied by the limners of the monasteries to the production of representations of saints. A very curious print, bearing the date of 1423, is in the possession of the De Spenser family, and is said to be one of the earliest specimens of the art. It represents St. Christopher carrying the infant Christ. Several such pictures, often forty, were sewn together, and thus an early kind of book was obtained. A wood-cut from one of these early "block-books" is reproduced on next page. It represents the offering of the Wise Men to the infant Saviour.

THE KNAVE OF BELLS.
An early stencilled playing card.

The making of separate letters in wood led to their being cut in metal; and, later on, these letters were multiplied by means of casting the metal in moulds. This latter is known as "typography."

There is some question as to who was the inventor of typography. The honours are divided between Laurence Koster of Haarlem, in Holland, and John Guttenberg of Mayence,

Germany. Koster's story is, that he was strolling one evening in the woods outside the city. To amuse himself, he cut the bark of a beech tree into the form of letters, and impressed these on to paper in short lines. This printing he afterwards gave to his grandchildren to play with. Subsequently he made more letters, substituting tin for wood, and then printed with this movable type. The story of his invention spread abroad, and he had to employ assistants. It is said that one of these, named John Guttenberg, when he had learned the art, stole the tools and type and fled to Mayence, where he reaped an abundant reward. The latter part of this story is very dramatic; but the narrator adds: "It has not stood the test of accurate investigation."

A WOOD CUT FROM AN EARLY "BLOCK-BOOK."

Representing the offering of the Wise Men to the infant Saviour.

John Guttenberg's claim is more solid. He was born in Mayence, and thought of the idea of movable type whilst at Strasburg. In 1448 he returned to Mayence and entered into partnership with a wealthy man named John Fust, who, by a trick, got rid of Guttenberg and placed another workman, Peter Schœffer, in his place. Guttenberg, although deprived of his money and most of his tools, set diligently to work, and produced a considerable amount of printing. Amongst his earliest books was the Bible, printed under the patronage of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1450, and now known as the "Mazarin Bible."

GUTTENBERG, FUST, AND SCHOEFFER.

The three early printers.

Fust and Schœffer continued their work at Mayence until 1462, when the town was captured and the inhabitants fled. Thus it was that the art of printing was spread all over the continent, and by this means Caxton became acquainted with it, as we shall show. This now leads us to its introduction into our own country about the year 1474.

William Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent, about the year 1422; was apprenticed in 1428 (*circa*) to Robert Large, a member of the Mercers' Company and Lord Mayor in 1439. It is somewhat remarkable to conjecture how the apprentice became so fond of books, since at that time they were very rare and costly, and only to be found in the houses of the great and the learned. It can only be thought that his master might have trafficked in books, and, on looking into the matter thoroughly, this, in all probability, was the case, and for two reasons. The mercers were the great dealers in wool, and traded principally with the Netherlands, and in that country there were many agents willing to sell manuscripts of all kinds. It is most probable that Robert Large acted as intermediary between such agents and the book-reading section of the public, and that in his position as apprentice William Caxton had ample opportunity to read such works as came before his notice. Secondly, in a book translated by Caxton in 1487, entitled "Book of Good Manners," he states how the original work was delivered to him by a friend, "a mercer of London, named William Praat."

About half a century before Caxton's days, children in the public schools were not taught English at all. Since the Conquest, French had been the language of the Court, and it was the policy of William of Normandy and his successors to get rid of the old Saxon language and substitute the Norman-French. To further this purpose all legal documents were in French, and it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth century that English was taught in the schools; and then the language became so much altered every year by the introduction of new words and new phrases, that in consequence it became very difficult to write it correctly, and therefore we find Caxton apologising for the lack of knowledge of his own language.

As an example of this we quote the

LORD RIVERS PRESENTING HIS BOOK TO EDWARD IV.

Caxton is kneeling to the right of the earl.

following from a book printed by Caxton in 1490:—

Some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying that in my translations I had over curious terms which could not be understood of common people and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations. And fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do took an old book and read therein; and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did show to me late certain evidences written in old English for to reduce it into our English now used, and certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English: I could not reduce nor bring it to be understood. And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born, for we Englishmen be born under the domination of the moon, which is never stedfast, but ever wavering; waxing one season and waneth and decreaseth another season; and that common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another.

It was in Burgundy and in Holland that Caxton, as representative of the Mercers' Company, obtained his knowledge of printing. In 1471 he gave up his commercial life and became attached to the household of Charles the Good, Duke of Burgundy, whose wife, Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., subsequently became Caxton's patron. It was not at the Court of Burgundy, however, that he acquired his knowledge of printing. There is not much doubt that when Mayence was taken, in 1462, and the printers under Fust fled from the town, Caxton bought from one of Fust's workmen the secret of printing, which up to then had been so zealously guarded. A printing house was set up at Cologne, and there he printed several books in foreign languages. At the Court of Burgundy he busied himself, under the patronage of Margaret, with the translation into English of several foreign works; and it was whilst at Bruges, in 1471, that "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy" was printed—the first book in the English language to appear in print.

In about the year 1474 Caxton returned to England, and set up a press in Westminster. It is rather difficult to ascertain which was the first book to be printed by him at Westminster, but "The Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers," translated by the Earl of Rivers from the French, was the first book to appear with the date of its publication printed on it.

This book was presented by the earl to Edward IV., and, in the illustration herewith, Caxton is seen kneeling to the right of the earl. Upon the title page is "Emprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXVII." This is the first book to appear with the title, author's name, and place and date of publication on the front page. Previous to this these particulars were given at the end of the book in a short verse or sentence. In a book published three years later we are told that it was "emprynted and fynysshed in the Abbey, Westmestre."

There is no doubt that Caxton *did* erect his printing press in or near to one of the side chapels of the abbey, and for this reason a printing room is known nowadays as a "chapel." When we come to think that the Abbey of Westminster was a building of large extent

CAXTON'S HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER. 1474.

ILLUSTRATION FROM CAXTON'S "THE GAME OF CHESSE," PRINTED IN 1474.

The first illustrated book in England.

before it was shorn of its splendour by Henry VIII., it can easily be believed that Caxton might have been accommodated in one of the side chapels.

It is remarkable to note that, although his press was within such sacred precincts, few of Caxton's books can be classed as being of a religious character—in fact, there are only about six which can claim to be such.

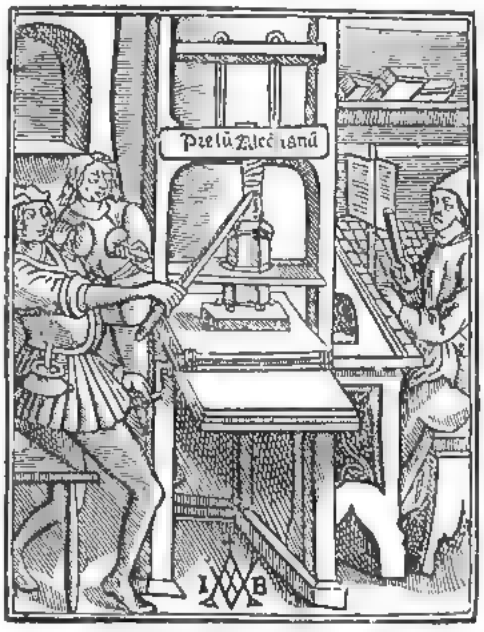
Caxton did not always print at the Abbey of Westminster, as a book printed by his successor in the same year as his death informs us: "Wynkyn de Worde this has set in print in William Caxton's house." William Caxton's *house* could hardly have been the abbey; the historian Stow describes it as being in the almonry—the place where the alms were given to the poor—and the old print reproduced herewith gives us a representation of it.

"The Game and Playe of the Chesse" is generally supposed to have been the first book printed by Caxton in England. The second edition of the book, which bears neither date nor place of printing, was the first illustrated book to be printed in England. There were sixteen illustrations in all, one of which, a knight, is here reproduced. After this, illustrations, beginning with initial letters and borders, formed an indispensable part of book making. These were very crude, and without any sign of perspective, but they served as an inducement to make the people of the time interested in a book, even if they could not read it, and the ultimate result was that the people gradually began to learn to read and enjoy the privileges extended to them by the distribution of books. Engravings from copper plates were not produced until about 1690, and these, together with wood blocks, continued to be the general method of illustration until about 1882, when the cost of reproduction of pictures was greatly lessened by the application of photography.

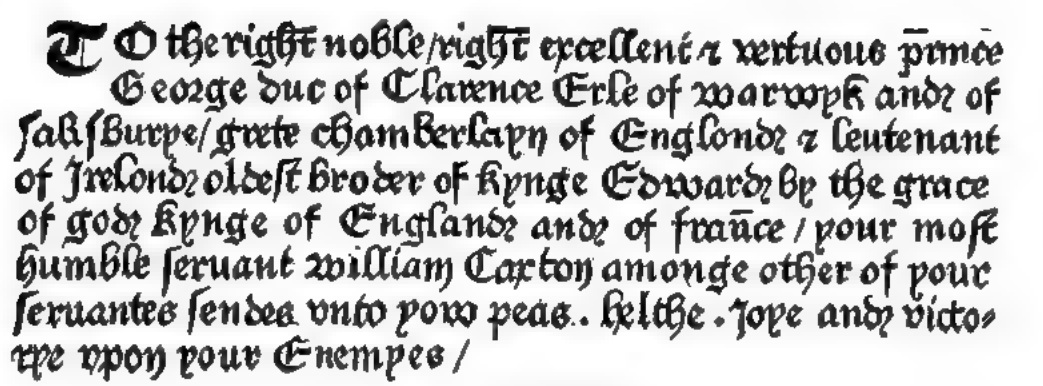
When we come to compare the present-day printing machinery with that used 500 years ago we can see what rapid strides have been made. The first printing presses were nothing more than old wine presses, or clothes presses. By this means printing must have been very laborious and slow, as great care had to be exercised to prevent the pressure being too great on the face of the type. From a book printed in 1498 we take an illustration of the press then used. In the foreground we have the man working the press; to the right is the typesetter, and behind, on the left, is the man with the dabbers ready to apply the ink to the type. In those days the printer did not only print the books, but he bound them also.

Caxton died in 1491, after having printed (in England) sixty-four books. He was succeeded by his assistant and friend, Wynkyn de Worde, who has 408 books standing to his credit.

The art of printing grew apace, and in Ames and Herbert's "Typographical Antiquities" is recorded the names of 350 printers, who were



AN OLD TIME PRINTING PRESS. 1498.


TO the right noble/right excellent & vertuous prince George duc of Clarence Erle of warwyk and of Salisburye/grete chamberlayn of Englond & leutenant of Irelond/oldest broder of kynge Edward/ by the grace of god kynge of Englande and of fraūce/ your moste humble seruant william Caxton amonge other of your seruantes sendeth vnto yow peas. helthe. joye and victorye vpon your enemyes/

A SPECIMEN OF CAXTON'S TYPE.

engaged in producing books between the years 1474 and 1600—126 years. The same authors record the titles of nearly 10,000 different works printed in that period, or over seventy-five per year. It is reported that in 1505 twenty pence was paid for a "Primer" and a "Psalter." Twenty pence does not seem much to us to pay for a book, but in the year 1505 twenty pence would buy a load of barley, or would pay a labourer for his week's work.

The great fire of 1666 destroyed many of the booksellers round St. Paul's—where they even are congregated to-day—their stock amounting to nearly £200,000. A little previous to this, Parliament had limited the number of printing houses in the United Kingdom to twenty; but this law soon fell into disuse.

At the beginning of the present century the yearly output of new books is estimated at 372; at the end the number is said to be over 7,500, or about twenty new books a-day. This in itself shows the rapid progress which has been made, and we have only to add that the first cheap literature—the *Penny Magazine* and *Chambers' Journal*— was published in 1830 and ask you to compare it with the hundreds of wholesome and cheap periodicals of to-day, to conclusively show the rapid strides in the diffusion of knowledge and entertaining reading which the introduction of printing is wholly accountable for.

It is not my intention nor province to tell you the manner in which THE CAPTAIN is printed. Perhaps the editor himself will oblige with an article which would, I am sure, prove most interesting, and, in conjunction with this, form a complete review of the "Story of Printing."

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Jungheim wishes to know what the surcharge "I. R." on an American (U.S.) stamp stands for. The letters denote "Inland Revenue"; of course, they are not postage stamps. This correspondent writes from India, and we are always glad to hear from colonial readers. **D. W. Harris.**—Your photograph of the Liberia stamp is excellent. I am showing it to the Old Fag. **J. A. Rose.**—1, 3, 5 and 6, are all right. The others I know nothing about. **Acorn.**—I would advise the purchase of an "Imperial" album, from Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand. They will send you full particulars. **Du Rennes.** I must always see specimens upon which an opinion as to value is desired. **Pedro.**—The Labuan stamps are worth about 1s. 6d. the set. **J. Jungheim.**—(Second letter)—(1) Speculative stamps are those issued for sale to collectors rather than for postal duty. You have two good examples in the stamps of Labuan and North Borneo. (2) Stamps for "franking" letters are special stamps, issued for use by Government officials. (3) Yes, the present 5c. French stamp is a new colour—yellow-green. **Collector.**—I can only value stamps when the actual specimens are sent, with a stamped envelope for return. **A. Kean.**—Your friends are quite right. There is no such thing as a black, three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp. What have you got hold of? **Centenary.**—2s. each. You will find such a collection as you name a tedious matter, and really the different letters in the corners do not constitute varieties. If you intend making up plates it is a different matter. **W. Ward.**—Collectors who are willing to "swop" rare stamps for common ones are few and far between. I regret I cannot recommend you to anyone.—**R. K. H.**—No; except when a plate is being reconstructed. **The Little Wonder.**—Your query would take a page to reply to. I hope to deal with your inquiry in a future article.

[*Mr. Gooch will continue his articles on Stamp Collecting in the November issue.—Ed.*]

WHEN D'ARTAGNAN WAS A BOY

By
J. Macdonald
Oxley.

Sketches by
Victor Venner.

[Note.—The following incident from the boyhood of the chief figure in "The Three Musketeers," which has not, so far as I know, been told in English before, is based upon a trustworthy French source.]

No one knows the precise origin of the feud between the houses of d'Artagnan and Pouyastruc. Suffice it to say that, according to tradition, it dated back to the first crusade, and was so bitter that a Pouyastruc retainer could not lose his way on the d'Artagnan estate, nor a d'Artagnan peasant go wood-picking in the Pouyastruc forests, save at the risk of being incontinently hung, should he be caught.

Thus it came to pass that instead of saying of quarrelsome folk that they were like cats and dogs, the Bearndis said they were like the Pouyastrucs and d'Artagnans.

At the age of fifteen, Jacques-Onfroy, the last of the d'Artagnans, was a sturdy boy, accustomed to all sorts of out-door exercises, and thoroughly trained by his father in the use of arms

M. d'Artagnan was very proud of his son, in whom all his hopes centred; and, being quite as poor as his neighbour and enemy, Pouyastruc, was prosperous, he derived no small satisfaction from the fact that the heir to the latter's rich domains was a weakly youth whose overbearing conceit and evil ways had won for him the cordial detestation of the whole countryside.

When the young Henri de Pouyastruc, followed by his squire, Hugh de Bernac, a giant of a man, and Pancrazio, his fencing-master, a sly looking Italian, passed through the village, everybody must needs bow low at the risk of being beaten.

But no one bowed low to Jacques d'Artagnan. They all smiled on him and loved him, for he was both attractive and daring. He boasted neither squire nor fencing-master, and when he went about his inseparable companion was only a peasant boy of his own age—Jeannot by name —a regular rogue of a fellow, unequalled in skill at trout-catching, bird-nesting, and rabbit-snaring.

One fine spring morning Jeannot found neither a trout on his line, nor a rabbit in his snares, but alighted upon a nest of young falcons well feathered, and soon to be ready for flight.

Falcons! This was a find indeed, the news of which could not be too quickly communicated to his young master, and like a deer he darted for the chateau.

Jacques was still abed, but at the mention of the word falcons he sprang out all aquiver with excitement.

"How many?" he exclaimed.

"Only three," was the response, in a subdued tone, that caused Jacques to ask:—

"What's the matter? Out with it."

"It will be a risky business."

"Why so?"

"Because they're on the Pouyastruc property"

"Well—are you afraid?" demanded Jacques, with a snort of contempt.

"Not a mite—only don't you remember how often Master Henri has vowed that he would have you thrashed if he caught you on his land?"

"Thrash a d'Artagnan!" shouted Jacques, assuming a dramatic pose. "Jeannot, my boy,

that is a word which should never be mentioned in connection with a d'Artagnan. Don't forget that I have sworn to cut off the ears of any one who dares to mention it in my presence So be more careful—and now to get dressed."

Completing his toilet with a much-faded azure-blue doublet, and a weather-worn black hat, flaunting a pair of fine peacock's plumes, he started out, having hung at his side a sword that was much too long for him, and consequently banged about his heels.

The falcons had, as they fondly imagined, built their nests out of all danger from human interference.

It was fixed in a crevice half way up the cliff beside the waterfall where the river made an abrupt descent, and offered a perilous ascent to any, save such expert climbers as the two boys. To assist them in coming down with the nest, Jeannot had provided a long stout cord.

Having hurried to the river, which flowed noisily through its rocky bed, the boys crossed it by means of a fallen tree, for which they were indebted to a recent storm, and set foot upon the land of d'Artagnan's hereditary enemy.

Above their heads fluttered the male falcon, concerned for the safety of his little ones. At no little risk, and with great expenditure of effort, they succeeded in gaining a narrow ledge, commanding the whole valley, and from which they could easily reach the nest. No sooner, however, were the young falcons in their hands than they set up a tremendous squawking, and strove hard to flutter into freedom. Moving with utmost care the boys began the descent, but had not gone far when a burst of laughter rose from the foot of the cliff, and, looking down, they were stupefied to behold beneath them Henri de Pouyastruc, accompanied by his squire and fencing-master.

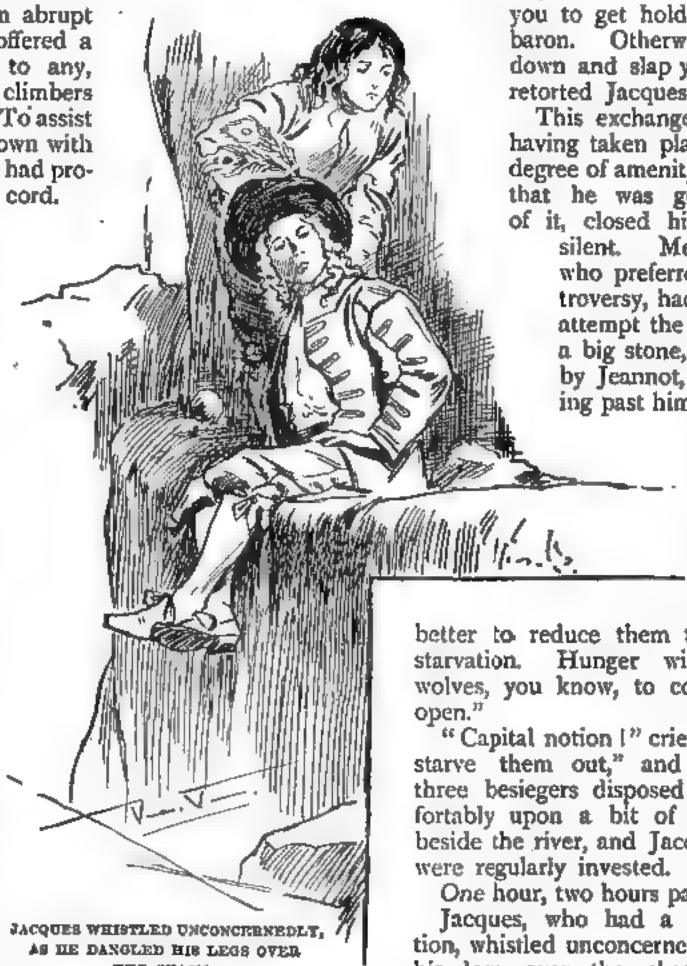
"Ha-ha! d'Artagnan junior," sneered Henri, "and so you make a hunting ground of your neighbour's estate?"

"As you see, great M. Pouyastruc," responded Jacques calmly.

"By my ancestor, Godefroid, who led the assault at Jerusalem," cried Henri, "I shall be compelled to have you thrashed like any common clown."

"It will first be necessary for you to get hold of me, my dear baron. Otherwise, I shall come down and slap your ears for you," retorted Jacques dauntlessly.

This exchange of compliments having taken place with a certain degree of amenity, Henri, realising that he was getting the worst of it, closed his teeth and was silent. Meanwhile, Bernac, who preferred action to controversy, had been at haste to attempt the ascent alone, but a big stone, adroitly loosened by Jeannot, that went crashing past him, suddenly cooled his ardour, and he retired in confusion.



JACQUES WHISTLED UNCONCERNEDLY, AS HE DANGLED HIS LEGS OVER THE CHASM.

Then the sly, shrewd Italian made a suggestion: "I think it would be better to reduce them to submission by starvation. Hunger will compel even wolves, you know, to come out into the open."

"Capital notion!" cried Henri. "We'll starve them out," and accordingly the three besiegers disposed themselves comfortably upon a bit of smooth, soft turf beside the river, and Jacques and Jeannot were regularly invested.

One hour, two hours passed.

Jacques, who had a comfortable position, whistled unconcernedly as he dangled his legs over the chasm. The young peasant being less unconcerned, grew impatient. "I wish I had some bread," he sighed.

"Our breakfast is being prepared," answered d'Artagnan placidly. "They will bring it to us presently, and there will be such white bread,

and such delicious wine as you seldom see on my worthy father's table."

Jeannot, regarding this as a jest, said no more, but in his own mind considered such pleasantry very much out of place on an empty stomach.

The besiegers presently began to weary of their task. The Italian walked up and down, cutting off the heads of the daisies with his sword. Henri kicked his heels impatiently. Bernac yawned.

"Bernac," exclaimed Henri suddenly. "I'm hungry. Go to Esclots, which is nearer than Pouyastruc, and get us something to eat. But mind, not a word about what we're doing here."

No sooner had the squire gone off on his errand than d'Artagnan, leaning towards his companion, said in a swift whisper:—

"Look out now. Follow me!" Then, seizing the moment when the Italian had his back turned, he shot down the cliff with the agility of a squirrel, shouting:—

"Jeannot, go for the little fellow!"

The fencing-master whirled about, and, instinctively drawing his sword, presented the point to d'Artagnan, saying menacingly:—

"You cannot pass. I shall sooner cleave you in two."

"On the contrary, I am of opinion that I shall pass," retorted Jacques in a mocking tone, drawing his sword in turn.

Their weapons crossed and clanged. Pancrazio's fine white teeth glistened as he smiled at his youthful opponent's audacity. Veteran swordsman that he was, he had not the slightest doubt he could make mincemeat of this youngster if he chose. So he thought he would amuse himself with him for a few minutes.

But after they had exchanged a pass or two he began to have some misgivings, and to grow more cautious in his play. Jacques, taking advantage of this hesitation, pricked him on the chest, and the Italian suddenly found himself on the defensive.

"Ha-ha!" he exclaimed with an ugly sneer, "so it seems you know the French method? Let us, then, try the Italian. I have no objection, I assure you." And he began to spring this way and that with the agility of an ape.

THE BULLY SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF WITH EMPTY HANDS.

"So you are up in it, too, little fellow," he presently hissed. "Look out now for this lunge, and parry that thrust!"

He thought to disconcert d'Artagnan, but the boy remained unmoved. He never gave an opening, but thrust and parried with a skill that astonished the fencing master, while all the time he was giving an eye to Jeannot, who had not been idle.

"Look alive, Jeannot," Jacques called out. "Trip him up—that's right. Cut your cord into three pieces, I'll explain why. Capital! Now tie the youngster up tight. Good! Now then, Signor Pancrazio, you just said that you would cleave me in twain according to the Italian method. You made a great mistake. Be good enough to follow my directions. This is the way to attack—this thrust is parried so—now a feint—then you put your sword in this position—and next, with a sharp stroke—thus—you wrench away your opponent's sword, and toss it into the river—so. Signor Pancrazio is disarmed, and if he moves a step he dies."

Without any notion of how it happened, the bully suddenly found himself with empty hands facing his despised opponent's steel, behind which the boy's handsome countenance smiled at him in mocking triumph.

He stood astounded and crestfallen.

"I am beaten!" he gasped. "I am beaten! I submit!" Jacques then secured him with a portion of the cord they had so fortunately brought along, and so, trussed like a pair of fowls, the last of the Pouyastrucs and his fencing-master were put down at the foot of the cliff to sulk in silence.

A few minutes later, Bernac hove in sight, burdened with a heavy basket, which made his pace slow. By mischance, at the edge of the wood, his ruddy nose in a most provoking fashion encountered the sword-point of d'Artagnan, who had been hiding behind a big oak.

Before the big fellow recovered from his panic he was tied up with the third bit of cord, and young d'Artagnan's admirably conceived campaign was crowned with complete success.

The three captives were then ranged side by side at the foot of the cliff while their conquerors stretched themselves at their ease on the soft turf.

"Didn't I tell you, Jeannot," remarked d'Artagnan, as he proceeded to open the basket and examine its contents, "that our breakfast was being got ready? Let us fall to. Here we have the white bread I promised, and plenty of excellent wine; also, a fine roast fowl, and a goodly slice of Gruyère cheese. But there are three glasses! That's one too many. Here it goes," and he deftly tossed it into the river.

Then, filling a bumper, he said courteously: "To your good health, Baron de Pouyastruc," and drank it down with great gusto.

Young Henry went white with rage; Bernac's bloodshot eyes glared in impotent fury; the Italian, alone seeming unconcerned, pondered deeply over the marvellous stroke which had disarmed him.

Jacques and Jeannot, whose normal appetites were good enough at any time, had them now so sharpened by the exciting incidents of the morning that they practically emptied the basket between them, while the other three watched them with watering mouths and burning hearts.

The meal being finished, d'Artagnan said to Jeannot: "Go, fetch the falcons." He then bade his prisoners get up, and when his chum had returned, he gave the order:—

"Now, then, march," emphasising it with the point of his sword in a way that made clear the folly of argument.

In this fashion they reached the d'Artagnan Chateau, where they had a most triumphant reception. Having ranged his captives in line in the central court, and summoned the whole household, Jacques, mounting the steps, proceeded to address them:—

"My Lord Pouyastruc," he said, "you own a castle boasting lofty towers and mighty walls. Our poor chateau is in ruins; you enjoy a vast estate; we have difficulty in making both ends meet. Fortune smiles upon you, and yet you have a mean heart, for, with two armed men, you set upon me—a mere boy. Again, you have a false nature, for not a day passes that you do not indulge in lying jeers. Now, remember this," and, rising to his full height, he pointed his sword straight at Henri:—

"If ever again, you, or anyone belonging to you, attempt anything by evil-speaking, or by violence, against the honour of the house of d'Artagnan, on the faith of a gentleman I shall seize the haughty Baron de Pouyastruc, your father, even though he shut himself up in his castle-keep, and shall hang him as if he were of no more consequence than a common peasant."

"Assuredly, he is immense!" murmured Pancrazio, profoundly impressed by this bit of boyish bravado.

The young lord of Pouyastruc, deeply wounded in the most vital part of his nature, to wit, his pride, had been crying in sheer futile rage, and the instant he was unbound darted away to hide his mortification from the sight of others. The squire and the fencing-master followed him more slowly, and with downcast countenances.

When they were gone, M. d'Artagnan, who had been a silent, but intensely amused and admiring spectator of the whole scene, threw open his arms, exclaiming:—

"Jacques-Onfroy, embrace me! One day you shall be a marshall of France!"

Forty years later that prediction was fulfilled.

ON THE CARE OF RABBITS.

The health of a rabbit depends largely upon its food, as well as upon the manner in which it is fed. The greatest and most common mistake is to fill it up with cabbage, carrot, etc. Although rabbits, in their wild state, live principally on greenstuff, when caged, they should be given sparingly and only of the best.

If the fancier lives in the country he will have no difficulty in supplying his pets with dandelion, cow parsley (probably identical with what you term "hare parsley"), and fine young grass. Wherever he lives, he will find it pay to portion off a little patch in the garden in which to grow ordinary parsley, carrots, and turnips for them. A word *about* cow parsley: unless you know it well, ask the advice of a friend who does; it closely resembles a poisonous weed called hemlock—a handful of which will kill a rabbit in half an hour. I once lost a doe and splendid litter through it, so I know.

GIVE GREEN STUFF SPARINGLY, AND ONLY OF THE BEST.

The owner should be up *not later* than 6 a.m., and give his pets a meal of dandelion (plenty of root), fine grass and young cabbage—a fair handful for each grown animal and half that amount for two young. If dandelion root is unobtainable, give cabbage leaf; but this is rather dear as, in order to get the best results, only the choicest part of the cabbage should be given.

At 11 a.m. or 12 fill the bin with bran and oats (parts, two to one.) The bin should always be filled—rabbits will not gorge themselves as guinea-pigs do.

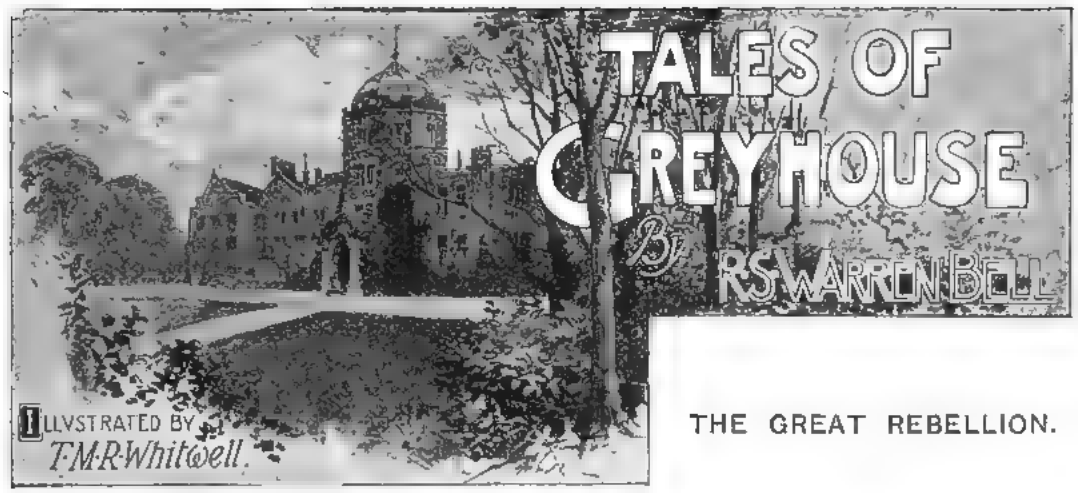
The last meal, given about 4 p.m., should consist of a little parsley and a carrot or turnip; at this time a small pan of water should be left in the hutch for about half an hour. Some people assert that rabbits do not want water—this is all rot (speaking rudely). If you give your rabbit the *choicest* of dandelion root he wants a drink sometimes, especially after the dry food—*not immediately after*. Wild rabbits eat when the dew is on the ground, and I myself have seen them drinking at a stream.

In the summer, before shutting up for the night, let the rabbits have a run in the garden or on the lawn; be sure everything is safe, and this will do them a world of good. Cleaning operations could be then performed.

In the winter get the cook to save you the potato peels; see that they are free from dirt, and boil them until soft, then knead into a firm mess, mixing with "middlings." "Work up into balls as large as one's fist, and serve up warm," as the cookery books put it. This makes an excellent supper, and rabbits like it. Don't be afraid to do this yourself; it is not much trouble, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing it has been well done.

Owners who follow out this dietary will, I am sure, be well satisfied with the results; the only other premise being, that the animals are kept warm and thoroughly clean. Prize breeders (pot-hunters, I mean) have many fancy foods; but to those who want good, sound, healthy rabbits, pedigree or no, the course which I here recommend cannot be beaten. One last word: don't let visitors be continually stuffing food through the bars. Rabbits, like all other animals, are much better for regular feeding.

"Amphibian."



THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was no merry shouting in the sunshine on this particular October day. Strict orders had been issued that as little noise was to be made as possible, for, in Head-master's House, at the end of the right wing, lay the head-master, sick unto death. So, during the "quarter"—the fifteen minutes interval in the morning's work—no football was being hacked about to-day in Upper Field, stentorian lungs were dumb, and fellows just "walked round," arm-in-arm, with grave faces.

The latest news was that there was "no hope."

Some youngster forgot himself and gave a screech as he started ragging another youngster. Both of them were cuffed by a big fellow, and they were rubbing their ears when a solemn note fell on the air—the chapel bell was tolling.

So it was all over. The old Head had died in harness; a toiler all his life, he had fallen asleep. His now was the reward he had well and faithfully won.

In and about the old school an awestruck stillness reigned; seniors and juniors, good and bad, studious and lazy, whatever they were, that solemn tolling silenced them all. Some, whose emotions lay near the surface, sobbed aloud; others, of more self-contained natures, shamefacedly brushed tears away with their coat-sleeves; others merely gazed stolidly at their companions, hardly realising that the Head's familiar figure was gone from their midst for ever. A week ago he had been with them, full of life and energy and earnest purpose. Then, all in a moment, whilst taking the Sixth in Homer—his pet subject—the blow had come, the "stroke" had fallen swiftly and relentlessly. From that moment he had been insensible; gradually his life had ebbed away, and now he was dead.

The school was summoned to the chapel, and a brief service was held; then Greyhouse went back to its work, the second master, Mr. Forbes, temporarily filling his departed Chief's place. A few days passed, and then, followed by old college friends—bishops, peers, politicians, notable men all of them—and Greyhouse in a long black line, the Head was laid to rest in the village churchyard.

Then, filled with that sense of relief of "something over," which is the inevitable feeling after such ceremonies, Greyhouse trooped back to school—head-masterless.

When the departed Chief's character came to be discussed in masters' common room, in study, and in playground, by sifting such conversations it was easy to arrive at a pretty correct estimate of the dead man's character. He was good and well-meaning, a ripe scholar, conscientious and—according to his lights—a just man. But the faults of his long rule were now to be felt. The "evil" he had unthinkingly done was to live after him.

A renowned classic and maker of many books, he tolerated, without thoroughly encouraging, other branches of learning. Accordingly, the Modern side was a safe place of repose for boys of idle disposition. Owing to his undue love for dead languages, "cribs" had been imported in large quantities. Again—the Sixth was composed almost entirely of fellows who had managed to distinguish them-

selves in those subjects which the dead Chief had loved. The Upper Fifth was full of big duffers who couldn't construe, but whose prowess at "Rugger" was unquestionable. Only one of the Sixth was in the Fifteen, he being a happy combination of mind and muscle. The Captain of the school was a pale student who denied himself fresh air and sleep in order to wallow in Plato and Thucydides. He could repeat great chunks of them by heart, and, when the time was ripe, would probably win one of the biggest of the big Balliol scholarships. He had surpassed all his fellows by a long stretch of learning, and in admiration of his genius the old Head had bestowed the captaincy upon him. Farrar—this man—wore glasses, was nervous, and no more dreamed of playing football than of essaying a trip across the Channel in a balloon. His authority was openly flouted by the lubbers in the Fifth, and even his learned cronies in the Sixth regarded him with undisguised contempt—especially the one who had got his colours.

Round the fire in the Upper Fifth's room stood six young gentlemen whom Greyhouse could well have spared. The ringleader of this wholesome gang was one Bannerman—an exceedingly handsome fellow, always well supplied with funds, and heir to his grandfather's baronetcy. His father was dead, and old "Sir Jim" (as he termed his respected grand-governor) simply let him do as he liked; so Bannerman didn't much care *what* he did. His happy band — the other five — were Eadie, Jewell, Fredericks, Black, and "Limmy," otherwise Lord Limmell, an emaciated, pink-eyed, pigeon-breasted, narrow-shouldered descendant of somebody who came over and got half a county as his share of the booty from William the Conqueror. "Limmy" was always in mortal fear of Bannerman, and did exactly what he was told, in spite of the fact that he was almost 6ft. high.

"Limmy," said Bannerman, without turning round, "go out—we want to talk."

"Oh! I say, you know, Ban, old chap——"

"Don't call me Ban; and do as I tell you."

"But why should I go out?"

"Because you're a babbler, and can't keep anything in—that's why. You can come in again when we've finished jawing."

"But, hang it, Ban, what am I to do all the time?"

"I don't know—play hymn-tunes if you like. Now then, *outside!*" this ferociously, as Limmell still hesitated. Limmell shot out just in time to avoid a dictionary that Bannerman heaved at him. Meeting an extremely small boy in the corridor, Limmell pulled his hair viciously and felt better.

"Now that braying ass has gone," said Bannerman, walking to the door and opening it suddenly, to see if Limmell were listening at the keyhole (but for once Limmell wasn't), "I can talk. I suppose we are all of the same mind here?"

"Oh, rather!" came in a chorus from the others.

"I'm a bit doubtful about Mr. Jewell," observed Bannerman, turning his dark eyes full on that gentleman, who shuffled somewhat under the other's steady gaze, "but as I owe him £4 I don't think he will desert from my banner until I have paid him; so now to business. As you know, I'm going to get my grandpater to take me away from this rotten place at Christmas, and I mean to have a good time before I go. I want to get back on the Beast all I can—we *all* do, don't we?"

"We do!" assented the others, for without exception they were all bearing heavy burdens, in the shape of impositions, from Mr. Forbes.

"I believe you all do," continued Bannerman, "although"—with another glance at the conspirator suspected of faint-heartedness in the cause—"I have my doubts of Mr. Jewell."

The others laughed as Jewell coloured up. As a matter of fact, Bannerman, always a keen judge of character, was correct in his estimation of Jewell, who always sided with the stronger side, and would have deserted Bannerman in a moment had a more powerful leader arisen.

"But to proceed," said Bannerman. "We're all sick and tired of lines and gatings, and 'Wednesday afternoons,' and all we have to do is to go steadily to work and *get all the rest of the chaps to act with us.*"

"Suppose they won't?" ventured Fredericks.

"Then we can't do anything," replied Bannerman, "because if only the Fifth stood out against the Beast, the governors would expel the lot, whereas if all the school stand out, why, *they can't expel the whole school, can they?*"

"No," agreed Fredericks, "unless they want to shut the old shop up altogether. Anyhow, no one wants the Beast to be Head, and it looks as if that'll happen."

"Unless," said Bannerman quietly, "the school kicks up such a row that the governors will conclude that the Beast is not strong enough for the post. That," concluded Bannerman, sweetly, "is how I wish to get back on the Beast."

"What price Doddie?" enquired somebody, after a short silence. All except Bannerman looked grave; Bannerman smiled craftily.

"I will undertake to have Mr. Dodson out of

the way, when the time is ripe for us to strike," he said, "so you can leave that to me."

And the others, confident in the skill of their leader, left Dodson to him.

Briefly, Bannerman's plan of campaign was that he and his merry men now assembled should carefully *sound the school* on the subject of a general revolt against the Beast—the time for that revolt to depend on circumstances. A favourable opportunity would doubtless occur, and then all were to act with one accord. The Sixth, by the way, were not taken into the plot, although they knew something was brewing, but were too weak a lot to stem the rapidly rising tide of insubordination. As for the Captain, Farrar, he rarely emerged from his study save for meals and "schools," so engrossed was he in the manufacture of a lengthy Latin oration on the virtues of his departed Chief.

CHAPTER II.

When the second master, Mr. Forbes, took up the reins of government, he found that his throne—like that of many a king known to history—would be an uncomfortable one to sit upon. At the same time he had great hopes of being appointed to the headship, and so it behoved him to assert himself as quickly as possible.

Needless to say, he found Greyhouse hard stuff to work on. He unearthed numberless abuses. He found that a good—or rather, bad—half-dozen of the Fifth ought to be sent packing at half-an-hour's notice, but, holding his place only for the time being, he did not care to go to such extremes, so he inflicted tremendous impositions, denied "extra halves," flogged and "kept in" unmercifully, and speedily made himself the best-hated preceptor that had ever governed Greyhouse.

The easy rule of the dead Chief had given place to this tyrannical despotism, and the school—and more especially the athletic, unlearned Fifth—writhed and scowled beneath the lash. Things would probably have come to a deadlock far sooner than they did had not Mr. Forbes—whose nick-name had now come to be the "Beast"—been very ably backed up by the Lower Fourth's form-master, Mr. Dodson.

Now this Mr. Dodson deserves a bit of description to himself, for he was a notable man, and a mixture. He was an immense favourite with the Lower School and a few of the Upper. Some of the big fellows understood him and liked him, but the majority detested him. He was a harum-scarum soul was "Doddie," notable for the wild whoops he gave when he was playing at three-quarter, and for the disastrous rapidity with which he lost his temper. There was no doubt of this—Doddie was far too free with his hands. In the case of a youngster this didn't much matter, as Doddie would smack a chap's head and pour balm on the wound in the shape of half a crown all inside a short Cæsar lesson. On Monday he would lick a misdoer until that misdoer's legs were marked all the way down; on Tuesday he would bear that criminal off to the tuck-shop and treat him to tarts until, as a certain Scotch Grey once informed him, he could "eat nae mair." Such was Doddie—quick-tempered, impetuous, but really good and kind at heart. He was red-haired, unfortunately, and sensitive about it, and his close-cropped poll (he cut off as much of the hair as possible) was a fine fat object for satire in the eyes of those that hated Doddie—and there were a good many of them. Half a crown will heal a lump on a kid's head, but not so often on a big fellow's. For Doddie dealt out his smacks very impartially, and, as he was tremendously strong

LIDDELL SHOT OUT JUST IN TIME TO AVOID A DICTIONARY THAT BANNERMAN HEAVED AT HIM.

and wiry, though not over tall or broad, his victims had to grin and bear it.

Mr. Forbes was a great friend of his, and Doddie backed "the Second" up tooth and nail in all his schemes of reform. The fellows stood in awe of Doddie, there wasn't a doubt of it, and the rebellion would never have broken out had Doddie been at Greyhouse to quench the first real spark of it. But, as ill-luck had it, just as the Christmas exams were beginning, Doddie was called away to Yorkshire by urgent family affairs. For a long time the embers of sedition had been smouldering, and all of a sudden, one winter's night, they broke into a roaring flame. And how this came to pass I will now tell thee.

As you will have learned from the previous chapter, Bannerman and his gang had been for some weeks instigating the rest of the school to rebel. Needless to say, they were willingly listened to by many smarting malefactors, and these sowing the seeds of sedition among the rest, by the time a certain evening in December arrived, all was ripe for a riot.

On this evening the Mayor of the neighbouring town of Petershall gave a grand ball, to which he invited all the Greyhouse masters. All went except four: Mr. Dodson, called away to Yorkshire; Mr. Kitt, the music master, who was on duty; the Chaplain; and Professor Pulmeyer, foreign language master. The professor didn't care about dancing, which was just as well, for he weighed twenty stone if he weighed an ounce, and was not what you would call light upon his "pins."

Mr. Forbes went off with his brother masters feeling quite easy in his mind about the orderliness of the school he was leaving in charge of Mr. Kitt. For some little time there had been a noticeable improvement in the conduct of the school, but Mr. Forbes did not know that this was all part of the subtle programme drawn up by Bannerman & Co. Mr. Forbes' suspicions were lulled, and so he started for the Mayor's ball in quite a happy frame of mind.

The masters were not expected back before three in the morning. Till that hour, then, the order-keeping of Greyhouse was left to poor Mr. Kitt, who, as has been explained in a former story about Greyhouse, was as perfect a musician as he was an imperfect disciplinarian. His idea of controlling turbulent spirits was to pile heavy impositions on some offenders, and report a long roll of others at the following day's muster in Big School at "twelve-twenty."

LIMMELL FOUND IT NECESSARY TO BE CONSTANTLY PULLING EARS, AND RAPPING HEADS WITH HIS SHARP KNUCKLES.

Greyhouse kept all "mum" and "good as gold" (so good that Mr. Kitt heaved a long sigh of relief) for some time after the masters had driven off. "Prep." took place in Big School (the two lowest forms sat here), the class-rooms, and studies, a monitor being told off to supervise the proceedings in each class-room. In Big School Mr. Kitt sat at the centre, or head-master's desk, and a probationer at either end. It so happened, on this particular night, that the probationers assisting Mr. Kitt in Big School were Bannerman and Limmell. Bannerman kept his end as quiet as mice by merely *looking* at anybody who moved; Limmell, on the other hand, found it necessary to be constantly on the move round the different desks, pulling ears, rapping heads with his

vicious, sharp knuckles, and in other ways administering sly torture.

Suddenly a kid uttered a cry. Limmell had hurt him rather more than he had intended to.

"Limmell!" Mr. Kitt was really a gentle and kind-hearted soul, and hated bullying. He was glaring at Limmell now.

"Yes, sir?"

"How many times have I told you *not* to strike the boys under your charge?"

"I don't know, sir; five hundred times, perhaps!"

(Bannerman, though astonished at Limmell's boldness, was looking as grave as a judge. He was determined to let Limmell bear the blame of beginning the uproar that Greyhouse was to be plunged into this night.)

"Limmell, go to your study. To-morrow I shall report you to the headmaster."

Mr. Kitt's ordinarily mild eyes were blazing with passion. Collecting his books—a leisurely proceeding—Limmell got up and strolled out of the room, defiantly banging the door behind him.

Poor Mr. Kitt, red and hot, settled down to the by-no-means-light task of controlling *two* batches of kids, now that Limmell was gone.

While his two-thirds of the big schoolroom were buzzing and dropping books, and shooting paper pellets by the aid of tiny catapults, Mr. Kitt was exasperated to observe that Bannerman's end of the room was quite orderly. But still waters run deep, as he was soon to learn.

Goaded to a red-heat of anger, Mr. Kitt, at 8.30, fiercely dismissed his unruly young charges to the hall, for the usual repast of bread and cheese; for Greyhouse had not yet blossomed out into "houses"—I speak of the old place as I knew it.

During supper—Mr. Kitt presiding at the top table—the disorder grew. The few monitors present were powerless. Chunks of bread flew to and fro, and some portions went perilously near to the music-master's head. Fuming with rage, he dismissed them to chapel at 8.45.

The Chaplain was non-resident, and had come up from his house in the village, where he officiated as curate, to take evensong. He knew nothing of what had been going on, but as the service proceeded, he became aware that the attitude of the congregation was distinctly irreverent, and paused several times during the prayers to allow the tittering and whispering to subside. Bannerman & Co., adhering to their plan, behaved themselves as soberly as the monitors.

Mr. Kitt's playing was sadly below his usual form, for he was much agitated. However, this dreadful duty-night was nearly over. After "lights out," the monitors were responsible for the order of the dormitories.

Greyhouse trooped irregularly out of chapel, and straggled into Big School for the final roll-call and dismissal by forms to the dormitories.

Farrar was the monitor on duty. When Mr. Kitt had taken his seat at the rostrum, the head monitor commenced, in the usual sing-song style:—

"Abercorn. Adams major. Adams minor. Archer. Asher. Atherton. Avory. Bannerman——"

Now Avory was a kid with a squeak, and following him came Bannerman, who roared out "*Adsum!*" in his deepest bass. A ripple of laughter ran round, and increased in volume until the whole of Greyhouse was yelling with merriment—all save the monitors and a few others of orderly temperament.

"*Silence — Silence — Silence!*" shouted Mr. Kitt.

Farrar paused.

"Proceed, Farrar."

"Baring. Bassett. Besant——"

Here a wet paper pellet hit Farrar sharply in the face. Glaring up from the roll-book, he caught sight of the misdemeanant—a small boy in the front row—deliberately aiming at him again. Farrar strode forward and administered to his tormentor a smart box on the ears. On the instant all the chastised one's companions rose and began to pelt the head monitor with books, pencil, indiarubber, and anything they could lay their hands on.

Holding the roll-book up to protect his head, Farrar unfortunately retired to the rostrum, so that the missiles intended for him flew over him and hit the music-master.

Livid with rage, Mr. Kitt shouted again and again for silence. No use appealing to Farrar, for the head monitor's glasses were smashed and his face was bleeding.

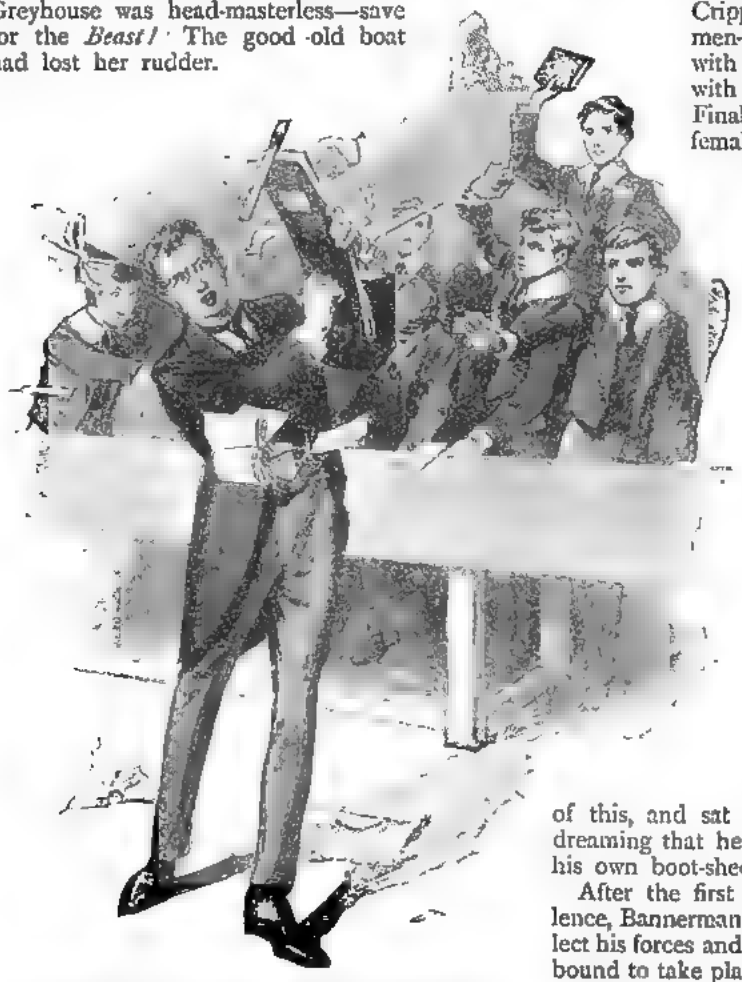
Mr. Kitt looked round hopelessly. The game was up. Nothing for it but to beat a retreat from the mob of school-boys. And this he did.

Thus started, the first flash of rebellion soon became a mighty conflagration.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, shame on you, Greyhouse! Restive mustangs, bitten by tarantulas, could not have leapt about more madly than did that big schoolful of Greys after poor little Mr. Kitt's ignominious flight. The air was full of Latin

Grammars and ink-pots and wild shoutings; the imps of school-boy mischief, let loose, were holding high carnival 'neath the ancient rafters. Discipline was at a discount; riot at a premium. Fellows pranced up and down the passages or tore in tens and twenties through the dormitories, pulling beds to pieces, smashing crockery, and by illegitimate means letting the night air through the windows. What matter? Greyhouse was head-masterless—save for the *Beast!* The good old boat had lost her rudder.



HOLDING THE ROLL-BOOK UP TO PROTECT HIS HEAD, FARRAR UNFORTUNATELY RETIRED TO THE ROSTRUM.

Some frightened ones slunk into bed, hoping to lie there unnoticed till the storm of misrule had spent itself. But they were seen and dragged forth and soused with icy water, and by way of drying, tossed in blankets to the ceiling. And then these miserable wretches, released at last, crept *under* their beds and lay there trembling while the rioters romped on in search of fresh fuel.

But these were the minor fry. The big fellows invaded the pantries, which were situated close by the hall, and gorged themselves with pastry and appetising dishes intended for to-morrow's top table. Here, too, were bottled beer and wine, and these liquids they walked into with great gusto. The servants, roused from their supper by the unwonted clamour, cast frightened glances at them from a distance. Cripps, the porter, and the other men-servants endeavoured to argue with the boys, but they were pelted with potatoes and hunks of bread. Finally, all the servants, male and female, retired to the kitchen, and locked themselves in. There was a brief council of war. Cripps was for fetching the *police!* Greyhouse village boasted a solitary policeman; one had to go to Petershall to obtain constabulary in any quantity. Finally, Mike, the boot-boy, was told off to mount his bicycle and ride post-haste to Petershall, straight to the Mayor's ball, and inform the masters of the outbreak.

But the servants had reckoned without their hosts. Bannerman had posted sentinels outside, and these, seizing Mike, flung his crock of a wheel into the Head's garden, and held Mike prisoner. But the servants knew not of this, and sat up for Mike to return, little dreaming that he was locked up, a captive in his own boot-shed.

After the first half-hour's unlicensed turbulence, Bannerman felt that it was high time to collect his forces and prepare for the battle that was bound to take place when the masters returned. He therefore told off his lieutenants—Eadie, Fredericks, Jewell, Black, and Limmy—to whip up the stragglers and assemble them all in Big School.

The monitors, quite unable, and decidedly unwilling, to cope with this rowdy crew, had retired to their studies. Phillips, the one athletic member of the Sixth, alone stood his ground. Every fellow he saw he ordered to bed, and every fellow who disobeyed him he stolidly added to a long list he was compiling.

News of this was brought to Bannerman.

Now Greyhouse had a great respect for Phillips; for Greyhouse felt that Phillips would have made a first-class captain. True, he formed part of the Sixth's tail, but he was *in* the Sixth—that was the thing. And he was a jolly good sort—that was another thing.

Bannerman turned to his followers.

"This is awkward," said he, "old Phil's chalking down names."

"He won't put you down, Ban."

"Don't know so much. Phil's dogged. Still, I'll go and see."

So Bannerman, who was not wanting in pluck, approached the monitor.

"Bannerman, why are you out of your study?" asked Phillips.

"That's my business."

"Are you going to your study?"

"No."

"Then I shall report you to the Head."

"There's no Head."

"Mr. Forbes is acting as head-master. I shall report every fellow I see out of his room."

"Then you'll be a beastly sneak."

"I'll settle that remark with you another time. Meanwhile, let me tell you that this business, if it continues, will bring the school lower than anything that's ever happened. *You* can quiet the fellows down if you like."

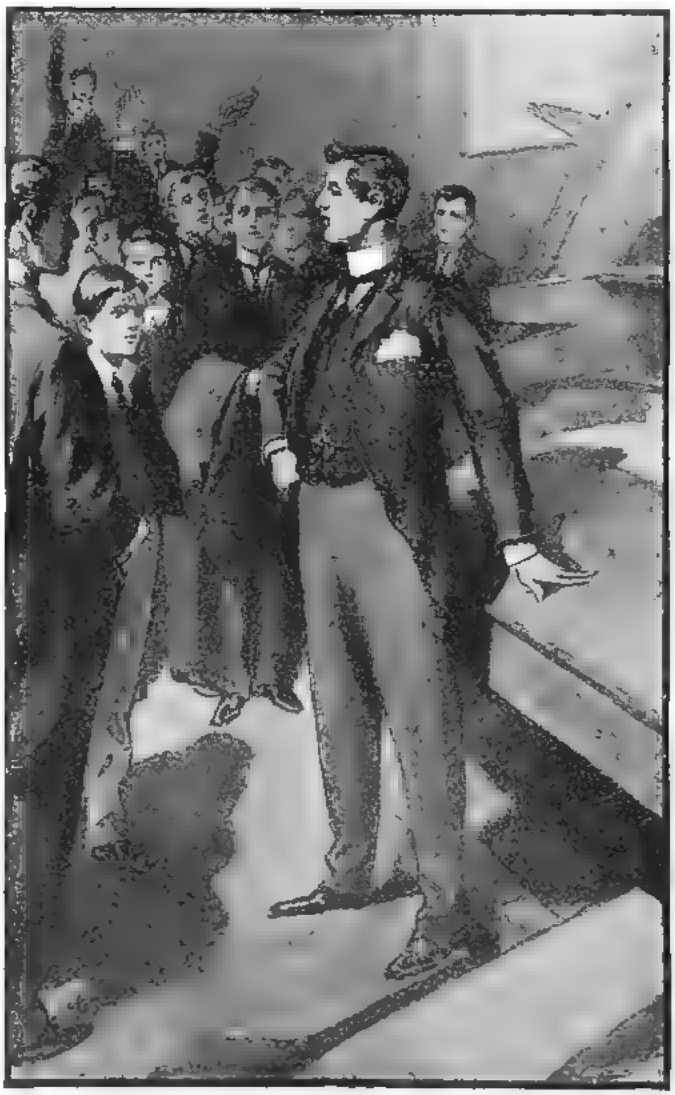
"Well," retorted Bannerman, "let *me* tell you this. We've had enough of Forbes' tyranny. He's goaded us until we can stand no more. They'll never make him Head after this, and that's all I care. They can expel me to-morrow if they please—I don't care twopence. But I'll settle the Beast's hash—he shall never be head-master of this school."

"I don't like Forbes any more than you do," said Phillips sturdily; "but it was a cruel shame to set on Kitt as the fellows did. The ringleaders of this row will have to answer dearly for it in the morning."

So saying, seeing that further argument was useless, Phillips turned on his heel and went off to see how Farrar was getting on—for Farrar's face had been badly hurt by the flying books.

Bannerman, however, was not to be daunted. He meant to carry this business right through to the bitter end—for, as he had said, he was utterly regardless of the consequences, and didn't care a button what happened to himself personally.

Acting under his orders, the pantries were raided again and stripped of their contents. Mindful of all things, Bannerman caused his men to bring their water-jugs and mugs into Big School, at the far end of which loaves and cold joints were placed in regal profusion. Then he had the desks piled up under the windows,



HE CLOSED THE GREAT DOOR AND LOCKED IT, AND BARRICADED IT WITH DESKS AND FORMS—AND THEY WERE READY.

so that invaders might be repelled if any dared to attempt an entrance that way, and then he had drill-sticks, and bats, and stumps—everything that would hit and *hurt*—brought in and stacked ready for use.

Also, as the weather was chilly, he bade his army provide themselves with blankets and overcoats; and, as the army did not quite know what it was doing, it obeyed him implicitly.

Finally, when quite a couple of hundred fellows were in Big School—all the monitors and many of the kids were left outside—he closed the great door and locked it and barricaded it with desks and forms—and they were ready.

Hardly were his preparations for a siege complete when there came a loud rapping on the door, and a man's voice outside was heard demanding admittance.

So great was the uproar within that the man's tones could not be distinguished. The masters weren't due back till three. Perhaps it was Phillips—still, he'd hardly be such a fool as to think they would let him in.

"Open this door," cried the voice, and the hammering outside became thunderous.

"I say," said Limmy, shaking a bit, "I seem to recognise that voice. Make 'em shut up a minute."

Bannerman leapt on to the rostrum and held up his hand.

"Steady!—somebody at the door," he shouted. "Hold your row—d'you hear?"

He had a big voice, and the others certainly heard him. Moreover, they obeyed him.

There was a dead silence.

Then from without came:—

"Open this door at once, Bannerman. I command you to open this door."

Good Heavens! Bannerman's lieutenants looked at him in horror. *The voice was Doddie's!*

It was. Mr. Dodson was back from Yorkshire already—Mr. Dodson Doddie—the one master in Greyhouse that Greyhouse really feared.

"Are you going to open this door?"

Every eye was fixed on Bannerman as he got off the rostrum. What would he do?

Bannerman approached the door.

"Anyone there?" he inquired.

"Yes—I—Mr. Dodson I want to know whether you are going to open this door."

Greyhouse hung on Bannerman's lips.

Presently he replied, quite coolly:—

"*No, sir, I am not going to open this door, and I am not going to allow anybody else to open it.*"

Warren Bell

(To be continued next month.)

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

FICTION.

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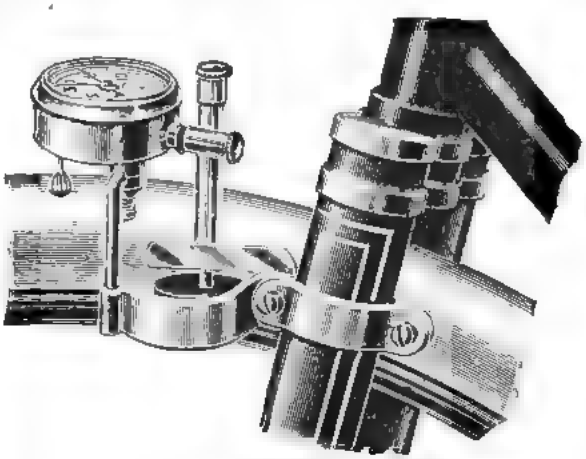
CONCERNING CYCLOMETERS.

By Haydon Perry.

THE growing popularity of the cyclometer among cyclists is not to be wondered at, for it is an instrument at once useful and neat, and its inner mechanism is exceedingly clever and pretty. Most boys have a liking for machinery, and this natural instinct, if I may so call it, has been greatly stimulated by the bicycle. The necessary interest taken in the machine and its working parts is readily extended to other forms of mechanism, and the cyclist unconsciously becomes something of an engineer. I should think there are very few boys who have not at some time or other had their curiosity prompted to examine the works of a clock or a watch. That is the preliminary to the second step of trying to take the clock to pieces. This accomplished, there still remains the third process of putting the parts together again. Such a task, when undertaken for the first time, generally presents many very puzzling difficulties—a warning which I offer to such as may be a little less clever with their hands than some of their comrades are. With this caution, meant to prevent the wholesale destruction of cyclometers by such as possess them, I may say that any boy with a mechanical turn who will take the pains to dissect his own will find that it contains as compact and pretty an arrangement of watchwork as he could wish to see. Indeed, the cyclometer resembles the watch inasmuch as both are really nothing else but counting machines. The purpose of a watch is to count fractions of time, and add them up as it goes. It is usually constructed—although not always—to count quarter seconds, and the balance wheel, which accomplishes this, is connected with a series of other wheels so arranged as to add the fractions up into minutes and hours, and show the total as it grows by the movement of the fingers on the dial. If at the end of a day or a week the watch is still found to be compiling its total punctually we say that it keeps good time. But no one expects a watch, however costly a one it may be, to remain for any great length of time absolutely accurate. It will, sooner or later, get ahead of the sun, or lag behind him, and we shall say that it is either fast or slow.

Now, if clocks and watches were worked by the sun, instead of by springs or weights, they would always tell the right time. A moment's consideration will show that a cyclometer is really a kind of clock which is worked by its own sun, that is to say by the little "striker" or knob which is fixed to one of the spokes, and the revolutions of which it is the function of the cyclometer to count. A watch may fail to count accurately the apparent motions of the sun; but a cyclometer cannot err in counting the revolutions of the striker, because as the striker comes round he hits the cyclometer's star wheel and so actually sees to the counting himself. Are cyclometers, then, all absolutely accurate? Yes, as counting machines pure and simple they are. They cannot help counting correctly; where they are at fault is in converting the counted quantities into miles, and this is due to no defect of their own, but to sources of error outside them—so numerous, that when I have told you a few of them you will be astonished that a cyclometer can be made that is any good at all.



THE "METROSCOPE" CYCLOMETER.

The cyclometer is the direct descendant of the old pedometer, which, when carried in the pocket, was supposed to keep a record of the

distance its possessor walked. It was worked by the up-and-down motion of the body, and was really a very simple counting machine, but unless its owner made the proper number of steps to the mile, as estimated by the inventor, the mileage recorded at the end of the walk would be wrong. Some pedometers were made so that they could be regulated to the walking habits of the individual. But the same person does not take the same length of stride at all times. It varies with his pace, with the object in view, with the mood of the moment, even with the time of day; not to mention the kind of boots or shoes he may happen to be wearing. So that at the best the poor pedometer was but a sorry guesser at the truth. The inventors of the cyclometer argued that a man on a bicycle was perforce compelled always to take the same length of step, and for the earlier kinds of recording instruments absolute truth was claimed. We shall see that this argument was wrong, and that truth is more than can be expected from even the best and latest types of the instrument. To begin with, nobody knows exactly by how many a diameter must be multiplied in order to get a circumference. The wisest mathematician cannot answer you the question, but will only put you off with sage remarks about the quantity called π. Let us suppose this to be 3 1-7, which is certainly very near the mark. Then a 28in. wheel is just 88ins. round, and will consequently travel that distance in making one turn. You will find, if you work it out, that 88ins. are contained in a mile exactly 720 times, with nothing over.

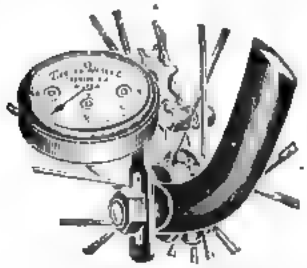
THE "VEEDER TRIP" CYCLOMETER.

It might, therefore, be rashly supposed that all that the cyclometer maker had to do would be to so arrange the mechanism that 720 strokes from the little striker should move one digit in the mileage total, just as 240 quarter-second swings of the balance wheel of a watch are arranged to move the hands over the space marked for a minute. But a bicycle wheel is not always the same size. When we say it is a 28in. wheel we mean that 28ins. is its maximum size. It is only that size when the tyre is hard blown, and when there is no weight in the saddle. The moment a tyre is depressed a flat place is formed in it, and it measures slightly less round than before. If a 28in. wheel is depressed sufficiently to make it only effective as a 27½in. wheel it will have to turn round thirteen more times to run a true mile — that is, it would register its mile thirteen turns too soon. It is clear that the actual size of a bicycle wheel must be constantly varying It gets smaller and smaller during a ride, and then suddenly goes back to its largest again the moment it is re-inflated. In addition to this there may be circumstances to change the size of a tyre all in a moment. In riding downhill the weight is thrown forward, and unduly depresses the front tyre, slightly easing the back one; while in hill climbing, on the other hand, weight is taken off the front wheel at the expense of the back one, and the former thus becomes momentarily rounder and larger. Hence it will be seen that if the cyclometer manufacturer wishes to make allowances his task is a very difficult one, and all that we are entitled to expect of him is that he shall make the best guess he can. The makers of the "Veeder" cyclometer consider that 728 revolutions to the mile for a 28-in. wheel is a fair average. This allows for the wheel travelling scarcely more than 87ins. with each turn. But there are other factors of error for which the maker cannot calculate with any hope of accuracy, and nearly every one of them tends to make the cyclometer "gain," by which I mean make it count up its miles faster than they are actually covered.

THE "NEW ERA" CYCLOMETER.

Just a very few factors act the other way, that is, tend to make the cyclometer "lose." For example, there are some riders who, when they find themselves on a winding road, and have it all to themselves, will keep cutting off all the curves. This practice helps the machine to bridge the distance between two milestones before it has itself travelled a full mile. This is because in road measurement it is common to lay the chain along the centre of the way, following all the bends and turnings. If you keep down to the left hand side of the road, in your proper place, your course will, in the long run, be of the same measurement as that of the central line, to which it is parallel. But how many riders,

instead of riding a shorter line than this, habitually ride a longer? There is traffic to be dodged. There are stones which it is well to swerve out of the way of. There are strips of metal, better than the average, towards which the cyclist instinctively deviates. If he keeps straight on, without picking his way, there are lumps and hollows in the road, all of which are measured out by the cyclometer as if they were extra bits of straight.



THE TRENTON CYCLOMETER.

But there is another, and, perhaps, the most variable factor of all, against which the cyclometer can make no provision. In order to maintain the balance on a bicycle constant departures from the true course must be made. These are imperceptible in the case of the old rider. He makes what we call a straight line, even at very slow paces, and no rider should be satisfied until he himself has learnt to do this. But it is not really a straight line, even with the best of riders. With the novice the deviations are very marked. I leave out of account the period during which he wobbles all over the road. There is a time, much later, when he thinks he can ride, but when a comparison of wheel-marks will reveal the fact that he rides a much longer distance than the old hand does who covers precisely the same journey. This kind of error tends to disappear with skill; but, so long as it is there, the usual method of fixing the cyclometer exaggerates it. Has it ever struck you that the two wheels of a bicycle do not travel the same distance in the course of a run? The front wheel always goes further, for at all times when the machine is not making a dead straight line the hind wheel is trying to cut off and lessen the curve made by the front one. You can prove this by wheeling the machine about and observing. It is impossible to wheel it so that what I have said does not apply. Even if you wheel it backwards you will see it is still the driving wheel which makes the shorter course, and the steering wheel the longer. Now, as the cyclometer is, for a number of reasons, nearly always fitted to the front wheel, there is here another circumstance which gives to it a tendency to "gain."

In spite of all I have said I should recommend every cyclist to invest the few shillings required in order to make him the possessor of a cyclometer. A record of mileage is not only interesting in itself, but it has a practical value, inasmuch as it makes it easy to find out the length of life of a tyre, a chain, or any other working part. You can, of course, keep a record by measuring off your distances on the map, or by carefully noting the figures on milestones. But human errors—especially those of exaggeration—are, as a rule, far greater than those of the cyclometer. Any one of the instruments illustrated in this article will keep a more faithful record than 999 riders in 1,000 are able to keep. All the cyclometers do the same thing, although not quite in the same way; and their allowances are not all alike. The way to get the fullest and most faithful service out of a cyclometer is to do a bit of averaging of your own, in addition to that which the maker of the instrument has done before. Notice on some length of properly measured road how far your readings disagree with the milestones, and from this you can discover a percentage of correction which you can apply to all readings.

The majority of cyclometers, although not all, hail from America. Somehow, our friends across the water always excel us in making little knacky bits of mechanism. I am indebted to two of the largest importers—Messrs. Markt & Co., of Shoe Lane, and Messrs. A. W. Gamage, of Holborn, for the illustrations to this article. They show a considerable variety of typical cyclometers, each possessing its own special merits and claims for consideration. The "Veeder" has already been mentioned. An amplification of it, called the "Veeder Trip," shows in addition to the grand total compiled to date, the mileage of the last run or tour. This idea has also been employed successfully by the American Watch Company, of Boston, U.S.A.; but their cyclometer was not in the neat barrel form of the "Veeder." Another nice little instrument in this form is the Standard "New Era." The "Trenton" cyclometer is of the ordinary dial pattern, but is made of aluminium and is characterised by extreme lightness.

THE "VEEDER" CYCLOMETER.

Then there are cyclometers which do something more than move figured wheels to record the distance run.

The "Signal" cyclometer sounds a little gong to mark each completed mile, and is a not unpleasant companion on a solitary ride. The "Metroscope," of which an illustration

is given, has the added merits of a speed indicator. A light spring holds a small wheel against the rim, and at all speeds exceeding five miles an hour it transmits to ingenious mechanism in the instrument an impulse that serves to actuate a sensitive hand which indicates the speed by pointing to figures on the dial. Mention should not be omitted of the "Security" cyclometer. In practice it was found that cyclometers were particularly liable to injury, especially in such places as guards' vans, where heavy luggage might bend the light bracket of attachment or do other serious damage. The inventor of the "Security" cyclometer places his instrument inside the wheel, the striker being a stationary fixture to one of the front forks. It is there kept neatly out of the way. You see, for purposes of reckoning time it would not matter whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth. So with the "Security" cyclometer. It gets its motion from the striker at each revolution, and the fact that it turns a somersault between each contact is a matter of no concern.

A word in conclusion. It is only those who are incapable of appreciating the highest joys of cycling who will ride for the sake of piling up great cyclometric totals. Such riders are really the slaves of the cyclometer, and make it their tyrant instead of their friend. It should rather be regarded as a serviceable companion — a willing little drudge at all times, ready to do your counting for you, and if rationally used in this way its merry little wheels will serve to add to the interest of the afternoon or evening spin, or to the more protracted delights of touring.

THE HERRING INDUSTRY.

PEOPLE who live far away from the coast towns in which the herring industry is carried on have very little conception how these towns are dependent upon it for their very existence. Take Peterhead, for instance. It is no longer the chief centre of the whaling industry, as it once was. From a fleet of over thirty splendid whalers, which sailed from its harbour every year to the icy regions of the Arctic, there remains not one! Dundee has now the monopoly of this industry. Peterhead had to find something else for a livelihood, and naturally turned to the herring. Every year a fleet of from three to four hundred boats—two-thirds of them belonging to smaller towns and villages around the east coast of the North of Scotland—engage in the industry from this port. The herring swim in shoals, and sometimes within a couple of miles from land. The fishing is done at night, and, of course, by means of nets. When the herring are close in shore, and the sea is calm, you can see the lights of the boats stretching right along the horizon. The nets remain in the sea all night, and are hauled up early in the morning. The catch is estimated by "crans" (a cran being four pretty large baskets of exactly the same size, made for the purpose) and one boat can contain about a hundred crans.

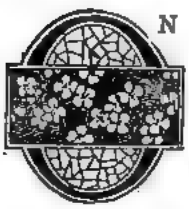
As soon as a boat arrives in the harbour with a "shot" (as the catch is called), a few herring are put into one of these baskets as a sample. The herring-buyers (or fish-curers, as they are called) take the sample of the boat's catch to the sales-room, and "bid" for it. The price varies very much, according to whether the fishing is good or bad. After the fish have been bought they are at once carted to the yard of the fish-curer who has bought them. Here they are emptied into great, deep, oblong boxes and "gutted." This is done by fisher girls chiefly. It is a sight to see them do it. One clean, swift cut with a knife, and the herring is tossed aside into a barrel, where a man throws salt over it. This is to make them keep, as they have to go to the continent. The girls are paid according to the number of barrels which they fill, and it is astonishing how many they can fill in a day. If there has been an exceptionally heavy fishing they work all night, by the light of torches attached to anything near at hand. If the fishing is a very light one, the herring are usually "smoked" and converted into kippers. As I stated before, the herring sometimes approach to within a couple of miles of the land. At other times the boats have often to go nearly a hundred miles for them. The boats are often at sea from Monday till Saturday. The fishermen are a hardy, cheerful race. They have to be hardy to face the storms which the North Sea is so subject to, and often need all their cheerfulness, as, for instance, last year, when the fishing was a total failure. Let us hope it will be successful this year!

GILDART J. WALKER.

ICH DIEN.

By E. Menhinic Morphew.

Illustrated by Sherie.



On a fair October day in the twentieth year of the reign of King Henry VIII., Robert Courtenay, esquire to Lord Darcy, had attended his master to the royal palace of Westminster, and being very much in love with fair Dorothy Gaynsford, he had strayed into the antechamber where the ladies of the Queen's retinue were wont to resort.

Son of a broken gentleman, the lord of a ruined house, Courtenay had little more to offer his lady love than a noble ancestry and a loyal heart; but, nevertheless, her handsome, light-hearted young lover occupied a far larger share of the fair Dorothy's heart than she would acknowledge even to herself.

"Mistress Gaynsford," he pleaded gaily, as he stood leaning over the edge of the couch upon which the object of his affections was seated, "give me that 'kerchief, and I will wear it at the next lists, and defy all comers."

Upon her refusal, he tried to twitch it from her, and, in the course of their love tricks, he snatched out of her hands a book, to which she had been attending more than he approved when in his company.

At the same moment he was summoned to attend Lord Darcy to the royal chapel, and rushed off, book in hand, in spite of Mistress Dorothy's entreaties that he would restore it to her.

During the service he took it into his head to read the trophy he had snatched from his beloved. It was no other than a translation into English of the Gospels, and he was soon so absorbed in its contents, that the service was over before he was conscious of the lapse of time.

He was aroused by a hand on his shoulder. He closed the book hurriedly and looked up to meet the suspicious gaze of the dean of the chapel, who asked:—

"What are you reading, young sir?"

"'Tis nought that concerns your reverence," answered Courtenay, for the book was proscribed by Cardinal Wolsey, and he knew the danger of being found in the possession of it.

"Pardon, sir," he added, and rising would have moved away, but the dean detained him.

"Not so fast, young man. Show me that book."

"I am sorry that I cannot oblige your reverence," answered Courtenay haughtily.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the dean. "My Lord Darcy, give ear to me one moment, I beseech you. This fellow here doth boldly defy me to my face. You would do well, my lord, to demand of him what book is that which he guards so carefully."

"Courtenay," said Lord Darcy sternly.

"My lord!"

"You need teaching, it seems, to respect your superiors. What is this book? Give it me."

"I do beseech you, my lord——" pleaded Courtenay.

"Obey," demanded Darcy.

Resistance was useless. Courtenay gave up the book to his lord, who handed it to the dean without any observation.

"It is as I suspected," cried the other; "it is the prohibited translation of the Scriptures. This matter must be thoroughly investigated, my lord."

"Courtenay," thundered Lord Darcy, "where did you get this book?"

"I cannot tell you, my lord," said the esquire, changing colour.

"Dost thou dare to defy me, sirrah? Answer."

But, with a face grown suddenly white, Courtenay stood silent.

Darcy raised his gauntleted hand and struck him in the face. The blood rushed back to his cheek with shame and indignation. If he was bound to submit, at least he did not shrink.

"The rack will soon wring an answer from the young heretic, my lord," put in the dean.

Darcy laid his hand not ungently on his esquire's shoulder.

"If you will make a full confession as to where you obtained that book, Courtenay, I will give you my protection against all accusers."

"My lord," replied Courtenay, "you are asking me to betray another. I cannot do it."

"Then I dismiss you from my service," said Lord Darcy; "I will have no heretics in my house. You need not look for me to aid you in escaping the penalty for your fault."

"My lord!" entreated Courtenay, kneeling.

"Stand out of my way, sirrah," said Darcy peremptorily, and passed out of the chapel.

The scuffling of many feet, the panting of fighting men, a frantic struggle for liberty, and the short choking gasp for breath of a man overpowered at last, and Courtenay was arrested, hurried to the Tower and to a dungeon.

Thus several days, and then one evening an officer and a party of halberdiers appeared, and he was led between them through the streets to York Palace, to be examined by Cardinal Wolsey.

As Courtenay was brought into the hall, the Cardinal was giving some directions to a sergeant-at-arms who stood before him. A few words of the conversation were overheard by Courtenay.

"——, set out immediately for Louth Castle, and arrest Lord Darcy on a charge of high treason——"

The rest of the sentence was lost, but he had heard enough.

He must escape and warn Lord Darcy.

The next moment he was led before the Cardinal, who was seated beside an open window which looked out into the street.

He answered the questions put to him with alacrity, until he was asked from whom he had obtained the forbidden book.

"That I will not confess, except to your grace's ear alone," he said.

Upon a sign from Wolsey all withdrew to the lower end of the hall.

Courtenay knelt at the Cardinal's knee, saw that the coast was clear, sprang to his feet, and was out in an instant.

Once in the street, he ran for his life, for the Cardinal's men followed him closely.

But the darkness was favourable to him, and before morning dawned, he had escaped out of the city, and got as far north as Highgate.

He hid all day in a ditch, not daring to venture out for fear of being recaptured, and at night made all possible speed northward, goaded on by the remembrance of the Cardinal's words:—

"*Set out at once for Louth Castle and arrest Lord Darcy.*"

* * * * *

In solitary state Lord Darcy sat at supper in the banqueting hall of Louth Castle.

There was a slight commotion without the hall, and in burst Robert Courtenay, pale, breathless, rain-bedrenched, covered with mire, cloakless and bareheaded.

He pushed by some serving men standing by the door, who tried to stay him, and rushed up to the daïs and threw himself on his knees before his lord.

"Courtenay, my poor fellow!" exclaimed Lord Darcy.

"My lord!" gasped the esquire, clinging to his lord's hand; "you are in danger—terrible danger! A sergeant-at-arms and a party of halberdiers, with a warrant for your arrest, will be here in a few moments. I passed them at the ford."

Darcy turned pale.

"Are you certain this is so?" he asked.

"I heard the Cardinal give the order, my lord. But quick, Lord Darcy, you must change clothes with me—at least, I must have yours and Martin can give you his, mine are too wet. Quick, Martin, strip! There is not a moment to be lost."

"Courtenay," said Lord Darcy, "I cannot allow you to do this for me. It would be risking your life for mine, and but a week ago I tamely gave you up to imprisonment, and perhaps the stake, because I was too cowardly to run the risk of offending the Cardinal."

"My lord," rejoined Courtenay, almost tearing Darcy's doublet from off him, "if you are taken they shall take me, too."

In a few moments the change of costume was complete, and the groom, Martin, announcing that the horses were ready, Courtenay reminded his master that the time was short.

"Martin will ride with you, my lord," said Courtenay, as they went out into the courtyard. "You will better escape detection with him for spokesman." He held Lord Darcy's stirrup.

"Farewell, Courtenay," said Darcy, in a voice full of emotion, and, pressing his esquire's hand fervently, he dashed off into the darkness, followed by the faithful groom.

Courtenay went back into the deserted hall. The remains of Lord Darcy's evening repast were on the board, and he made a good meal, for he had tasted nothing since morning.

Soon he heard a troop of horsemen enter the courtyard. A moment later they came clattering noisily into the hall, their leader crying out:—

"Where is Lord Darcy?"

As they entered, Courtenay rose. He was a noble-looking youth, and his lord's clothes suited him well. He held himself as though he would defy the world. There was courage and dignity in every line of him—from the turn of his dark, close-cropped head to the fall of the short cloak he wore over his shoulder.

"What means this unseemly intrusion?" he asked haughtily.

"Lord Darcy," replied the officer, advancing to the foot of the daïs, and laying his wand on Courtenay's shoulder, "I arrest thee, on a charge of high treason, in the name of our sovereign lord, the King."

"The King's will shall ever by me be obeyed," replied Courtenay. "I am at your service, sir."

"May it please you, my lord, to accompany me at once," said the sergeant; "my orders admit of no delay."

"I am content," said Courtenay. "Sirrah!" he continued to an attendant, "my horse with all despatch, and bring me here my bonnet and riding cloak." Taking no further notice of his captors, he sat down, and, bending forward, caressed the old deerhound that lay at his feet, until the groom returned with his cloak.

At a sign from their leader, the halberdiers closed round the supposed Lord Darcy, and the party went forth with the sharp rain driving in their faces, out upon the more-deep roads.

After a four days' journey, evening at last found them before the gates of York. As they passed through the streets to the castle, many were the curious glances cast upon the prisoner, and the sympathy that was expressed for him by many of the citizens warned him that, in the city where Lord Darcy was so popular, there must be many who knew him too well to be deceived as he (Courtenay) had deceived his escort.

COURTENAY SPRANG TO HIS FEET, AND WAS OUT IN AN INSTANT.

While pondering on what would be his fate when discovered, he arrived at his prison.

He was led into the guardroom. Stone walls, narrow windows, iron bars. The warden advanced to meet him.

"I am sorry to see you in this state, my lord," he said. "You are to be brought before the Council to-morrow. Until then you must needs be content with what accommodation I am allowed to give you."

Preceded by a gaoler with a torch, and closely followed by the warden, he was led to the upper storey of the castle, and placed in a large stone cell, the sole furniture of which was a chair, a table, and a pallet.

HE WAS FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO DEATH.

As Courtenay listened to the barring of the door of his prison, and to the retreating footsteps of his gaolers, a chill, like that of death, struck into his heart.

Restless and impatient of restraint, he paced up and down his cell, until, exhausted, he threw himself upon his pallet, and fell asleep.

At a late hour the following day, he was conducted to the Council Chamber, and placed before the Lords of the Council, who were seated at a table.

Courtenay entered the chamber with a carriage worthy of his master in his most imperious mood. Of the terror of detection that was in

his heart he gave no sign, but met the glance of the nobles before him unflinchingly.

"Your name is Herbert, Lord Darcy?" observed the Duke of Norfolk, who was head of the Council.

At that moment Courtenay caught the keen suspicious glance of Lord Hussey, and he felt he was discovered.

He bowed his head in token of assent, and, conscious of the lie and of Lord Hussey's piercing glance, he flushed hotly.

For nearly three hours he underwent a rigorous examination by the different lords of the Council.

With every nerve and faculty strained to the utmost in endeavouring to answer the questions put to him satisfactorily, it did not aid him to maintain his composure to know that Lord Hussey was all the time watching him closely, and that one member of the council at least was not deceived.

It had grown almost dark before the examination was finished. Torches were brought in, and by their light Courtenay placed his signature to the minutes drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk.

The Council then held a consultation. They spoke together in an undertone, while their prisoner stood motionless, gazing mechanically in front of him. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be beheaded.

He held his handsome head very proudly when he heard his sentence. He started a little and drew his breath sharply, that was all.

They took him back to his cell. The moonlight was streaming in through the aperture that did duty for a window, and he stood leaning and looking out at the patch of starlit sky that was visible to him.

It was not easy to compose his mind to his fate. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen it at twenty-three. Yet by degrees he calmed, and through the contemplation of death, could raise his thoughts higher than this present life; and comfort came down.

Then, feeling that he had done with this world, he threw himself down on his bed.

That same night lay little Dorothy Gaynsford and wept over poor Courtenay's unknown fate, and bitterly repented that she had not ever let him guess how much she loved him.

But Robert Courtenay slept peacefully until the morning, when he was summoned by the gaoler. In the corridor he encountered Lord Hussey, the last person in the world whom he had desire to see.

"One moment, I beseech you," said Hussey to the gaoler, "in which to bid my friend farewell."

He drew Courtenay aside.

"I know not who you are, young sir, but in the name of all true Catholics I thank you. You are preserving the life of one who is of value to the cause of true religion and liberty. Is there aught I can do for you?"

"I am grateful to your grace," replied Courtenay, simply. "I pray you commend me to my lord, and tell him I die well content. Robert Courtenay I am called," and he passed on.

With guards going before and after, Courtenay came forth from the castle. He went a swift pace, bending his face towards the earth, taking heed of none, though some spake directly to him. His face was pale, but his eyes shone with an enthusiastic light, like sunshine gleaming on a sword-blade.

He mounted the scaffold in the midst of a strange silence—a silence that grew into a great cry.

Robert Courtenay gazed steadfastly into the distance, and his voice rang clear:—

"Good people, I ask *your silence*, and your prayers."

Robert Courtenay gazed into the distance—green hills and valleys all smiling in the morning sun.

Over there rode a man, galloping. Oh, to be free! free as air, with a brave horse under you, and gallop and gallop over those hills, over the fresh dew-damped grass!

And Courtenay never loved life so dearly as at this moment. The horseman was riding toward the city.

It was weakness, it was foolishness, he told himself, but hope would begin to flutter.

And now from the watching crowd came a great shout, and Courtenay's heart gave a great leap, for the rider drew close, and he waved something in his hand.

"A pardon! a pardon!" shouted the people.

"A pardon! a pardon!" shouted Lord Darcy, and threw himself from his horse at the foot of the scaffold.

"*In the name of the King, make way!*"

THE END.

"OUR BILL."

A Football Sketch.

WHEN Bill Russell came back after the Christmas holidays, he modestly informed us that he had been assisting his "local club" during the holidays. It eventually transpired that his "local club" was none other than Blackheath, the premier club of the kingdom, and that in assisting them against Swansea, Newport, Cardiff, *et cetera*, "Our Bill" had proved himself a star among stars.

Pearson minor told me that he knew somebody whose cousin was at St. Cuthbert's, who frankly admitted that St. Cuthbert's were in a desperate funk.

Now, of all the matches we play, the one that we all simply long to win is that against St. Cuthbert's. Should we have a brilliant victory before the eventful match, then everyone says: "This looks all right for the St. Cuthbert's match," or, in the case of a defeat: "This won't do at all. We shall have to buck up against St. Cuthbert's"; and, on this particular occasion of which I am writing, what made our interest keener than usual was the fact that we hadn't beaten St. Cuthbert's for five years.

Two days before the match I was talking it over with a miserable wretch who always looks on the black side of things, and whom I have nicknamed "The Raven," on account of his alleged likeness to that "ungainly fowl" that distinguished itself by observing "Never more!" with monotonous frequency. We were strolling to the "gym," to have a look at "Our Bill" and his merry men, who were "training" there, when I happened to catch sight of a knot of boys talking excitedly about something in a newspaper which they were all endeavouring to read at once.

"Bad news," quoth the Raven.

"*Good* news, you mule!" I exclaimed, emphasising the adjective with a vigorous poke in his waistcoat; "come and see what it is."

At our approach a perfect babel of noise arose from the group, but I caught the words, "Russell" and "South Cap," and that was enough for me. It was too good to be true. But seeing is believing, and I both saw and believed when Simpson thrust all that was left of an unlucky *Sportsman* into my hands.

I looked at the paragraph he pointed to, and read as follows:—

W. Russell, the other centre three-quarter, is the brilliant young footballer who assisted Blackheath on their Welsh tour, and as he is only nineteen years of age, he should have a brilliant career before him, if he is attended by good fortune.

Then followed a lot of gas about his being still at our place; I did not stop to read that, but indulged in a frenzied demonstration of triumph, in which I was joined by all those present, except the Raven.

"Look happy, you beast!" I yelled to the latter.

"North *versus* South," said the Raven, with a face on him like a memorial card, "is on the same day as St. Cuthbert's. And we shall get licked for the sixth year in succession!"

"I say, this is a bit *too off*," cried Simpson. "Why were you ever hatched to throw damps on peoples' spirits in this infernal way?"

"What does a licking from St. Cuthbert's matter?" yelled Stephens. "Have *they* got a man in the South team?"

"*Three cheers for 'Our Bill.' Hoo-ray!*"

"What's the matter, you kids? Is anywhere relieved?"

This last was spoken by "Our Bill" himself, who suddenly appeared on the scene. I was afraid to look at his head, for I almost expected to see a halo surrounding it. It was not a halo, but he took it off, and actually let us handle it.

"It's very much like my third fifteen cap," said the Raven decisively.

I could say nothing to that. I could not even contradict him. I could only kick him on the shin.

"We're all *beastly* glad, Russell."

"Thanks awfully. But I shan't play for the South. I've let them know the school can't spare me on Saturday."

And he passed on, leaving us staring after him in utter stupefaction.

"He's a brick!" said Simpson.

"So he is," said the Raven; "but I wish they hadn't put in that little bit in the *Sportsman* about him being attended by good fortune."

There never was a chap like the Raven for looking on the black side of things.

* * * * *

When "Our Bill" led his men on to the field against St. Cuthbert's, the cheers that hailed his appearance were almost as frantic as those that greeted the news of the relief of Mafeking. The St Cuthbertians joined in them heartily, for they all admired the act of self-sacrifice, even though it meant defeat for their side.

I will not attempt to describe the match. All I can say is, that "Our Bill" played as he had never played before, and as he has never played since.

For, although we did not know it, he was playing his last match!

He scored three brilliant tries—the only tries scored in the match,—but, like so many other brave leaders have done, he fell in the hour of victory. It was about ten minutes from "no side" when a stoppage occurred in the game, and I could not see what was the cause of it.

"Another try to us," I suggested.

"Or a free kick for foul play to us," said a venomous Cuthbertian.

"Or a man hurt," said the Raven.

It is a man hurt—they're carrying him off—and—and—it's poor old Russell!

He was laid up two or three weeks and some days after the match the terrible news leaked out that he would never be able to play "footer" again.

Dead?

Is it likely, you muddle-headed pippin, that a great, strapping, iron-constitutioned brute of nineteen would peg out over a compound something or other of the what-you-may-call-it?

He is alive and (theoretically, alas!) kicking, and he accepted his fate and the dinner we gave him with good-humoured resignation. He is at Cambridge now, where he has gone in hot and strong for cricket. It is quite possible that we may yet see "Our Bill" at Lord's; but it must be a great sorrow to him not being able to play footer. It is to us, anyhow.

Dulce et decorum est pro schola vulnerari.

ARTHUR STANLEY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

(1) Major Strongboy takes a walk from camp—

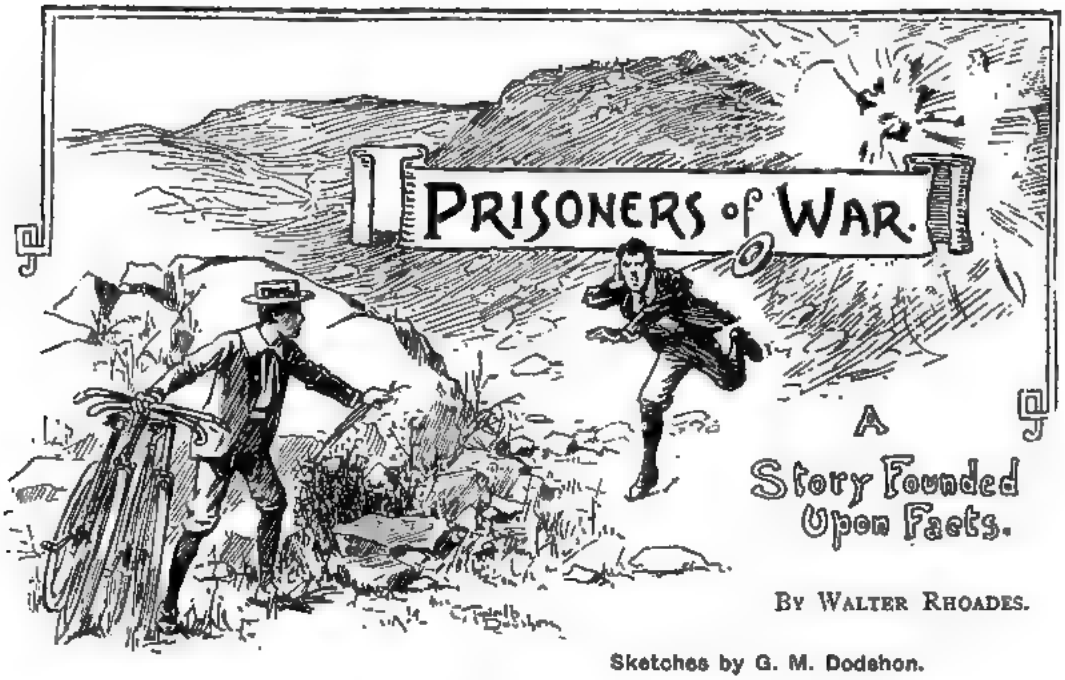
(2) Into the desert, where the heat overcomes him, and he falls asleep.

(3) Then the wind springs up, and fans the sand about till he lies almost entirely covered.

(4) Being very bald, what more natural, then, that Miss O'Strich, who happened that way, should think some kind friend had saved her the trouble of laying?

(5) And that she should at once try her best to hatch it out—

(6) Unsuccessfully, though, for Major Strongbow emerges from the sand and uses such language that—well! our compositor says he is a respectable man, etc., etc.



By Walter Rhoades.

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

There was nothing on earth at all likely to frighten Billy Mac; that, at least, was the opinion of Billy Mac himself. It was natural, therefore, that when the news of the declaration of the Boer War reached our farm, and when, later on, we heard of the Boer Army's approach, I should look to Billy to think out a plan of defence.

His idea was simple and effective. He turned the largest of the stables into a fort, bored two holes in each wall for rifle fire—one for him and one for me—so that we should be able to pour in withering volleys upon the advancing enemy, no matter from which quarter they might come. Then, with a mysterious air, he heaped up a quantity of dry wood and straw in one corner, in order that, should defeat await us, we might set the place alight and die gloriously among the flames.

The latter part of the programme, I might add, did not receive my approval. It seemed to me to be a waste of valuable lives.

Our warlike preparations, by the way, were rendered useless by our respective parents, who, on the first approach of danger, packed us off into Ladysmith, to the house of a friend.

The sting of this disappointment, however, was softened by the fact that we were in "the thick of it." Troops! Why the place was alive with them—infantry, cavalry, artillery! Enough, it seemed to us, to sweep all the Boers into the sea; so that we used to chuckle to ourselves as to what would happen when these Transvaalers ventured into the neighbourhood.

Had we been a little older we should have enlisted on the instant; but as Billy was only thirteen, and I was two years younger, we assumed there was no chance of this. Still, we used to spend all day among the soldiers; some of them being decent enough to let us handle their rifles, and look at the cartridges which were going to settle the hash of the Boers.

Things soon began to get frightfully exciting. We heard of the enemy's advance on Dundee; then of the licking we gave them; and then there was a whisper here and there that General Yule was dropping back on Ladysmith, because there was such a terrific lot of the enemy.

One morning, soon after breakfast, Billy Mac, who had been out early, came rushing up to me, nearly bursting with news and want of breath. He beckoned me out of the house, away from everybody, and then blurted it out.

"There's going to be a fight."

"How do you know?"

"Oh! I heard a bit here and a bit there, and put the bits together. To begin with, some of the troops have started already, trains choke full of 'em! Field guns have gone, too!"

"I expect it's only a kind of false alarm. They'll be back again soon," said I, not daring to believe the news could be true.

"A lot you know," growled Billy, with his most bumptious air. "Have you heard that there are thousands of Boers at Elandslaagte Station, and that they've captured a train and some of our people?" he asked in a mysterious whisper.

I had heard it, and I told him so.

"Very well then, we're going to chuck 'em out. That's what we're going to do—chuck 'em out."

Billy Mac might have been the better half of the British Army from the way he spoke about it. Anyhow, it seemed as though the general had asked his advice. But I wasn't satisfied yet.

"You're only guessing."

"I'm not guessing," he bellowed, quite forgetting he was telling me a dead secret. "There's going to be a fight by Elandslaagte Station. There!"

"I'll believe it when I see it," was my dogged reply.

"That's just what I'm coming to," he said, his voice dropping again to a whisper. "Why shouldn't we both see it? I know the road. We can do it in a couple of hours on our bikes."

"They won't let us go," I cried, fairly taken aback.

"Of course they won't," observed Billy, scornfully, "if they know of it. But we needn't tell 'em. We can just sneak off. It's as easy as anything."

"But we shan't see much, shall we?" I suggested. "We shall be such a long way off."

"Near enough to watch the battle, of course."

"Oh ye-es. But—I suppose we shall be out of range, shan't we?" said I, with some hesitation.

"If you're frightened, you'd better stop at home," remarked my companion, loftily. "I thought you'd like to come. There aren't many boys who have the chance of seeing a real battle, and there are a precious sight fewer who would miss it. But if you're going to funk it——"

This decided me at once. Better be riddled with bullets, or blown to atoms by a shell, than Billy should think me a coward, so I agreed to every one of his directions without further delay.

The amount of strategy we displayed in our escape from the town was really remarkable; but we managed to get through, bicycles and all; and, once outside, we pedalled away as though our lives depended on it.

It wasn't until the afternoon that we had a chance of starting, and, since the roads were uncommonly dusty and rutty, not to say hilly, we couldn't get along at any great pace. Besides that, we met lots of people, some of whom looked at us in an astonished sort of way, while others yelled at us to go back or we should be shot.

It may be I'm a bit of a coward, but this sort of encouragement did not make me anxious to hurry, and the nearer we got to the hills the slower I travelled.

The heat was dreadful, too, although the sun had got behind a heavy bank of clouds, which were driving up over the hills, and evidently meant rain.

It was no good, however, hinting to Billy that we should get wet through, and spoil our "bikes." He had come out to see a battle, and lukewarm water wouldn't stop him, he remarked, so that we went ploughing along, hot as ships' stokers, and so smothered in dust that our own mothers couldn't have known us.

Long before we reached the hills, we could hear the sound of firing. A very funny sensation took hold of me when I heard it coming from somewhere in front. Frightened? Yes, I was frightened, and yet I was mad to get nearer to see what was going on.

Billy Mac though was a lot the keener of the two, and kept pegging away, sometimes walking, and sometimes riding, until we were well up on one of the lower hills.

"If we scrambled to the top there," said Billy, "I believe we should see something.

"What about our bikes?" I said.

"Hide them among the rocks. Nobody will touch them."

It was only a few minutes' work to put our machines out of sight, and scramble up to a spot where we could see more of the country. But there wasn't very much use in taking all the trouble. Now and then we could see a puff of white smoke, but as for regiments charging up hills, and cavalry swooping down on the enemy, why there wasn't a single Briton in sight, or Boer either.

We clambered down again, rather disgusted. Billy was perfectly certain, however, that if we rode to a higher ridge about a mile further on

we should have a splendid view of the whole thing, and so, with renewed hope, we continued the ascent.

By this time it had commenced raining, and before long it came down in sheets. In spite of this we kept on, and at last, wringing wet, made another attempt to see the battle.

But it was a perfect failure, since we found a hill in front of us, that shut out every bit of the surrounding country.

I looked at Billy reproachfully.

"Well, I can't help it," said he, showing temper, "if the beastly hill will get in the way. I don't mean to be done out of it though. I'm going on."

"But it'll be dark soon, and it's raining like anything," I urged, feeling, so far as we were concerned, that the fight was a very tame affair as a show.

"I don't care if it's a deluge. I'm going on," said Bill, doggedly. "You can go back if you like."

There were two reasons why I preferred to stop with him. The first—that I was afraid to return alone, and the second—that I did not know the way. With grave misgivings, therefore, I kept close to my leader, who, with a persistency worthy of a better cause, followed one of the roads which ran in and about the hills.

All this time the rattle of the infantry fire, the boom of the guns, and another whistling, screaming sound—very unpleasant to listen to—seemed nearer to us. For some time Billy Mac refused to notice any warning upon this point; but finally he gave me the bicycles to hold while he made a third attempt to find out whether our friends or enemies were in sight.

Standing in the road, I could just get a glimpse of his figure black against the sky. Then suddenly he turned, shouting something which I could not catch, and threw himself down at full length. At the same time there was a horrid whistling noise, then a thud, high up on the opposite side of the road, followed by a tremendous explosion.

It may have been the result of excitement, or alarm for my safety, but the way Billy scooted down to the "bikes" and snatched at his machine, was remarkable. I may also observe that his face was as white as a sheet.

"Are you all right?" said he, panting.

"Yes."

"That was a shell! I'm off. We shall be blown to bits if we stop here."

Taking into consideration the state of the road, and the fact that we were pretty well tired, we must have travelled a good deal faster than ever we did before, and it was not until my legs became like putty, and I hadn't a particle of breath in my body, that I persuaded Billy to stay in his headlong flight.

"You'll be killed if you stop," he expostulated.

"I shall die if I don't," I gasped. "Besides, we've ridden a good long way. I daresay we're safe enough here."

It was evident that he had his doubts, but seeing that I was not prepared to stir, he crawled in between a couple of big boulders, and told me to follow.

"Just you listen," he whispered, "and directly you hear one of those beastly shells coming, lie down as flat as you can. It's your only chance."

We did listen with all our ears, scarcely daring to breathe, lest we should fail to hear it whistling through the air.

It was nearly dark by this time, and although the rifle fire still echoed among the hills, the heavier guns only boomed now and again, and at last ceased altogether. The heavy rain was over, but there was a drizzling downpour which was nearly as bad; since, however, we were both as wet through as we could possibly get, it did not matter to any extent.

It was not until the firing had quite stopped that we crawled back to the road, and once more mounted our machines. Shivering with the cold and damp, tired out with the long ride and the excitement, and weak with hunger, we commenced what Billy was pleased to call our homeward journey.

He had told me that he could find his way into Ladysmith "blindfold and walking backwards," so that for the first half-hour I was happy in the idea that the worst was over. It made me feel precious bad, therefore, when Billy, who had been riding slowly for some minutes, jumped off, and proclaimed the fact that he had lost his way.

"It's a rum thing," he said dolefully. "I thought I knew every road for miles, but I don't know this one."

"It must go somewhere, though," said I. "Let us get on; anything is better than sticking out here all night."

"P'r'aps it'll take us into the Boer camp," remarked Billy, still more dolefully. "That'll be a fine thing."

"I don't care if it does," I answered recklessly. "They won't hurt kids like us, and they'll have something to eat."

After a little hesitation we advanced cautiously into the unknown country, sometimes riding, but more often walking, because we had become limp in the legs. It was so dark that we could hardly see from one side of the road to the

other, while the big boulders past which we travelled suggested unknown terrors in the way of hidden enemies.

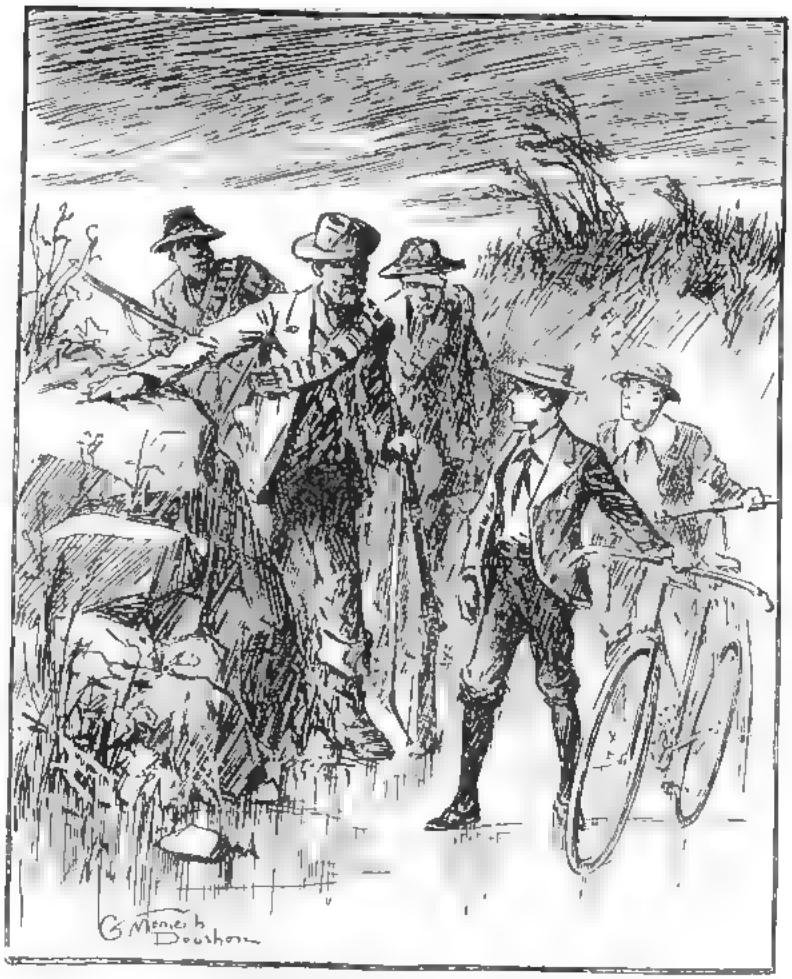
After the noise of the firing, the silence made me feel quite "creepy," and the slightest sound set my heart thumping furiously, so that when Billy stopped dead and peered across the road, where a big rock stood up like a shadow, I had a bad attack of "cold shivers" straight away.

It didn't get any better, either, when a dark figure stepped from behind the boulder right in front of us, followed by two others. We could just see that they wore slouch hats, and carried rifles, while each had a bandolier slung across his shoulder.

We all stood there for a second or two, facing one another, and then one of the men said loudly:

"Are you English?"

In a moment I knew that he wasn't, and I waited with my heart in my mouth for Billy's reply. I could hear a sort of gulping in his throat, and then he threw his head up and said, "Yes, I am. What do you want?" as bold as you like, so that I felt it was a real plucky thing to say.



"ARE YOU ENGLISH? THEN WE SURRENDER."

"Then we surrender to you."

We both stood with our mouths open, and stared in speechless astonishment.

"You'll do what?" gasped Billy at last.

"We surrender. This time we are fairly beaten. Our horses are shot. Already your Lancers have ridden us down. They are still out, killing our men. We are wounded. We have had enough. Take us prisoners."

The poor beggars looked as if they had had enough of it. Their faces were blackened with dirt and powder; one had his head tied up, another wore his arm in a sling, while the third was limping a bit. But still it seemed an awful rum thing that three grown men—big fellows, too—should give themselves up to a couple of boys. Billy Mac evidently thought so as well, since he began to argue the matter.

"But we're not soldiers," said he. "We can't take prisoners."

"Ah, yes! As your prisoners we are safe."

It slowly dawned upon Billy that it was not fear of ourselves, but of the cavalry, that caused the unexpected surrender. At the same time, the thought of the easily-earned fame to be extracted from the encounter flooded his mind, so that he hesitated no longer.

"All right then. Hand over your rifles," he observed, in a most business-like manner.

This sudden and unexpected demand seemed to stagger the party, who whispered together in Dutch for a few moments.

"No. You are too young. We cannot give them to you," replied the leader, at last.

"Do as you like," remarked Billy, carelessly. "But if you don't I shan't take you prisoners."

"Of what use is it?" urged the Boer. "If we meant you harm we should have shot you before. It will be nonsense to see you with our rifles."

"We'll play the game properly, or not at all," said Billy, in his downright way. "If you want us to capture you, we'll do it in the usual way, and see that nobody interferes with you. If not, you can go and be stuck with lances and bayonets as much as you please. We shan't stop it."

That last remark seemed to impress the Boers, since, after another palaver, they handed over their weapons to Billy, who received them with due solemnity.

"And now," said he, as he slung a rifle over his shoulder, and stood at ease with the other, having passed the third to me, "What 'grub' have you got? 'Grub'—food, you know," he explained.

"Why do you ask?" said the bewildered Boer.

"Because we're jolly hungry — that's why," answered Billy, whose manner, now that our captives were unarmed, was distinctly threatening.

The poor beggars were too used up to grin much at the "side" Billy was putting on, but the one who spoke English chuckled a bit as he fumbled in his wallet.

"I have no toffee," said he, "only a little biltong and mealies."

"That'll do," said Billy, loftily, ignoring the reference to sweets. "We'll eat it as we go along."

Had we been less hungry, the fare would not have proved over tempting, but as it was we were glad to get it, and commenced munching at once, Billy at the same time giving instructions to the captives to march in front and wheel our bicycles.

As a matter of fact, this was much easier work than carrying a rifle, especially when tired, but since, unless the enemy were disarmed, the whole thing would have been simply stupid, I cheerfully clutched the weapon and trudged along, with a most extraordinary sense of self-importance.

Indeed, the more I looked at those big chaps in front of me, the more proud I became, and, quite forgetting that we had no notion as to where the road might take us, visions of a triumphant march through Ladysmith, with our prisoners to testify to our valour, made me forget my very real sufferings from thirst and aching legs.

All at once, just when my imagination was carrying us in state to the Town Hall amid the cheers of the multitude, the Boers stopped dead, listening intently.

"Go on," said Billy, "don't hang about now."

But the leader turned upon him with such a ferocious "Silence!" that his captor curled up quite meekly.

"There's a troop of horse coming," the Boer went on, after a pause; "your men for certain. Get in front you two boys, or they may cut us down before we can open our mouths. Their blood is up."

"But—but they may cut us down," objected Billy.

"They may—get in front," and without any apology we were hustled into the post of danger.

We could hear the dull thud of hoofs on the heavy road, and as it came nearer and nearer, we grew mighty uncomfortable.

Then a happy thought occurred to me. I began to sing "Rule Britannia" at the top of my very shrill voice, and, as Billy chimed in, we managed to make a pretty considerable noise.

It was a good thing we did, as the troop of Lancers were dashing up the hill, with lowered weapons.

The leader pulled up short at the sound of our voices (I think it was Billy Mac's that stopped him) and then he yelled out: "If a rifle goes off, we stick the lot of you! Now, who are you?"

"Friends," shouted Billy, as quick as may be.

"English?"

"Yes."

"Step up, you young 'un. Let's have a look at you."

Billy stepped forward and saluted.

"What are you doing up here?" asked the lieutenant, eyeing him.

"Come to see the fight," explained Mac.

"Who are those fellows, behind there?"

"Boer prisoners."

"Boer prisoners! Who captured them?"

"We did!" and Billy nearly exploded with pride as he said it.

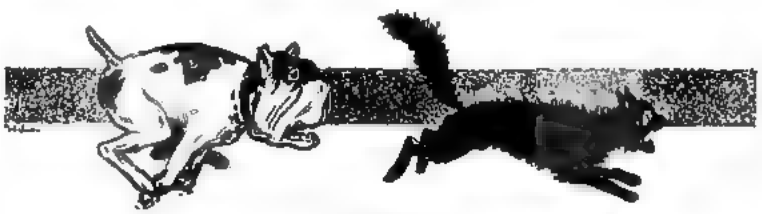
There was just a moment's silence, and then the whole troop simply howled with laughter. I was a bit disgusted myself, but Billy was as mad as a hatter to be grinned at as though we had made asses of ourselves. I suppose he showed it, as the lieutenant jumped off his horse, and shook hands with us both.

"Never mind, young 'uns, you're a plucky

"DOES PRISONERS! WE CAPTURED THEM," SAID DILLY.

pair. We only laughed because—well, there isn't much of you to surround an enemy that size, is there? What are your names? I shall have to make a report when the prisoners are handed over."

Take it on the whole, I shouldn't care to have to go through the business all over again. But there is scarcely a "Tommy Atkins" at Ladysmith that doesn't know us as "the two nippers who captured the Boers."



"TALLY HO!"

GERMAN GRAMMAR.

By "Eyed Awry." Sketches by Rube Cohen.

THE study of German is fraught with difficulty for many a youthful student; it is, therefore, to lighten this load that the inventor of the following system places this new arrangement of German syntax before the scholastic public. We commence with—

Impossible relationships.—The most eminent grammarians begin with this class, because a young child blindly accepts the remarkable statements necessary for translation, statements which would drive an older student mad. In this division we hear of such relations as an "uncle's wife's cousin's sister's aunt's niece's brother"; "the American's husband's scholars' aunt's daughter." We wonder

vaguely whether the maid-servant called her uncle's wife's aunt's brother-in-law's niece's uncle by his Christian name or plain "Mister"?

Illicit possession.—In this section we discover that the various relations mentioned in the preceding division are not supporters of the "best policy." For the American has the gardener's gloves; the stork's master has the chair of the president; the maid-servant has the count's hat; the count, in retaliation, may have had the shoes of the president's wife's mother.

Examination of culprits with desire to recover lost property.—The delinquents are now severely and thoroughly examined by the victims of the preceding class. "Where," cries a sufferer, "are my boots, my spade, and my maid-servant?" The criminal evades the question by a general answer that the student loves his professor. In response to the agonised appeal of the president's mother-in-law comes the heartless information that the fishes have no feet, neither has the goose

a sweet voice. We now come to details, viz.:—

Mixed declension of adjectives.—All attempts to moralise are now discouraged. Plain, though somewhat varnished, facts take the place of the highly-edifying recommendations of honesty. We now discover that the Italian mantle of the high lady is covered with warm buttons. The female American has a yellow voice in an iron box.

Personal details.—The elation one feels on learning that their old aunt has a new hat, seven new dresses, a new pair of boots, and 111 new pocket-handkerchiefs is lessened by the fact that my sister has a green waistcoat, a brown snuff-box, and black hair. Her brother, no less eager for show, sports a pink shawl, polished boots, a fur muff, and a spotted cravat.

Women's Suffrage.—My uncle is a bachelor; the actress is older than the actor; he has many (female) cousins; my mother is a female poet; my aunt is a female Italian; my niece is a female cook; my grandmother is a female politician; my brother is another bachelor, and you can scarcely wonder at it.

Inexplicable and inextricable positions.—One is almost converted to Republicanism on learning that the King is under the dinner-table, and one doubts the sanity of the president who sits on the

window; the shepherdess jumps on the door; the poet, evidently in search of seclusion, sits in the president's cellar.

Might have beens.—This section deals with the unfulfilled conditions that might, alas! have done so much to contribute to man's fleeting happiness. The boy has a pain; he would have had a watch if he had not hurt the cat. Henry sits by his sister; he would have sat by John's sister if Aunt Julia had not been there.

Unwarranted impertinence.—With the inherent politeness of the German nation, Henry adjures his brother to be no ass; dear brother, be patient and be no fool; dear sister, be so good as to go to Jericho; dear father, be so kind as to give me 2 marks 50 pfennige; dear son, withdraw.

Distressing exaggeration, verging on mendacity.—We are required to accept the incredible statement that the boy gave his brother 153 apples; the local reporter informs us that in this village there are seventeen old men, aged respectively 114 years, 121 years, and so on: the train from Strasburg is ever punctual, and arrives on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 45mins. 2⅘secs. past eleven in the morning; the young people rise every morning at half-past six. The last division is devoted to

Fluent conversation mingled with continental affectation.—In the stationer's: Where can I buy a pen? Where can one purchase a nib for a pen? Where will two be enabled to obtain a holder for a nib for a pen? Will you, dear madam, this account pay? You, sir, me to insult desire! At the station: Hola! Where is the porter? It am I, oh sir, here to stand. Fie on the man! Woe, oh woe, for he has my box lost! Away, I with you done have! Seat yourself, the train goes. ———! It is gone!

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

DR. PRIMROSE.

DR. PRIMROSE, the kindly Vicar of Wakefield, is one of the most fascinating portraits in black and white. In this character sketch we see Goldsmith at his best, and perhaps it is the masterpiece of that versatile genius. The Vicar is all simplicity and quaintness; his humour is of a quiet, harmless type, that amuses all alike. The story of his troubles and his joys is truly idyllic. His homely nature stands out the more clearly at a period when servility, greed, and hypocrisy reigned supreme. His religious views are inoffensive and heartfelt; at a time when religion was at a very low ebb. One cannot help being reminded of the parson of the deserted village who is mentioned in those hackneyed lines:—

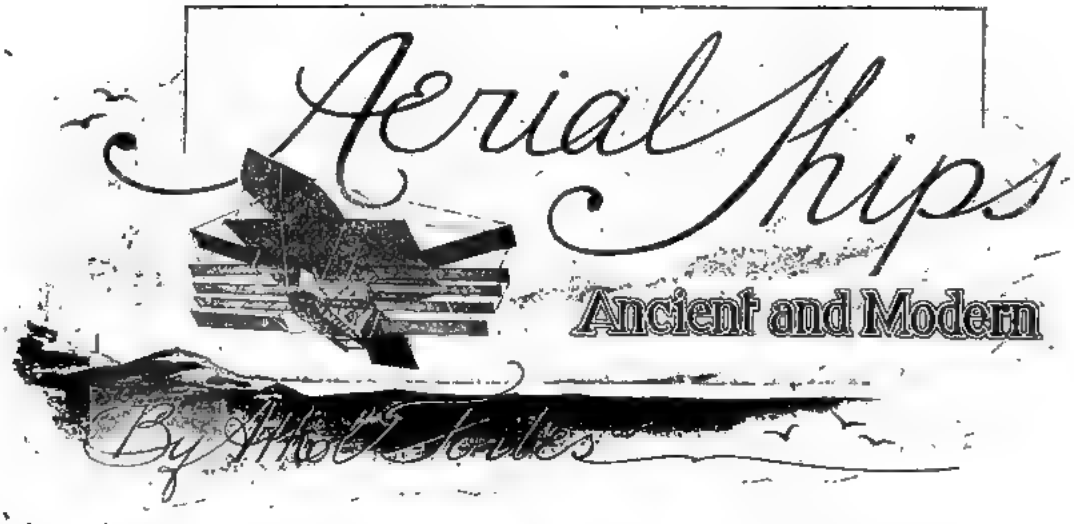
> A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich at forty pounds a year.

None can fail to note the humour of the Vicar writing his wife's epitaph before her death in his zeal for Whiston's theories on monogamy. All are inevitably struck with his quaint idea of having his family painted, each holding up an orange. The Vicar is charming when he benevolently receives all tramps who claim relationship; he is droll when he explains how he rids himself of them; he is most resourceful in his methods when he wishes to reprove his wife and family.

Finally, he is drawn as ready to teach as he is to learn. His conversation is philosophical and slightly pedantic. His character is stronger in adversity than in prosperity.

The Vicar of Wakefield is a gentleman, and, what is more, a christian gentleman.

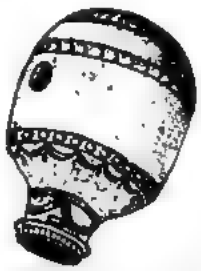
E. WILLOUGHBY


Aerial Ships
Ancient and Modern
By Athol Scotes

SO many men of the present day, with brains of brilliant inventive genius, have tried to solve the riddle of aërial navigation by means of flying machines, and have failed, that it will be interesting to trace back the attempts of those to solve this problem more than 250 years ago. The most remarkable of the early experiments was tried by a Monsieur Besnier on September 12th, 1678.

The inventor did not pretend he could rise from the earth or sustain himself long in the air, for he was unable to give his apparatus the required power and rapidity for that. He could, however, raise himself from one height to another until he reached the top of a house, from the roof of which he passed over the roofs of the neighbouring houses. By thus leaving an elevated position he could cross a river of considerable breadth, or any other obstacle. His apparatus consisted of a pair of wings, fastened on to the shoulders, worked alternately with the arm and leg.

A Mr. Baldwin, of Guibre, purchased a pair of these wings, and used them—it is said—with remarkable success. After this experiment there does not seem much worth recording until the year 1709, when a friar called Bartholomew Lawrence de Gusman, presented to the King of Portugal an address concerning a recent invention. In it, the petitioner represents himself as having invented a flying machine, capable of carrying passengers and navigating through the air very swiftly. He also stated that he had the privilege of being the sole possessor of the invention, and desired a prohibition against all and every person from constructing a similar machine under a severe penalty.



AERIAL SHIP INVENTED BY M. DE ROSIER, 1783.
(Fig. 1.)

Upon this the King issued the following order in his favour :—

> Agreeably to the advice of my council, I order the pain of death against the transgressor; and in order to encourage the suppliant to apply himself with zeal towards improving the machine, which is capable of producing the effects mentioned by him, I also grant him the first Professorship of Mathematics in my University of Coimbra, and the first vacancy in my college at Barcelona, with the annual pension of 600,000 reis during his life.
>
> The 17th day of April, 1709.

In spite of the King's kindly support, the friar was thrown into prison through the influence of the Inquisition. History does not relate how his wonderful invention was made, and it may be taken for granted that the friar was under a complete delusion when he put forth the marvellous capabilities of his flying machine.

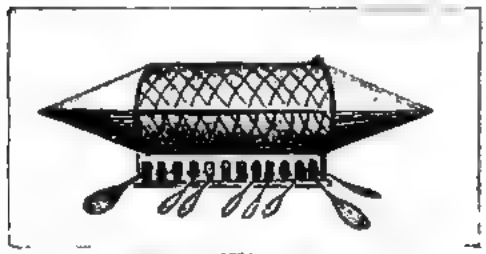
Father Galien, in 1755, entertained a wild scheme for ascending mountains. He had the boldness to project and minutely describe an aërial ship about ten times the size of Noah's Ark, and which could have lifted the whole town of Avignon, where he resided.

On the 19th September, 1783, we hear for the first time of anything really feasible. On that date live animals were sent up into the air. The experiment was tried at Versailles in the presence of the King, Queen, and Court, innumerable people of every rank and file, and the inventor—Montgolfier.

The machine, of a convex form, ascended to the height of about 1,440ft. It remained in the atmosphere eight minutes, and during that time

travelled a distance of 10,200ft. from Versailles, alighting in the wood of Vancresson.

A sheep, a cock, and a duck, ascended in this machine, and have the glory of being the first animals ever to ascend into the atmosphere by means of aërial navigation.

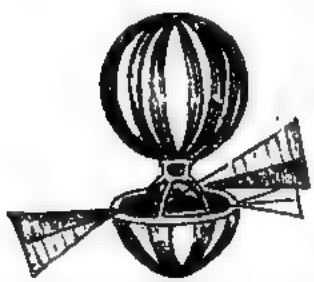


FLYING MACHINE OF 1784, OARS BEING USED TO GUIDE THE MACHINE.

(Fig. 2.)

When the machine was found, the sheep was discovered feeding, and the duck similarly employed, both quite unhurt. The cock had its right wing hurt, but this was due to a kick it had received from the sheep, at least half an hour before, in the presence of ten witnesses. This was somewhat a happy stroke on the part of the sheep, for it allowed of no possible doubt of the assertion made by the inventor in stating that "no harm had been done to the animals through the machine." (Fig. 1.)

Thus encouraged, the following month saw another successful attempt to launch into space a newly-invented aërial machine. History will probably record, to the utmost posterity, the name of M. Pilâtre de Rozier, who had the courage of first venturing to ascend into the atmosphere with a machine. The King, aware of the difficulties, ordered that two men under sentence of death should be sent up; but M. de Pilâtre was most indignant. "Why should two criminals have the glory of being the first men to ascend into the clouds?" he exclaimed: "No, no, that is not fair!" He gained his point; his courage remained undaunted, and on October 15th, 1783, he actually ascended into the atmosphere, to the astonishment, not unmingled with awe, of a gazing multitude.

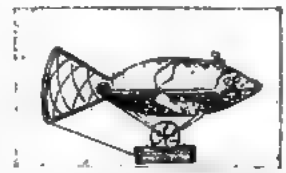


AN AEROSTAT, 17FNS. IN DIAMETER, INVENTED BY TESTU BRISSY.

(Fig. 3.)

The machine was of oval shape, the diameter being about 48ft., and its height about 74ft. The outside was elegantly painted and decorated with fleurs-de-lys. To the lower part was attached a wicker gallery, 3ft. broad. In the centre of the gallery was a grate, in which the fire burnt, the fumes of which kept the globe inflated. The grate was supported in the centre by iron chains, which came down from the sides of the machine. The weight of this aërostat was 1,600lbs.

The machine was permitted to rise to a height of 84ft., but beyond that it was impossible, owing to its being held in check by ropes. M. de Rosier kept it afloat for 4mins. 25secs. by throwing straw and wool into the fire. Then he descended quite gently and gradually. The intrepid adventurer, returning from the sky, was overwhelmed with compliments by his friends, poured upon him for his courage. He stated that he had experienced no giddiness, no incommoding motion, and no shock. Thus did this man show to the world the accomplishment of what had been for ages desired and attempted in vain. M. de Rosier made many more successful experiments, once reaching the height of 380ft.



THIS AERIAL SHIP, INVENTED BY COUNT LENNOX, WAS TRIED IN PARIS, AUGUST, 1834, BUT PROVED TO BE A FAILURE.

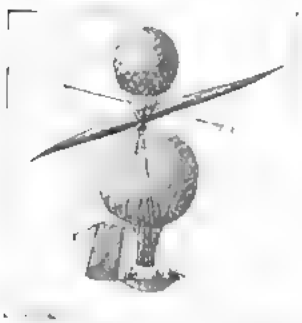
(Fig. 4.)

The first attempt to steer an air machine was made at Paris on the 19th September, 1784. M. M. Roberts and M. Collin Hullin undertook the trial trip. The car was boat-shaped, and oars were used to steer with. The two adventurers were caught in a storm, their altitude then being 600ft. They travelled at the rate of 24ft. per second, and the manœuvring of their oars helped them about a third. Though their oars enabled them to increase their speed a little, to steer by them was found quite impracticable. (Fig. 2.)

On the 18th July, 1786, Testu Brissy made an aërostat 17ft. in diameter. He made his ascent from the gardens of Luxemburg, and descended by using his oars—an improvement on those used by Collin Hullin and Roberts Mons. Blanchford died in 1809, after making sixty-six ascents. From 1784 till 1809 no very great improvement was made in aërial navigation, except in attaining greater altitudes and the experience gained in the use of oars. In 1802 Gauerine and Captain Snowden performed a journey from London to Colchester

in forty-five minutes—distance, sixty miles. In the same year Gauerine, in his machine, rose to the height of 10,000ft., and descended in a parachute. (Fig. 3.)

On the 15th September, 1804, Gay-Lussac attained the height of 20,000ft. From 1809 till 1834 a few general improvements had been made, and ladies had made ascents; but it was not until the latter year that Count Lennox exhibited an aërial ship. In 1837 the conclusion was come to that the mechanical agents for propulsion and guidance of an aërial ship were necessary before its immediate adoption as a mode of transport applicable to the ordinary purposes of life. To overcome these difficulties, authorities stated that the aërial ship must be of such a form as would admit of its being guided. It would have to have a line of least resistance, and that line would be in the direction which the machine advanced. This meant the consideration of a rudder, by which the propulsive energies might be directed in a determined channel. (Fig. 4.)

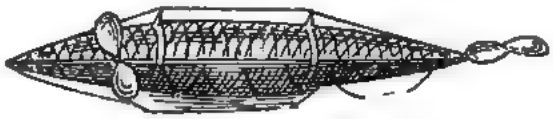


A NAVIGABLE BALLOON, INVENTED BY SIR GEORGE CALEY IN 1816.

(Fig. 5.)

It would have to have a head and tail as well as a body. Such a form would have to be that of an ellipsoid, or a cylinder terminated by cones, like that exhibited by Count Lennox. This aërial ship was tried on the Champ de Mars, in August, 1834, but proved to be a failure. It would have to be able to withstand currents of air contrary to the direction in which its machinery propelled it. It would have to be made of such material that would withstand the shock when coming into contact with the earth. The agents of propulsion would have to act directly on the body of the balloon itself, and not upon the car to which it was attached. The construction of the machinery would have to be such that an injury to one part should not disable the whole construction; and, lastly, that it would have to maintain its equilibrium under all the variations of force to which it was inevitably subjected in its progress.

The complications and difficulties attached to the construction of an aërial ship to be possessed of all these qualities was, to put it mildly, a facer, and made the inveterate genius of that time stagger. Experiments were made time after time, but always ended in a hopeless failure.



JULIEN'S AEROSTAT.
The invention made was a model 25ft. long, shown at the Hippodrome, Paris.

(Fig. 6.)

In 1837 a Mr. Wise commenced to make experiments in America, and afterwards became one of the most noted aëronauts of modern times, taking into consideration that sixty years ago aërial navigation was in its infancy.

In 1843 a Mr. Henson appeared, and claimed a new invention, which he called "Henson's Aërial Carriage." Before we describe this, it would be better to trace back the most feasible attempts of aërial navigation, which were said to be indifferent to the elements, and from which Mr. Henson doubtless got his ideas.

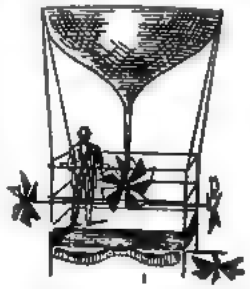
No. 1.—A flying globe was made by Blainville; wings were to be used, but this proved impracticable.

No. 2.—On the 18th July, 1784, Abbé Montan's Montgolfiere made an opening in the balloon from which it was expected heated air would rush and force the balloon in an opposite direction. This was a failure.

No 3.—A Mr. Henin made a balloon with a reversed parachute underneath. This was with the view of slackening the ascent, and allowing the wind to act on the sails, which were attached to the balloon.

No. 4.—In 1816, Sir George Caley devised a navigable balloon. There were two balloons, a smaller on the top of the larger, and a sail and rudder. (Fig. 5.)

No. 5.—This consisted of a fish-shaped body, which was furnished with fins made of feathers; and lastly, Count Lennox's aërial ship, mentioned above. The body was of oblong shape, pointed at both ends.



AERIAL SHIP INVENTED BY M. HELLE, NOV., 1851.

(Fig. 7.)

Henson's aërial carriage consisted of a car, to which a rectangular frame, made of wood, or bamboo cane, and covered with canvas or silk, was attached. The frame extended on either side of the car, in a similar manner to the outstretched wings of a bird, but with this difference, the frame was immovable. Behind the wheels were two vertical fan wheels,

furnished with oblique vanes to propel the apparatus through the air. These wheels received motion, through bands and pulleys, from an engine in the car. To an axis at the stern of the car a triangular frame was attached, resembling the tail of a bird, which was also covered with canvas or oiled silk. Beneath the tail was a rudder, and, to facilitate steering, a sail was stretched between two masts which rose from the car.

On launching the machine into the air, an elevated position had to be chosen; then the machine would be allowed to run some distance down an inclined plane—for which purpose vertical wheels were attached to the bottom of the car. When the machine had acquired momentum the rotary fan-wheels were put into motion to raise it into the air. The carriage was 250ft. by 30ft., and the tail 50ft. long. The rainbow-like circular wheels were the propellers.

This was the description of the aërial carriage in the specification which Mr. Henson drew up and presented to the scientists of both Europe and America.

The propulsion of the spheroidal balloon by power applied to the windmill-like paddle-wheels was first shown by a model worked by a clock-spring, by Charles Green, of England, in 1831 or 1833.

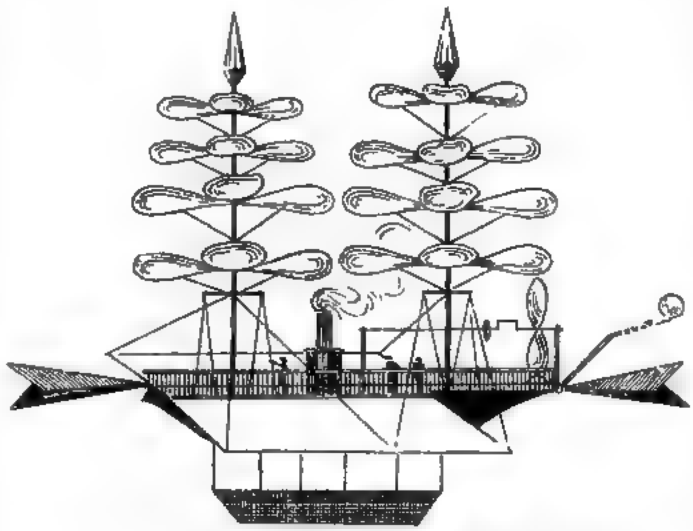
In 1850, plans were submitted by a Frenchman of an aërial machine. Attached to a long boat-shaped car were four large balloons and sails. Steam power was to be the force used for propulsion. A rudder in the shape of a large sail was proposed to steer it. The name of the inventor was Systeme Petrie.

Then came Julien's aërostat. The body of the machine was of conical shape, pointed at both ends, and was worked by a propeller. The car was boat-shaped. The inventor made a model, 25ft. long, and succeeded in his experiment made at the Hippodrome, Paris, the model going against the wind. This invention called for encouragement. (Fig. 6.)

In November, 1851, M. Helle proposed a scheme consisting of a combination of screws and sails, moved by the strength of two men. Attached to a square-shaped car was an ordinary balloon with propellers at the bottom for ascending and descending, and screws at each end for propulsion backwards and forwards. The experiment, however, was never tried. (Fig. 7.)

In 1863 M. Maden published a long treatise on aërial locomotion, and put his ideas before the scientists and aëronauts of the day.

In 1864 a M. David, of Paris, proposed a mechanically propelled aërostat with screws and sails and stated that he had discovered the solution of aërial navigation.



A WILD SCHEME FOR STEAM AËRIAL NAVIGATION, INVENTED BY M. DE LA LANDELLE.

(Fig 8.)

In the same year M. de la Landelle entertained a wild scheme for steam aërial navigation. (Fig. 8.)

In 1865 M. Arthur Mangin, in his beautiful volume, "L'Air et le Monde Aerien," gave his opinion in favour of some bird-like machine, and was enabled to conceive the successful direction of a balloon of any form.

Aërial navigation in the form of flying machines is still an unsolved problem. Will it remain so long? Assuredly no. No one thought of steam engines eighty years ago.

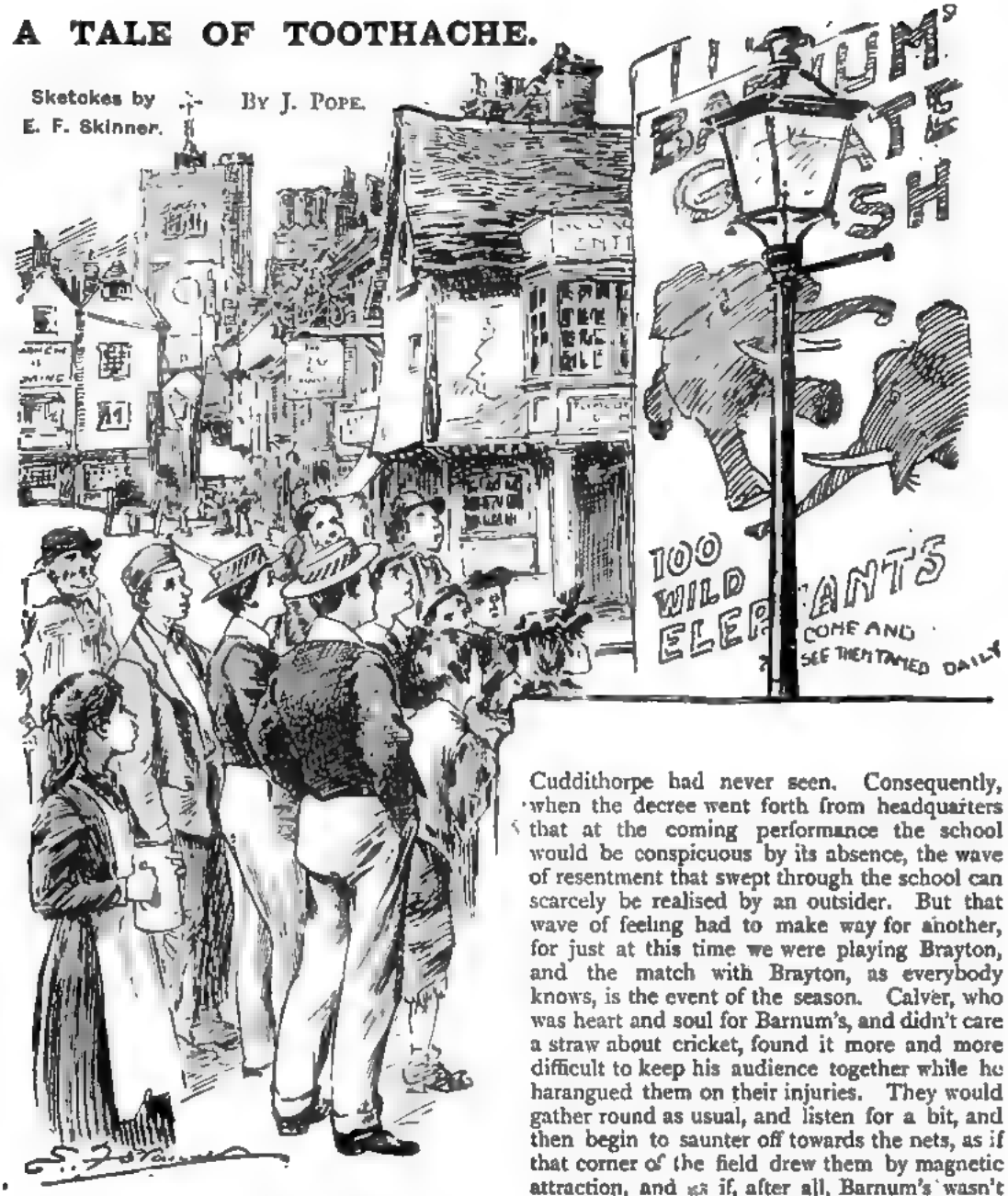
Aërial navigation is a problem that will be solved in the near future. It is bound to come. Not very long ago that wonderful inventive genius, Hiram Maxim, was fairly successful in experimenting with a flying machine of his own invention (which is depicted in the heading to this article), and we may be quite sure that other trials will follow.

The man who solves the riddle will gain such a triumph as the world has never seen.

A TALE OF TOOTHACHE.

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

By J. Pope.



I DON'T think the people of Cuddithorpe will ever forget Barnum's visit last summer. Certainly Calver and Gilliat, two of Dr. Dickson's boys, have a good reason for remembering it, though, as things turned out, their reason was rather different to other people's. The news that the Greatest Show on Earth was really coming on Monday the 21st, put the whole neighbourhood into a flutter, and the flutter was kept alive by a gallery of posters, the like of which Cuddithorpe had never seen. Consequently, when the decree went forth from headquarters that at the coming performance the school would be conspicuous by its absence, the wave of resentment that swept through the school can scarcely be realised by an outsider. But that wave of feeling had to make way for another, for just at this time we were playing Brayton, and the match with Brayton, as everybody knows, is the event of the season. Calver, who was heart and soul for Barnum's, and didn't care a straw about cricket, found it more and more difficult to keep his audience together while he harangued them on their injuries. They would gather round as usual, and listen for a bit, and then begin to saunter off towards the nets, as if that corner of the field drew them by magnetic attraction, and as if, after all, Barnum's wasn't the *only* interest in life. Now Calver was a very clever little chap, and he must have been a good deal older than he looked, for there weren't many things he didn't know. Some of the fellows, who were fond of talking on their own account, thought him a bit above himself, and called him "Cocksure Calver"; but his general nickname was the "Cynic," and that was the one he liked. Calver it was who introduced "arbitration" into the playground, and made it work, and though the bigger chaps never asked

his advice—of course, they wouldn't do *that*—they discussed things in his hearing, and certainly didn't discourage him to make remarks. Taking it all round, the school was rather proud of Calver, and Calver was rather proud of himself; but he had one weakness, and that was for Gilliat, a boy in the lower Fourth, with half his brains and twice his muscle. Being a cynic, of course he would not have admitted it for worlds, yet the funny thing was, he hankered more after Gilliat's applause than the admiration of the whole school. Gilliat was big, slow, and very lazy, but he had his points. He was a cricketer, every inch of him; people who knew said he was going to be a very useful man, and it was an open secret that the captain of the First had got his eye on him for the Brayton match.

It so happened that this show business formed a new bond between the two, for if Calver was keen, Gilliat was in a state of frenzy. He never tired of standing opposite the posters, and his mind dwelt on chariot races to the exclusion of everything else; while Calver was chiefly concerned with the long line of freaks, because he said he was absolutely certain they were all frauds, and he evidently felt specially called upon to expose them. Then the blow fell suddenly and crushed their hopes, and Calver found relief in haranguing the crowd while Gilliat slunk silently away by himself and brooded in quiet corners. The worst of it was he went right off his game, and didn't seem to care.

It was the Thursday before the day of the show. Gilliat was lounging against the playground wall kicking at the stones, when Calver came quietly up to him. It was a melancholy sort of evening, and just suited Gilliat's state of mind, but it appeared as if Calver's brooding days were over. There was a new light in his eyes, and though he wore an unconcerned air he evidently felt a little excited.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Gilliat," he remarked, in his grown-up way, "Why don't you come to Barnum's with me?"

Gilliat turned and faced him.

"Are you going?" he exclaimed.

Calver nodded.

Then he drew closer and for several minutes talked in a low voice. Gilliat was silent; at length he said, in his slow way—

"Rather low down, isn't it?"

"Low *down!*" cried Calver, with a kind of peevish anger, "and isn't it low down to stop us going to the Greatest Show on Earth when it *does* come our way once in a lifetime, for no reason whatever?"

"Yes," said Gilliat, "it is."

"Very well, then," returned Calver; but he looked offended, and walked away by himself.

Gilliat stood still and began kicking at the stones again viciously, then his eyes turned to the Cynic's retreating figure, and then he looked back over the meadows.

Calver was just turning out of the doorway into the field when he heard footsteps behind.

"I say, old chap, wait a second," said Gilliat. Calver waited with inward relief, and this time the conversation was continued to the end without interruption.

It was early summer; a week of tropical heat had been followed by a spell of cold with a north-east wind, and next day Gilliat had the toothache. He sat about with his face in his hands in a vile temper, and wouldn't speak a word to anyone. The matron gave him stuff to put in it, and homœopathic pills and things, and made him sleep with his head in a pepper plaster, and he became so frightfully impregnated with menthol that the fellows near him agreed that he must rub himself all over with it. The cold winds continued, and a day or two later poor little Calver got the toothache as well. He came in for a lot more sympathy than Gilliat, for, though he didn't make half so much fuss, you could see from his face how much he was suffering—and toothache is a trouble everybody feels sorry for—even a schoolboy.

The great Monday came and went, and Barnum's came and went, too. But not very far—only as far as Manningford, a neighbouring market town. Calver kept unusually quiet, which was rather disappointing, but we put it down to the intensity of his sufferings, which at last grew so bad that, in a tone of sympathetic suggestion, the matron mentioned the name of Mr. Searson, the dentist. Mr. Searson went to Manningford every Wednesday—Manningford market day—and received victims in a little room at the back of the chemist's shop.

"Gilliat has the toothache too," said the matron; "you know Gilliat?"

"That hulking big chap in the lower Fourth? Yes, I know him slightly."

"You won't mind him going with you—he wants his out as well. Jonas can meet you at Manningford Station, and go with you; he'll be driving the Doctor over to the Board meeting in the morning. I'm sure," she added tenderly, for she was very partial to the Cynic, "no one dreads the thought of the dentist more than I do, but I'm afraid there is nothing else for it, poor boy."

Calver sighed an assent and seemed prepared to meet his fate like a man.

"But how about Jonas?" said Gilliat doubtfully, when, later in the day, they contrived a stealthy interview.

The Cynic seemed quite bored at such a remark.

"Oh, my dear chap, don't you worry. I have managed things so far and I fancy I can manage Jonas. You forget what a squash there will be at Manningford Station; it's not impossible we may miss him—in fact, half a crown would make it a cert. Still, I don't want to start tipping—I object to it on principle."

"I don't mind tipping anybody," said Gilliat, simply, "when I'm flush——" Then he paused, for he was anything but flush just now, and, as it was, he would have to dip deeply into the last of the pocket money he had put by for a birthday present at home. That, however, was an unpleasant detail he had been trying to forget, for he was keener on the show than anything else in the world.

As the Cynic had foretold, there was quite a crowd at Manningford Station, and when the boys arrived by the 12.45 from Cuddithorpe, they had to push their way with some difficulty through the country joskins who were going to the show with their market baskets on their arms.

"And now for Jonas," said Calver, as they emerged into the station yard. "Mind how you go. I do wish you weren't such a confounded size."

Gilliat heartily wished the same, and tried to keep himself as much in the background as possible. But, so far, Jonas was nowhere in sight, and while they were looking about somebody came behind Gilliat and touched him on the shoulder. They turned, and mechanically pulled off their straws, for it was the Doctor.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the Cynic, rising coolly to the occasion; "we're just looking about for Jonas, he's coming with us to Mr. Searson's to have our teeth out. I expect he's just outside. Good afternoon, sir," and he raised his hat and began to move away.

"No," said the Doctor, "you won't find him just outside. We had a slight accident coming over this morning, and I've had to send Jonas to the saddler's to get the harness mended. I've got half an hour to spare, however, and I'll come with you myself to see fair play." He smiled pleasantly. "I'm sorry to hear you have been having such a bad time," he added, glancing at Calver.

No one would have guessed the Cynic's importance from the look of him, and the Doctor only saw a slight little chap whose face had suddenly grown white and worried.

"Toothache," said the Doctor, "is a tyranny

POOR LITTLE CALVER CAME IN FOR A LOT MORE SYMPATHY THAN GILLIAT.

no self-respecting fellow will put up with for more than three days. Isn't that so, Calver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! how do you do?" exclaimed the Doctor, for a lady was bowing to him very graciously, and called him to her carriage door.

The boys faced each other.

"Here's a mess!" said Calver, "what *are* we going to do?"

There was a peculiar expression about Gilliat's face that Calver didn't like the look of, and

somehow, from this point slow old Gilliat began to take the lead.

"You've just told him," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"We'll see it through now, old chap, and serves us right for playing a shady game."

"Have them *out!*" ejaculated the Cynic, incredulously.

"What else is there?" and Gilliat looked at him.

Calver looked away, and he was silent. Then an idea struck him.

"Of course," he said, "there is nothing else, if he is acting square; but what if he knows we're kidding, and is just seeing how far we'll go?"

"No; he doesn't know," replied Gilliat, slowly and with conviction; "besides, he's not that class. He can't possibly know—nobody knows but you and me—and he never need either, that's one blessing."

"*Blessing!*" said Calver, bitterly; "I admire your choice of words, Gilliat. Oh, I wish I'd got a moment to think in!"

But he hadn't, for the carriage was driving on, and the Doctor looked round for the boys.

The whole town was in a state of fluster; the High Street was crowded, and the crowd all going one way. Slowly, and not without pauses, the Doctor's portly figure breasted the current, with the two boys following in his wake, though everything that allured them lay in precisely the opposite direction. The people pushed and hustled—and Gilliat, with sullen, envious looks, hustled back viciously. But Calver was trying to think; he was trying to quiet his whirling brain, for the only idea that possessed it was the awful shortness of the distance from the station to the dentist's. And yet he knew, if it weren't for Gilliat, he could find a way out of the trap easily enough—Gilliat, with his dogged look and his slow-going, stupid ideas, and yet, Gilliat, whose opinion was of such ridiculous importance to him. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind and gave him new hope. Supposing old Searson wasn't there after all? Surely he *wouldn't* be there? Surely *everybody* was going to the show? The hope grew, and the Cynic began to think he saw his way to saving both his tooth and his reputation.

"Good afternoon, Doctor Dickson," said Mr. Judkins, the chemist. "Nice day, sir, but we've had it most unseasonable lately. Town very full, sir. Oh yes, sir, Mr. Searson is here, if you will just wait a few minutes." As he spoke a door opened at the back of the shop. "Ah! I see he is disengaged now, sir," added the chemist, for a countrywoman, with a very white face and her handkerchief up to her mouth came out, and passed hurriedly through the shop into the street.

When Mr. Searson turned to receive his visitors he slowly rubbed his hands together, and his eye sparkled, but perhaps that was Calver's fancy. He was an elderly man with white hair and whiskers, and a very florid complexion.

"These young gentlemen are in need of your assistance, Mr. Searson," said the Doctor, in his genial way. "They have got the toothache very badly, poor fellows, and want you to remove the offenders."

The dentist rubbed his hands together again. Business had been slack to-day, and a couple of half-crowns were not to be despised.

"Dear me, dear me; yes—yes—yes," he replied, in a tone of professional sympathy, "We'll soon manage that for them, Mr. Dickson. Yes, yes; your troubles will soon be over," and he turned with an affable smile to Calver, whose face by this time was a pale shade of green.

"Town very full to-day, sir," he continued, chattily, to the Doctor; "never saw such a quantity of people as came by the 10.20. It was worse than the Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Judkins says——"

The Doctor was a humane man, as his conduct on the way from the station testified; he had neither questioned the boys about their families nor harassed them with the feeble jokelets that are so dear to a head-master's heart. Now he stopped the dentist's gossip with quiet determination.

"Yes, very full," he said, "and I must leave in half an hour, so we'll get this little business settled as quickly as possible, please, Mr. Searson."

"Oh! certainly, certainly," replied the dentist, a little hurt, and he went to a small cabinet at the back of the room, from which came the clink of steel instruments.

"Now," he said, returning, "which young gentleman——?" and paused.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "who's first man?"

The Cynic was breathing short and fast; Gilliat glanced at him and said:—

"I am," and sat down on the chair. "It's this one," he said. Mr. Searman seemed a little incredulous, but hearing there was absolutely no doubt proceeded with his business.

It didn't last long.

"Thank you, sir," said the dentist, and Gilliat got up and went to a side table with a glass of water.

Suddenly he heard some talking going on behind, and Calver's voice raised in an imploring whimper.

"Oh! I can't! I can't," cried the Cynic, "I haven't got the toothache at all, sir! I never had it! I kidded because I wanted to go to the show, sir!"

"What!" cried the Doctor.

"We were frightfully keen on going to the show, sir, and it was the only way. *I* planned it all," and even at this crisis a note of pride crept into his voice.

The Doctor looked from one to the other, and Mr. Searson's eye grew stern, for it became clear to him that half a crown was slipping from his grasp.

THE OPERATION DIDN'T LAST LONG.

"And you too, Gilliat?" said the Doctor.

Gilliat wasn't in a position to answer at the moment, but his eyes met the Doctor's, and he nodded.

Dr. Dickson rose.

"Well, Mr. Searson," he said, "in that case we need not trouble you any longer, and I must apologise for having troubled you at all. Now, Gilliat, when you are ready."

Once more they followed the Doctor's portly figure out into the street, through the crowd, and back to the "Golden Lion," where Jones and the ostler were putting the mare into the dog-cart.

"Put the seat well in at the back, Jones," said the Doctor. It was the first remark he had vouchsafed since they left the dentist's; but once or twice he had looked at them both rather narrowly.

That was a hateful drive. The Cynic heartily wished he was dead. Now and then he shot a side glance at his companion, but he could not bring himself to speak. Gilliat's tongue was fully occupied in nursing the new-made chasm in his jaw, and when at last they reached the school, they avoided each other with the utmost perseverance.

They met later in the Doctor's study.

"I haven't much to say to *you*, Gilliat," said Dr. Dickson; "you have preferred to punish yourself. Remember, in future, please, that I don't stop your pleasures unless I have a good reason; also, that it's better to lose your pleasure than your self-respect."

Gilliat turned red, and said, "Yes, sir."

"That will do," said the Doctor. "You had better ask the matron to give you some bread and milk for supper."

Gilliat hesitated, then he said in a low voice:—

"Am I to play against Brayton, sir, if they want me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Doctor. "I don't want to punish the school; you can go now. Come here, Calver."

But Gilliat did not go. His face grew very red, and there was evidently something on his mind, and when the Doctor glanced up to see why he was waiting, he blurted out with great embarrassment: "He's only a little chap, sir; he's not used to knocking about like the rest of us; things hurt him more than——"

But before the Doctor could speak, Calver had stepped forward, and was interrupting.

"That's all right, Gilliat," he said quietly. "I don't *always* funk things."

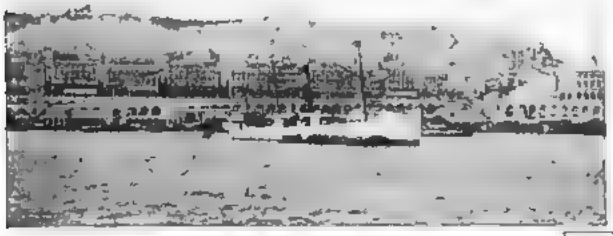
But it was remarked that for some days afterwards the Cynic was unusually quiet.

Gilliat did play against Brayton. He went in when things were looking awkward — very awkward—and made 100 runs. The school quite went off its head.

As for Calver, he forgot all about being a Cynic, and anyone who noticed his wild enthusiasm would little have guessed how much it hurt him to clap his hands.

THE CITY OF THE WHITE GHOSTS.

By H. E. Woolley.



ALGIERS FROM THE SEA.

WHEN the African shore first comes in sight, every eye is strained to make out the "City of the White Ghosts," as Algiers is justly called.

The white houses, piled one upon another, resemble exactly a chalk cliff. But, on entering the fine harbour made by the French, we see the old town rising up the hill-side, above the more modern one built by the conquerors.

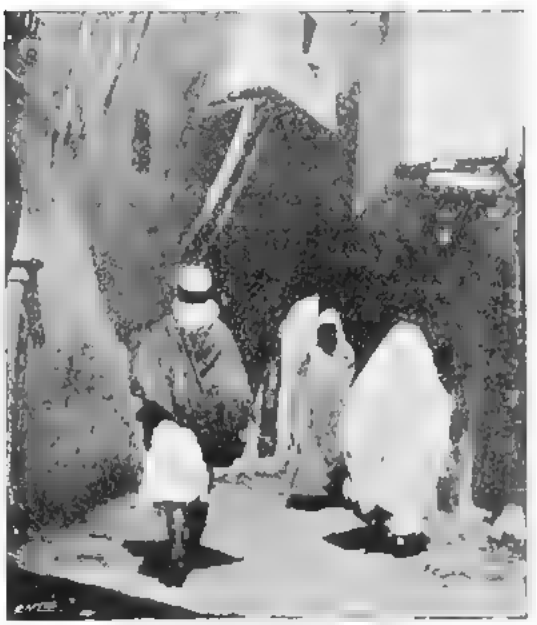
After landing, we naturally make our way along the "front" to the Place du Gouvernment, which, in a way, is the Piccadilly of

LA PLACE DU GOUVERNMENT.

RUE KLEBER.
The widest street in the Arab quarter.

Algiers. Here Arabs, Turks, and Greeks; English, French, and Americans, wander about quite freely, listening to the band, or chatting together in groups. As will be seen by the photograph, women are marked by their absence. Continuing to the right is the unique white structure the Mosquée el Djedia, one of the most famous mosques in the town.

But to the casual visitor, Arab Town proper offers most attractions. So we turn back and climb the Rue Kleber, a very narrow street, composed of long steps, full of shops without windows, and not particularly clean; and yet this is the widest street in the Arab quarter. Algiers has no dust carts, and this part of the



ARAB LIFE IN THE RUE KLEBER

town is dependent on the herds of lean and hungry dogs to do the scavenging part of the street cleaning, and we may here mention that carts are never used by the Arabs—donkeys and camels form the chief beasts of burden.

As we get higher and more into the heart of the town, the streets become narrower. After wending our way through a great number of these passages we arrive at the top of the town; and on the hills around are situated many villas, belonging to the richer Arabs, who prefer the fresh air of the hills to the heat and smell of the streets.

THIS IS A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A GOOD-LOOKING ARAB WOMAN.

These villas are beautifully decorated with mosaic work and brightly-coloured tiles, and, surrounded by magnificent palms, look quite fit to live in. The next photograph illustrates one of the finest of these villas.

We will now have a look at some of the customs of the Arabs. This fine race of men, who make the little Frenchman look very insignificant, seem to spend most of their time in the *cafés*, smoking cigarettes, drinking black coffee, and playing cards. The photograph below shows one of these *cafés;* but, instead of being a shop in the town, this one is a tent out on the hills.

A TYPICAL VILLA ON THE HEIGHTS BEHIND THE TOWN.

The photograph on the left shows an Arab woman in her quaint costume. She has come in, and has only just removed her veil. These women are horribly afraid of any man seeing them unveiled. Sad to say, this sex suffers great cruelties in Algeria.

Before we finish this short account of the Arab, we should like to say that great difficulty was found in obtaining some of these photographs, as the eastern gentleman is forbidden by his Koran, and otherwise strongly objects to being "kodaked," and only a very few will submit to this, even when enticed by the offer of money.

AN ARAB CAFÉ IN THE SUBURBS OF ALGIERS.

A BIT OF OUT-FIELDING.

A Tale of an Ocean Liner.

By George G. Farquhar.

The result of the fifth and final representative match between the Australian and English elevens was made known to those on board the *Bunyip* when that steamship called at Teneriffe on her outward voyage. The vessel had sailed from Southampton while the game was still in progress, and it was a private cablegram to Mr. Outhwaite, one of the ship's passengers and an old "gentleman player" himself, which announced the news of England's lack of success in that memorable contest. Mr. Outhwaite's dissatisfaction at the indecisive outcome, however, was beggared by the ludicrous chagrin of his son, Hector.

"If it isn't enough to make a fellow chuck up cricket in disgust!" said he, as, with face melancholy as a circus clown's, he lounged over to where three boys were awaiting him on the bridge deck. "Have you heard, Tyke? Another beastly draw!'

"Ugh! Didn't I say they ought to have picked more Yorkshiremen for the match? What's the good of a committee if they don't choose the——"

His further remarks were cut short by a strident cheer from the other two listeners.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they yelled, capering around in the height of glee. "Well done, Australia! Australia for ever! Hurrah!"

Their ardent enthusiasm will be readily understood when it is explained that Tom and Ernest Wanfield had been born and brought up in New South Wales, whither, after a twelve months' sojourn in England, they were now returning.

"That's something to crow about, anyhow!" exclaimed Hector Outhwaite, a trifle glumly. "What have the Kangaroos done, after all? Only one game out of the five test matches has been played to a finish——"

"And we won that, didn't we?" Tom Winfield chipped in eagerly. "We'd have come out on top in half the others, too, but for that idiotic rule which tries to squeeze a cricket match into three days only. Besides, we were handicapped by the climate all through. What's cricket mean in a climate like England? Why, it's playing on baked brick one day, and in a swamp the next. Skill and science don't count at all——"

"Crikey, man! Don't you see you're taking the credit off your own men by talking like that?" the Tyke ejaculated, sharply. "And anyway, what's cricket in Australia? Nothing but skittles on a Brussels carpet!"

"Not it!" repudiated Tom, flaring up at the retort. "It's matting we use, and that's better than sticky, sodden turf, say what you like. One innings isn't played on a hard wicket, and the next, after a shower of rain, in a clay puddle. It's fairer for both sides."

"Oh, all right," rejoined the Tyke, waiving the point. "What I maintain is this—that we Englishmen can lick you Colonials at cricket, if we only care to try, under any conditions you please to mention. There!"

"Yes," interposed Hector, hastily; "and if you don't believe that, we may have a chance of proving it before we get to Cape Town."

All three looked in bewilderment at the speaker.

"This way," he went on in explanation. "You say it isn't fair for Australians to have to play on English pitches; neither would it be for us to play on yours. The only way to settle the question is to arrange a game under conditions that are altogether new to both sides. You're agreed on that?"

"Yes, of course."

"Very well. Then the Tyke and I challenge you two Cornstalks to a deciding match. We'll represent Great Britain, while you're——"

"But when?—how?—what are you talking about?" said Tom Winfield, half in anger. "You forget that although you both leave the ship at Cape Town, we don't land there at all but go straight on to Melbourne. What's the good of jabbering rot?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll enlighten you," added Hector calmly. "I heard father arranging with some of those African millionaire chaps for a game as soon as we get into smoother water. It's deck-cricket, you know. The stumps are stuck in a slab of wood, and a net is rigged up over the side to stop the ball from flying overboard. I'll see if I can borrow the tackle after they've finished with it. My sister Elsie will lend me her ball so we needn't trouble——"

"What! a soft ball!" exclaimed Tom in derision. "Is it to be a kid's match, then?"

"But the captain wouldn't allow us to play with a hard ball, even if we had one. Besides, that's where the new conditions come in—that's one of them. Still, if you're going to back out just because of——"

"Oh, no, we're not! We'll play you, and chaw you up anyhow, too. Won't we, Ernest?"

"You accept the challenge, then?"

"Like one o'clock. When's it to come off?"

This was more than Hector could decide. Indeed, for close upon a week from that date the roughness of the sea put an absolute *veto* on the projected sport, and it was not until the *Bunyip* had crossed the Equator that the waves moderated, and the hot blistering effect of the sun was fully felt. Meanwhile, the rules and regulations as laid down by the M.C.C. had to be altered and modified to suit the exceptional circumstances of the case. In the first place, no umpires were considered necessary, for, of course, there were to be no disputes. Again, as the numbers in the rival teams were so very limited, the game was to be a "single-end" one. And, furthermore, if a ball struck by the batsman were caught by an opponent before it touched the deck—no matter whether it rebounded from the saloon frontage, the rail, boat-deck, netting, or the rigging overhead—the batsman should be given "out." To these novel laws, and several others, all the players subscribed without demur.

At length the great day arrived. We need not dwell upon the play of the oldsters; it was a travesty of real cricket—an excuse for mere merriment and ludicrous antics. The four lads looked on with disgust, and when at last the stumps were handed over to them, the serious and resolute purpose that shone in their eyes would have lent gravity to a bench of judges. Theirs was to be a life-and-death struggle for supremacy—the prestige of their native countries hung on the skill and prowess now to be displayed.

"I say, you fellows," Hector remarked, lugging out a large, gaily-painted rubber ball, "be careful with this. Elsie thinks a heap of it, and she doesn't know I've sneaked it."

"Oh, all right; we can't hurt it much with this thing," rejoined Tom, holding up the "bat" for inspection—a ship's carpenter's notion of a cricket bat, something between a sand-spade and an Indian club. "We're to have an innings each, you say? Well, hurry up, or we shan't finish before dark."

Hector, winning the toss, put his man in first. Tom Winfield went on to bowl, while his brother kept wicket; both had also to act as fieldsmen and make the most of their meagre forces generally. Quickly the bowler discovered that to trundle overhand or roundhand was but so much energy thrown away; the hollow ball, rebounding from the hard deck planks, sprang over the bails harmlessly when the batsman failed to hit it. Therefore Tom had recourse to underhand "grubs," to which, after a little practice, he managed to impart a particularly awkward twist. And it was one of these "curlers" which finally beat the batsman, the score being then at eighteen.

Hector went in with a fixed idea as to the best method of getting runs. He had noted, for instance, that it did not pay to hit to square-leg, nor to attempt the cut; in one case the ball only plomped full against the panels of the saloon, and in the other, against the netting, bouncing back each time to a spot more or less close to the batting-crease. His sole aim, therefore, was to get the ball away past the bowler by long vigorous drives. And these tactics met with instant success. A merry time Hector had of it until, stepping out to a short-pitched ball and misjudging it, he was smartly stumped by the wicket-keeper. England was all out for forty-three!

The first Australian wicket, Ernest's, went down for seven—caught out. But the unusual character of that "catch" deserves more than a casual notice, illustrating as it did the vicissitudes of the game on board ship, as well as the peculiar applicability of one of the new laws above-mentioned. Hector had sent up a tempting "lob," at which Ernest hit out vigorously; the ball, glancing off the willow, flew hard towards the port rail, whence it was deflected by the net to the boat deck above and again on to the front of the saloon. Darting forward, the Tyke stooped low and caught it with his left hand ere it reached the deck.

"How's that?" cried he, with a whoop of delight. "How's that?"

"A neat catch, young gentleman," said the second officer, who chanced to be the only disinterested spectator—most of the passengers having sought the shade and breeze to windward. "A very clever bit of work, indeed!"

"I wasn't out!" blurted Ernest, his cheeks burning crimson with disappointment. "It couldn't have happened—it wouldn't have been out—on any cricket field in the world. A rotten, silly game! No, I wasn't out, there, not fairly!"

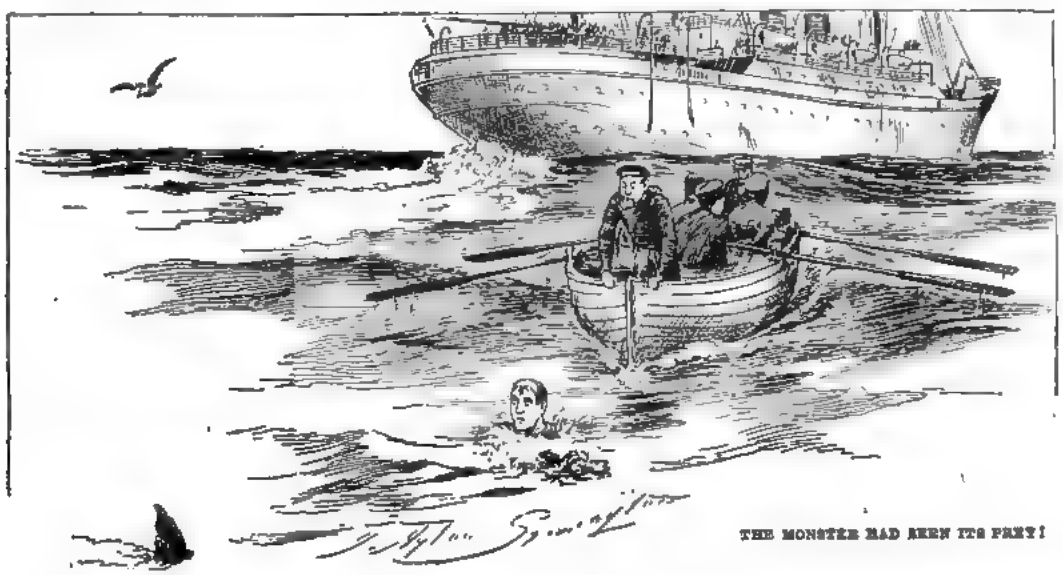
"Golly, just listen to that!" Hector replied, indignantly. "What're you to make of a chap who first agrees to a certain rule and then tries to wriggle out of it when it tells against him? Here, I say, Tom," he added, appealing to the Australian captain's sense of justice. "What's your opinion? Wasn't he out then?"

"We won't bother to dispute it," said Tom, magnanimously. "Never mind, Ernest, we're not whopped yet. Give me the bat."

Tom's confidence in his own ability to wipe off the arrears soon seemed likely to be justified by his deeds. He made ample amends for his brother's failure. Completely collaring the bowling, he piled up the runs at an amazing rate. More than that, he further developed and perfected Hector's system of attack by swinging

round at every ball which came to leg and slogging it hard past the stumper in the direction of the *Bunyip's* bows. With the score at thirty-two, Hector tried a change of bowler, and the Tyke was entrusted with the leather. Still the notches mounted up—faster, indeed, than ever. The Antipodean was unmistakably firmly set, and the faces of the English "eleven" grew longer with the score. Clearly they were fighting an uphill battle now.

Then, unexpectedly, came the end. The colonials wanted no more than six runs to win, when Tom took advantage of a loose ball to bring his favourite stroke once more into play. Impelled by one of his mightiest swipes, the painted sphere whizzed past the protecting corner of the saloons, ricochetting off a bollard-head to skim swiftly



THE MONSTER HAD SEEN ITS PREY!

across the deck to windward, Hector going full pelt after it.

"Throw it in, man!" yelled the Tyke, hurrying up to the wicket. "If you're quick we'll have him run out. In with it, Hector—sharp, now!"

But while the fieldsman was yet a good half-dozen yards behind it, the ball shot between the unguarded starboard rails and dropped into the

"Reckon that's a boundary hit, young sir," laughed the second officer, watching Hector's flying figure. "At any rate, you may put it down as a 'lost ball,' if ever there—— Hi, stop him, there! Great Scott, the young shaver's overboard!"

It was true. Naturally of an eager and impetuous temperament, heedless now of all else but the one absorbing desire to win the match, carried away by the keenest excitement and blind for the moment to his surroundings, Hector had dashed impulsively forward, and, before his intentions could be guessed, had sprung over the rail after the ball into the waves.

At once the *Bunyip's* deck became a scene of wild commotion; the yell of "Man overboard!" was followed by rapid orders for reversing the engines and for the clearing away of a boat. Half a dozen lifebuoys were flung over the side, but to these Hector paid no heed; he did not even hear the rattle of the davit falls as the boat was lowered, nor did he note the fast-lengthening gap between him and the ship before the liner could be brought to a standstill. He had eyes and thoughts only for the crimson globe that bobbed so jauntily on the wave-crests, some two hundred yards away, and towards this goal he struck out with all the vigour of his hardy limbs. Yet, although Hector prided himself on his abilities as a swimmer, he made but slow progress — the weight of his saturated clothes hampered him and dragged him down. Clenching his teeth, he redoubled his exertions.

Perhaps half the distance between him and the ball had been covered when, peering anxiously ahead, Hector suddenly emitted an explosive shriek of horror. In a line with the ball, and not far from it, there appeared a black, leathery, triangular object—the dorsal fin of a shark!

Even while Hector gazed awe-stricken at the sight, the fin quivered for a moment in the air, and then disappeared. The monster had seen its

prey! Hector's blood went cold within him—a sensation of nausea came over him. The boy gasped and gurgled convulsively, plunging madly with hands and feet, the briny water filling his mouth, his nostrils, his ears and eyes, blinding and choking him. Of a sudden he felt his elbow seized as in the jaws of a vice, his arm seemed to be dragged out of its socket, a vivid flash of fire shot athwart his eyes—and the rest was pitchy darkness.

* * * * *

"See, he is coming round at last. You need have no anxiety about your son now, Mr. Outhwaite; he'll be as sprightly as ever by to-morrow. Yet, indeed, it was a narrow squeak. The seaman grabbed him by the arm, and hauled him into the boat only just in time. Another second, and the shark would have had him. In fact, the brute shot so closely past the bows of the boat that one of the men leaned over and jabbed it with his oar."

Hector stirred slightly and opened his eyes. He was lying in his own bunk on the steamship, his father and the ship's doctor being the only other occupants of the cabin. It was the latter who had just spoken.

"The ball—did I shy it up in time?" murmured the boy wearily. "How many did he make, Tyke? We never settled anything about boundaries, you know, and I wasn't sure whether—— Eh? Why, where are you, Tyke? I wanted to ask you if we'd won or lost——"

"Don't worry, laddie," interposed Mr. Outhwaite tenderly. "You're still too dazed and excited to understand."

"However," added the doctor, smiling, "if it will ease your mind, I may assure you that the ball *was* picked up—by the shark. I'm afraid it didn't prove such a toothsome morsel as you would have been. And, by the bye, Hector, if I were you I don't think I'd hurry to get well again—unless, that is, you're longing to hear one of the captain's lectures on shipboard discipline and the idiocy of foolhardy exploits."

IMPRESSIONS I HAD AT SCHOOL.

THE FAT BOY.

(1) When George Augustus first went to school, this is what he expected the fat boy would be like.

(2) But he was pleasantly surprised when he found that it was a nice chap like this who was called the fat boy.

Drawn by D. McEwen.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Askean's football results in the number before us (June) are printed in a concise and business-like way, which other editors might imitate with advantage.

The Bathonian (July).—Cricket—sports—the war! A shilling seems a large sum to ask for such a small magazine; a reduction in price might raise the circulation. Still, "Bobs" are very popular just now.

The Blue (May).—Obituary notices should not be printed *on the first page* of a school magazine. "Sports' Day" is well described in humorous verse; but why are the results of the sports "held over" until the next number?

The Breconian (July) is notable for the very touching and manly article on H. C. M. Locke—a prefect of Brecon, who died at home during the Easter Holidays. "He was in the front rank of everything. His character may be summed up in three words: Thorough, Manly, Honest." I think the readers of this magazine will do well to study the following paragraph:—

> Intellectually, he might be described as patient and retentive, more than brilliant . . . . All that he did, in every subject, was done thoroughly. You often saw him puzzled with a difficulty. But, if you were his teacher, you would find it worth your while to help him through. His difficulties, certainly, were odd enough at times, but they meant thought and struggle: every teacher knows that the most solid progress often comes of just such struggles and application. What he gained, he held. It was equally the case in play. His talents needed cultivation. But they got it. You would watch him patiently applying what he learned from those who knew, and conquering, as he conquered in his work.

The Colstonian (April), publishes a good portrait of the head-master's wife. This magazine seems to be flung together rather than edited. School Notes *must* come first.

The Cottesmorian.—Very good paper and printing. Publication of each boy's weight, height, and chest measurement is a useful idea.

Cooper's School Magazine (July), is noteworthy for an excellent parody of "Excelsior," entitled, "Teuf-teuf," by somebody who modestly signs himself "W. A. A." The subject is a motor-car. We reproduce the parody on next page.

Carthusian (August) is very fine and large. "The oppressive heat," says the newly-appointed editor, "has given rise to the introduction of several novelties. Perhaps the most appreciated of these is the permission given to the whole school to take off their coats during the examinations. In Hall the transformation in one minute from black to white was quite wonderful."

Danensis (Doncaster Grammar School) announces that T. E. F. Turner, their crack long-jumper, has left the school to take an appointment in the Civil Service. If his jumps at work equal his jumps at play, he will soon find himself at the top of the tree.

Dunelmian (Durham School) tells us how the School beat "the Bar" by 170 runs. Rowing flourishes at Durham. When will there be a "Public School Cup" at Henley?

Edinburgh Royal High School Review gives result of debate, "Was Napoleon or Wellington the greater general?" Napoleon got ten votes, and Wellington twelve. Anybody who has *studied* Napoleon's career will disagree with this decision, although, of course, being Britons, we like to put our own man first. Napoleon was undoubtedly the greatest general the world has ever seen. At the end, especially, the luck was dead against him. Wellington was a very talented leader, but Napoleon was a genius—that was the difference between them.

The Elean (King's School, Ely) has a trenchant book reviewer on its staff. His two pages on "Stalky & Co." are especially well done, although that does not mean that we altogether agree with him. A story about good boys is not nearly so interesting as a story about boys who are not as good as they might be, and this Mr. Kipling knows. The *Elean* is one of

the most literary magazines that reaches me. I congratulate its editor.

Elizabethan (Westminster School).—We trust the editor will attend to his correspondent's complaint re "Football Reports." These should be brief and pithy, and players who distinguish themselves should always be mentioned — a seasonable word of commendation puts a lot of heart into a man.

Giggleswick Chronicle is very neat and nice, but inclined to be dull. Why lead off with two essays? School Notes should come first. The headmaster, we observe, has presented the whole of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (sixty-three volumes) to the school library. A very generous and useful gift.

The Haileyburian (four numbers) still, like Malvern, goes coverless, although Westminster and Charterhouse sport pink, Shrewsbury light blue, Merchant Taylors' a pale green, and Mill Hill a gallant "khaki." However, the *Haileyburian* is well conducted, and it is evident that the editor is a painstaking gentleman.

The Hurst Johnian is a dear little pocket magazine. As the oldest but one of all school magazines, the O. F. has a great regard for it. The "Editorial" is written with a bright, anecdotal touch that surely wins all hearts.

Hymerian (Hymers College, Hull) reports an interesting debate on "Ghosts." The motion "That this house believes in ghosts" was lost by 17—5. This is the only school magazine we have lighted on whose price is 7d.

Ipswich School Magazine.—The editor complains that his contribution box "is empty; empty, too, the editorial waste-paper basket." We hope his readers will mend this matter. No wonder the editorial notes end with a pathetic announcement to the effect that "the air of Ipswich favours not the poet of spring."

The Johnian (St. John's, Leatherhead), in sober grey, is an excellent paper. C. W. Perkins (O.J.), of the Imperial Light Horse, sends an interesting letter from Ladysmith. He was one of the first twenty to enter that city on the occasion of its relief.

Other Magazines Received:

Aberdeen Grammar School, Alperton Hall, Barrian, Bathonian, Bethany House School, Blue, Brighton College, Bramptonian, Clayesmorian, Cliftonian, Colonia, Dundas Vale Monthly, Eastbournian, Elstonian, Glasgow Academy Chronicle, Invalid, "Jottings," Kelvinside Academy, Leys Fortnightly, Llandovery School Journal, Llanelly County School, Lorettonian, Ludlow Grammar School, Malverian, Mercers' School, Mill Hill, Monmouthian, Mount Record, N.E.C.S., Novarcensian, Olavian, Ousel, Owlet, Pauline, Peterite, Pilgrim, Pioneer, Plymouthian, Plymouth Corporation Grammar School, Portmuthian, Princess Alfred College Chronicle (Adelaide), Quernmorian, Radiator, Ramsetan, Reptonian, Review, Saint Andrew's College (Grahamstown, S.A.), Saint Thomas' College (Colombo), Salopian, School Bell, Scribbler, Sedberghian, Shandonian, "S.S.G.A.," Skegness College, Streatham School, Student's Friend (Malabar), Sydnetan (Sydney), Taylorian, Tettenhallian, Touchstone, Truro College, United Services College Chronicle, Victorian, Walsallian, Westward Ho!, Williamsonian, Xaverian Oracle, Yellow Dragon (Hong-Kong).

(Further reviews will appear next month.)

"TEUF-TEUF!"

With profuse apologies to Longfellow.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As on a dusty high road passed
A youth, upon a motor-car—
The noise of which was heard afar:
Teuf-teuf!"

His brow was wet; his throat was dry,
But still he made that motor fly,
And all the time, at every jar,
There came from out that plunging car:
"Teuf-teuf!"

In happy homes he saw the time
Had nearly got to half-past nine;
"Ah me!" he groaned, "I must not bide,"
So opened he the throttle wide—
"Teuf-teuf!"

"Go not so fast," the old man said,
"Lest you should pitch upon your head—
Because the road's not very wide."
But loud that wicked motor cried:
"Teuf-teuf!"

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest;
I'm sure to do so would be best."
The youth—to save his breath, it seemed—
Said nothing, but the motor screamed:
"Teuf-teuf!"

"Beware the tin-tacks in the way!
Beware the stones, you chap, I say!"
This was the old man's last good-night.
The youth's came as he swept from sight:
"Teuf-teuf!"

That day a motor-car was found
In little pieces on the ground.
It never more would rush along
With its interminable song:
"Teuf-teuf!"

There in the twilight cold and gray,
The youth mid oily fragments lay.
His journey ended in a cart
Drawn by a horse—Not in a smart
Teuf-teuf!

[By "W. A. A." in *Cooper's School Magazine.*]

SPECIAL·PAGES

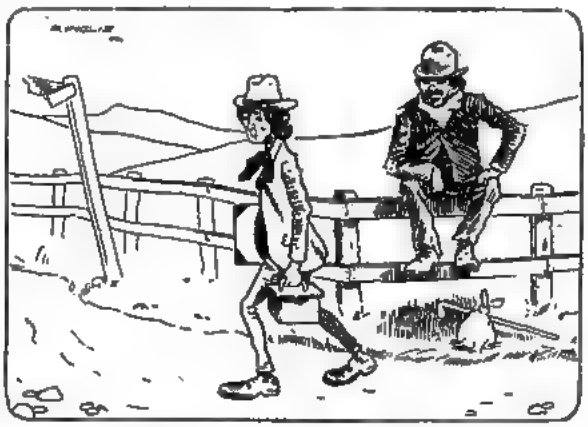
CONTRIBUTED·BY·READERS

This month One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to A. INGLIS, 30, Campbell Street, Johnstone, N.B., for his three drawings (published in these pages).

Scotland for Ever, England in the——!

What can be the meaning of this curious title? Is it—can it be the result of a war? Is it an election, proving victorious for Scotland? Is it the announcement of an international cricket match?

No, readers, it is not one of these. It includes something of vast importance, of magnitude, of strength in the world of reasoning and of the understanding. What sultry mind could think for a moment of these occurrences, which become so paltry, so insignificant, before the contest between the bravest nations of the world—the Anglo-Scottish contest for the celebrated CAPTAIN competitions. Three cheers—nay, three thousand cheers, for Scotland! Yes, I say again, three thousand cheers and more for thee, O wild Caledonia!



LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES IN FOREGROUND.
By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.

Let us now relapse into a more serious and more sober frame of mind, and consider the results of THE CAPTAIN competitions from April 1899 to April 1900, inclusive.

Taking for each month, respectively, the numbers of Scottish winners, we have: 7, 3, 1, 0, 3, 5, 7, 3, 4, 3, 4, 4, 3.: Total, 47.

What a great difference this seems to the English numbers: 16, 23, 17, 16, 17, 24, 33, 25, 22, 20, 24, 16, 15: Total, 269.

Why, then, this noise—this "Scotland-praising-to-the-skies?" Oh, ye unbelievers, ye English phantoms! Yes, truly was it said, "Pride shall have its fall." Is not England larger by far than Scotland? Are not the English more numerous than the Scotch? Aha!

Yes, the English are more than eight times more numerous than the Scotch, eight times forty-seven is 376—107 more than the English winners.

Bring forth the purple robe and put it on the youth of Scotland; put a crown on his head, and kingly shoes on his feet; and bring hither the diadem of victory; let us feast, drink, and be merry.

"Scotland never did, and never shall, lie under the proud foot of" an English CAPTAIN competitor!

"SECOND MATE."

[This young gentleman seems to be quite excited over Scotland's victories. Well, it is good to be enthusiastic, so long as you don't break a blood-vessel.—O.F.]

Food for Rabbits.

In the August number of THE CAPTAIN I notice "Brer Rabbit" informs your readers that "Hare's Parsley" is a very good food for rabbits. Cow's, hare's, or hedge parsley, as it is sometimes called, is a tall plant, with a white flower, which much resembles the hemlock, and with this resemblance comes the danger, for, should any of the deadly hemlock be given in mistake, the rabbit is certain to die. I am a rabbit keeper of eight years' experience, and find the following list of foods the best: greens, chicory, dandelion, tares, plantain, lettuce, milk thistle, and clover. Cabbage should never be given. Also, the following roots for winter: carrots, turnips, parsnips,

and beetroots. The rabbits should be bedded with hay, and fed on oats, bran, scalded Indian or barley meal, boiled potatoes, to which may be added a little crushed linseed, wheat, and sharps. Grey peas which have been soaked in water for twenty-four hours are a capital pick-me-up. Boiled rice may be also given for variety. Above all, keep the rabbits as clean as possible, and you are pretty sure to succeed with these pretty and profitable pets.

ROBSON ARROWSMITH.

"CAPTAIN" MOUNTAINEERS TOP OF "LE LUISAN," SWITZERLAND.

"You don't seem to get in the least tired however long you are out."

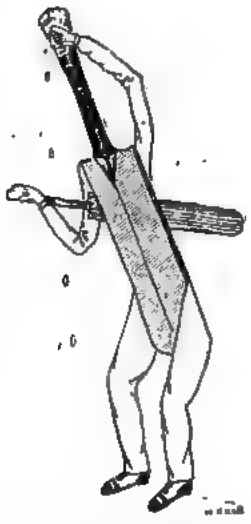
Sent by "B. A."

An Optical Illusion.

This is a perfect little illusion, which can be easily done by carrying out the following instructions.

Take a piece of fairly stiff paper (cartridge for preference) about a foot long, and roll it into a tube. Now place your left hand before your face, with the palm towards you; take the tube in your right hand, and place it against the right side of your left hand (just below your little finger), then put your right eye close to the tube *keeping both eyes open*, when, lo! on looking through, it will appear as if you have *a hole through your hand!*

HUGH HUGHES.



THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Drawn by W. Huntly.

Among the Kaffirs.

Although I am an English girl, I have lived a great part of my life in Africa, and perhaps it may be interesting for English boys and girls to hear a little about the Kaffir's mode of living.

I can distinctly remember, during the six months which I spent on an African farm, enjoying many an early breakfast of sour milk and mealies (or maize) with the Kaffirs.

They lived about 100yds. away from the farm, in their round mud huts. The outsides of these huts are covered with mud and skins, and are quite waterproof. Let us enter one and investigate a little inside. The floor is composed of cow dung, which has been hardened and beaten down with the tread of many bare feet. In the centre of the hut is a thick, smooth pole, which is used for hanging their blankets and household articles upon.

At a short distance away from the pole a peat fire is kindled, and emits a good deal of smoke, which finds its way out by the hole in the side—called the door, for there is no other opening. Nine or ten Kaffirs often collect together and smoke their long clay pipes; at such times I used to feel a sort of dread to enter the huts, for the great black men and women looked very fierce in my eyes. But they were always pleased to see me, and often offered me a seat by the fire. Outside the huts the men, women, and children squatted in sleepy idleness, basking in the hot African sun; while others bathed in the river a short distance away. The Kaffir babies were not as amiable as their seniors, and if ever I tried to talk to them, they would crawl away, jabbering like little monkeys. As soon as a Kaffir is ten or eleven, he is sent to look after the cows and sheep, or drive the waggons with their teams of oxen; and he enjoys the life, too.

In my opinion, the Kaffirs are a very fine race, but misunderstood, and suffering from the cruel treatment they have received from the Boers. Under our rule

"THE SWEET TOOTH."

By Vic Steer.

"THE RIVALS."
By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.

and protection, I believe they will become true and loyal subjects of the Great White Queen!

NORAH N. TAYLER.

A Poem in Three Verses.

(Extract from page 282, June, 1900.—*Owen Parry.* . . . "I like little poems of three verses."—O. F.]

This is a "poem" a wily wag
Has made of a certain size
For the purpose of catching the dear Old Fag;
(And a contribution prize)—
You see?
For the wily wag is wise.

The dear Old Fag likes verses three.
And this shall be no more;
For a "Captain" must be obeyed at sea
Or the ship may touch the shore—
You see?
And the Old Fag be no more.

Gay or grave, the wide world round,
Our crew don't wish for that.
They wish to keep him *above* the ground,
Cheerful, happy, rich, and fat—
You see?
OUR crew looks out for that!!!

WILLIAM SAMPSON (Australia).

A Glimpse of the Paris Exhibition.

Till this summer I have been able to speak of myself as one of the few Britons who have never left their native shore. But at length fate sent me the desired opportunity to see the Continent, and I found myself in pleasant company on board the *Pas de Calais*. Over the voyage across I will draw a veil; suffice it to say that, "life on the ocean wave" will not henceforth be one of my ideals.

It was dusk when we reached Paris, so we could see but little of its beauties, especially as the drive occupied our whole attention; for a cab drive in Paris is excellent training for the nerves How eager the man seemed to bring our holiday to a sudden and untimely conclusion, as if he knew we were the terrible English—and then actually had the audacity to demand double the usual fare!

Next morning saw us up early and hastening through the quiet streets to get our first glimpse of the Exhibition buildings—and fairy-land it looked in the bright sunshine, the structures are so delicate in form and colouring.

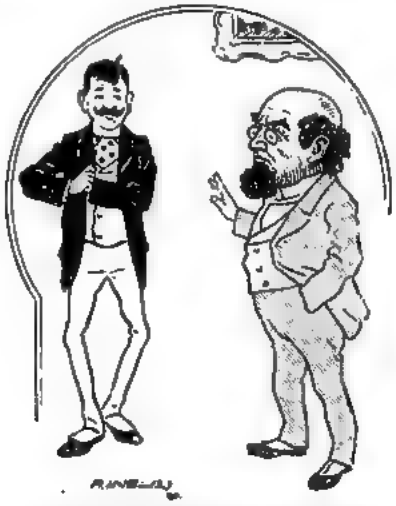
All along the banks of the Seine stand buildings representative of the different European countries. Up and down the broad river steamers plied, crowded with passengers anxious to get a general view of the beautiful grounds.

Three 60c. tickets were soon purchased, and we were inside. For a bird's-eye view of the whole, we mounted the moving platform, and were carried the complete circuit. The floor moving under one is slightly suggestive of the Spanish Inquisition, but a popular item of the programme evidently. Then we sauntered along the Rue des Nations; saw a Turkish mosque, with merchants in the alcoves around displaying their embroideries. Close by stood a duplicate of a mansion near Bradford-on-Avon, which only lacked the peacocks and greensward to complete the picture.

FEROCIOUS-LOOKING TRAMP (to poor old gentleman in an unfrequented lane): "Say, guv'nor, would yer like to buy this 'andsome loaded revawlver? I'm desp'rite 'ard up."

By J. P. Grandidier.

Further on was a copy of the Capitol, with Washington's statue. After *café complet* we crossed the Seine, and wandered through galleries



His Little Mistake: "No, sir, not a word, I won't listen. You can't have my daughter's hand upon any consideration Please let that be sufficient."
"Thank you, sir, but I didn't call for your daughter's hand. I've come for your little gas bill, which you'll understand is now three months over due."
By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.

of grand pictures from all parts of Europe; and then from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the form of side shows, where stands the topsy-turvy house, resting on its chimneys.

Next day saw us waiting at the gates for the hour of admission. All that long, yet all too short, day we tramped about, regardless of fatigue or heat. We hurried past the exquisite exhibits of German porcelain ware, and reached the Japanese section, only to find packing cases still unopened. Much of the Exhibition was most unfinished—the section devoted to machinery, for instance—and late comers will have a distinct advantage over early visitors, whose views of glorious exteriors were marred by scaffolding and builders' materials.

The days spent there slipped away all too soon, and we found ourselves back at work, but with pleasant and helpful memories to stimulate us to "renewed assiduity," as Miss Penelope Kitson would say.

E. R. Simmons.

Some Dictionary Boys.

A military boy.	Reggie Mental.
An orderly boy.	Dick Orum
A warlike boy.	Tommie Hawke.
A benevolent boy.	Phil Anthropy.
A literary boy.	Eddie Torre.
A merry boy.	Joe Viality.
A good-natured boy.	Ben Evolent.
A brave boy.	Val Orous.
A cowardly boy.	Tim Idity.
A typical British boy.	Pat Riotic.
A gem of a boy.	Chris Olyte.
A strategic boy.	Artie Fisse.
A seafaring boy.	Bill Owey.
A boy bound to get on.	Percy Verance.

John Leigh Turner.

A Very "Tall" Tree.

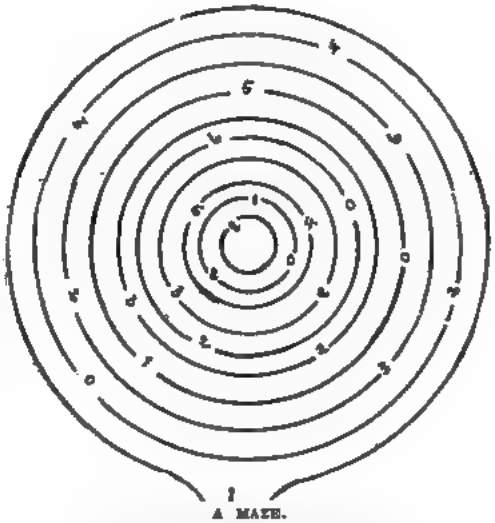
A school-friend told me a rather curious story the other day.

His uncle in America once bought a kitchen table. The Americans do not always season their wood, so not long after he had bought the table he found that it was sprouting, so he put the four legs of the table into the ground, and it is now seen growing up as a tree.

Frank L. Christie.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Seaflower.—You write earnestly and seem to know your subject well, but your essay is weak in composition and spelling. Watch these points, and next time make your contribution about half the length of this one. **Charles F. Clarkson.**—Your "Tournament" essay is neatly written, but the way you express yourself is too "schoolroomy." Write freshly and naturally—as a boy would write—on some subject very near to your heart, such as your favourite hobby, game, or book. **H. Chamberlain.**—Essays written on *both* sides of the paper do not "meet with my approval." Keep an eye on your



A Maze.
To get to the centre counting thirty.
Drawn by Edgar A. Leigh.

punctuation, young man, and send along something rather stronger than "How we lost our top-mast." **Arthur Stanley.**—You'll make money out of comic verse if you persevere, but don't neglect your daily-bread work for this pleasant hobby. Do it in the evening, and bang your things at the comic papers. Keep copies. "Muff" not quite up to your usual standard. **Herr Skein** and **Maud Parsons.**—Your figures are stiff and wooden-looking. Draw from the life, and make a careful study of perspective before you venture to send anything else in. **T. Judson.**—See reply to "H. Chamberlain." There are about twenty spelling mistakes in your story. Why not send an essay on "What I want to be when I'm a man"? **R. C. Tharp.**—Well, your Carnival verses are not very good and not very bad. Fair to middling. Rhythm irregular. Try a more inspiring subject. **A. E. Jones.**—The puzzle is ingenious. Sorry cannot use it. **H. Kershaw, F. C. Owen,** and **G. A. Watkin.**—Special page sketches have to be reduced small, so please make your lines stronger and clearer. **I. Kelsey.**—The joke is an old one. **E. O. Pearse.**—(1) Photo not strong enough. (2) Not the kind of joke for the Special Pages. Many thanks for letter. **Frank Crisp, H. Doig,** and **A. S. A.** are requested to try again. **G. W. Mason.**—Your design looks like a copy. Is this so? **Sid P. H.**—Don't copy; draw from Nature, and send in again. **G. Walker.**—No; take more pains. **Geo. Monks.**—Not the kind of thing we want. **A. W. Dicks.**—Sorry we cannot use photograph of waterfall. **A. J. Judd.**—Will keep puzzle for future use. "S. P. R. A." stands for "Special Page Royal Academy."

Also contributions from: C. G. Megginson, Mabel Shepherd, "Dorothy," Frank K. Brady, J. D. Hughes, T. L. Westerdale, L. G. Lawson, "Shortfellow," J. S. Leese, J. Gunn, Richard Mellish, O. C Whiteman, V. Glenmore, D. O. N. Key, and others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

No. 1.—"**A Chance for Artists.**" THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS will be awarded for the three best "Initial Letters" or "Tail-pieces." (See pp. 517, 522, 535, 565, etc., of September number for good examples.)

Class I. . . .	Age Limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. .	Age limit Twenty.
Class III.	Age limit Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**My Favourite Monarch in English History.**" The "character" competition in September having proved very popular, we are giving another this month. Do not exceed 400 words. Prizes will be THREE HANDSOME BLOTTING CASES.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**From London to Sydney.**" Three prizes of 7s. will be awarded for the three best maps showing "Shortest Course of a Vessel Bound from London to Sydney." Marks given for neatness.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II	Age limit. Sixteen.
Class III	Age limit Twelve.

No. 4.—"**The Field of Fair Renown.**"—Describe, briefly, the bravest deed you have ever heard or read of. Prizes will be three books—value 6s. each—which the winners may choose for themselves.

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. .	Age limit. Nineteen.
Class III . . .	Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 5.—"**Poem on Christmas.**" HALF A GUINEA will be paid for the best poem on "Christmas."

One age limit ... ... Twenty-five.

No. 6.—"**Books that have Influenced Me.**" THREE "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be given for the three best essays on this subject. Limit of words: 400.

Class III.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class I.	Age limit. Twenty.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

THIS October will be a red-letter month for many young men leaving the confined life of school for the great area without. Numbers will be going to Oxford, Cambridge, and other universities; many will be coming to London to "walk" the hospitals, read for Army and other examinations, enter offices and banks, and, in brief, begin that WORK which will lay the foundation stones of their future fortunes.

To all such I should like to say a word in season—on the subject of Manliness. The majority of these fellows, free from the fetters of home and school, will be left pretty well to follow their own devices—to cut paths for their feet to tread in the illimitable Garden of the World. Their conduct may to a certain extent be checked by tutors and guardians, but not in every respect. It rests with a fellow himself to do right or to do wrong, and the course he adopts now will certainly affect the whole of his after career. So will you act as a MAN? Will you run straight, or will you make a fool of yourself?

Very much depends upon what sort of a "set" a man gets into. If he mixes with worthless companions, and weak-mindedly "follows his leader" into all sorts of follies, there's no saying what will—or won't—become of him. You see, I don't want to make prigs of you; but, at the same time, I would lay emphasis on the fact that dissipation is not the fine heroic thing that some folk imagine it to be. If it doesn't knock you over at the time, it tells on you later, and when this happens you can't blame anybody but yourself. This is ordinary, straightforward advice from a man of the world to young men entering upon the serious business of life, and you can take it or leave it—as you please. But if you take it, you will live to feel very much obliged to me.

You fellows are starting off now with clear heads and hard muscles. Everything is in your favour. If you've been to a decent school you ought to know what's the square thing to do and what isn't. Now, just make up your minds that you won't fall into this silly error of deeming a sober man a molly-coddle and a clean-living man a "saint." They are simply *sensible men.* Smith and Jones are here on earth to do the best with themselves. At twenty they go to the 'Varsity, and Smith reads hard while Jones drinks hard. They both get their degrees somehow, and go down and start earning their livings. They proceed as before, and reach forty—the age at which men are supposed to be in "the prime of life." Result: Smith is a fine, stalwart, healthy fellow, taking a keen interest in everything he does, and still playing games with all the zest you please. Jones is perhaps earning quite as much money as Smith; but is he the same man? The medicine bottles on his bed-room mantelpiece and the state of his tongue in the morning will explain to you his exact condition. Smith is "all there"; Jones is "breaking up." And yet, at twenty, Jones was as good a man as Smith, every bit. That's the picture: have a look at it.

I just wish to add one thing. If any fellow just going into the world from school wants any special advice, let him write to me and ask for it, and I will help him all I can. My fee is one penny stamp—on an envelope.

Books recommended:—*Golden Deeds of the War*, by A. T. Story (a contributor to

ALBERT T. CRICK (AGED SIXTEEN),
Champion Diver of Tasmania, Season 1899-1900.
(Sent by Sandy Bay Swimming Club.)

THE CAPTAIN), is just the book for a school library, for it tells the story of gallantry in South Africa in a most concise and interesting manner. The price is 6s.—*Stories from the Diary of a Doctor*, by L. T. Meade and Dr. Halifax, now appear in sixpenny form. For a sixpenny book the printing and get-up are wonderfully good.

From the *Southampton Times*:—

In the August CAPTAIN—an excellent holiday number—there is a tale entitled "How Woodlandshire found their fast bowler," which embodies a fancy we should like to see realised in the case of Hampshire. Woodlandshire was at the bottom of the list of first-class counties. The one thing necessary was a good fast bowler, which seems to be the special need of our county to-day. Opportunely for Woodlandshire there arrived one day from Australia a tall, sunburnt, slouching youth, who strayed to the county ground at Westport, and went to sleep in the club dressing-room. There he was found, and, as the price of liberty, had to bowl at the captain for an hour at the nets. The result was a revelation of his prowess, and as it turned out that he was born in the county, he was taken on with enthusiasm, and the fortunes of the county were retrieved. When will such a piece of luck fall to the share of our county, we wonder?

"**Seaflower**" writes: "It will be of interest to readers of THE CAPTAIN to know that the black silk scarf worn by sailors is an emblem of mourning for Lord Nelson. The order for the wearing of this scarf has never been recalled, and I don't suppose it ever will be."

Like the star
Which shines afar,
Without haste,
Without rest,
Let each man wheel
With steady sway,
Round the task
Which rules the day,
And do his BEST!

Marlborough College Slang—

Basjon	... biscuit	Fug	... a collegiate monitor
Botly	... pudding		
Browse	... to enjoy oneself	Jowse	... ice
Collegiate mincers	... mince pies	Kish	... cushion
		Nip	... a non-collegiate
Collegiate newers	... new potatoes	Rhino	... cash
		Preeks in cleeks	... prayers in the classrooms.
Choiser	... chestnut		

Sent by "Jollyboy."

F. A. writes from South Africa:—

You were kind enough last February to send me a postal order for a prize essay which I sent to THE CAPTAIN. Possibly it may interest you and your readers to hear its adventures. Being made payable at Grahamstown, it remained some weeks in my pocket-book, visiting Belmont, Graspan, Enslin, Colesberg, Thebus, Stormberg, and other interesting places. At Stormberg I accidentally left the pocket-book in the tent of Captain H——, of the Cork Militia. I wrote and asked him for it, but he replied he had seen nothing of it. A few weeks ago he sent it from Riet River (!) saying it had been found on a native, who was caught and

DECK GOLF.
(By C. Medorington.)

searched as a spy, and who refused to explain how he had got it. It has at last been converted into eau de Cologne for our typhoid cases in hospital here, and is much appreciated.

I may add that THE CAPTAIN is eagerly sought after by the men in hospital as one of the few first-rate magazines of the kind which is printed in decent type.

Winning prizes in THE CAPTAIN brings shoals of correspondence. I got letters from readers in England, Scotland, S. Australia, Jamaica, and New Zealand.

Siege Stamps.—The siege of Ladysmith vividly recalls the siege of Paris, which lasted from the 19th September, 1870, to 28th January, 1871. During this eventful period, and while German shot and shell were wrecking Paris, balloon posts were established, and were the means of conveying two or three million letters to England and elsewhere. The above is a *fac-simile* of such a letter, which it will be seen bears in the upper left-hand corner the inscription "*par ballon monte*," and is dated 29th September, 1870. What the balloon has been unable to perform in Ladysmith has been carried out either by pigeon-post or heliograph.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER SENT BY BALLOON POST DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS, 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1870.

From Longfellow.—

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will,
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. Burchall.—Yes, I have heard that certain parts of London are supposed to be haunted. West Kensington has recently sported a ghost, and it is a well-known superstition that Oliver Cromwell "walks" in Red Lion Square.

F. G.—(1) I suppose the longer you keep your tortoise the tamer it will get. Never frighten, it and by degrees it will get very chummy. (2) To keep a dog from getting fat, give it plenty of exercise. Dogs only get fat by eating a lot, lying about, and doing nothing. Boys get fat that way, too.

FAC-SIMILE OF STAMP USED BY THE BOERS WHILE IN THE PART OF CAPE COLONY WHICH THEY "ANNEXED."
Sent by Harry Ashe.

Fountain Pen, Esq.—You may not send your prize poem to any other paper. By the way, why don't you put your name on your letter?

Anti-Boer.—(1) As far as I know, the "King's Red Coat" has not been published in book-form yet. (2) To get the volume you mention you had better hunt round the second-hand booksellers' shops, or ask a second-hand bookseller to procure it for you.

"Eene van het zuid."—(1) All information regarding the salaries of masters can be obtained from Messrs. Askin & Gabbitas, Scholastic Agents, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. (2) I hope to use your little article on French boys' dress.

For Schoolmasters.—The "New Science and Art of Arithmetic" and "The A. B. C. of Arithmetic," by Messrs. A. Sonnenschein and H. A. Nesbitt, M.A., will in future be published by Messrs. Adam & Charles Black.

M. R.—I don't know how you can get crests of foreign regiments except from friends who are in postal communication with members of such regiments.

"Timbres" writes: "Can any of your readers inform me of the name of the London firm who perforate their postage stamps with the initials "E. B. & O."?

H. Pearson.—We have never had an article on "How to Become a Steward."

Naylor Howarth.—(1) The bat best suited to you would be a size No. 6 of medium weight. (2) Read "Ranji's" book on "Cricket," also C. B. Fry's "Book of Cricket."

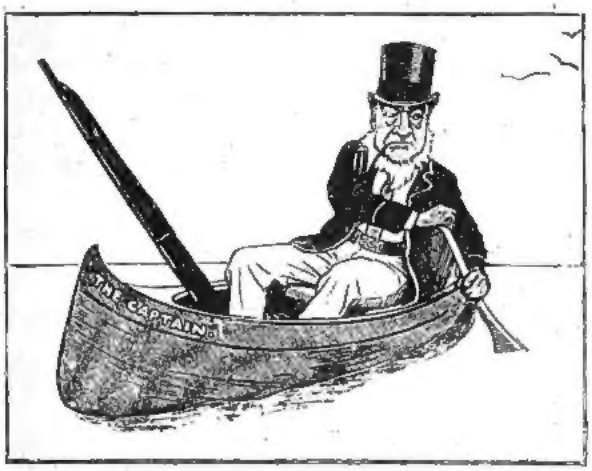
R. M. C. (Toronto) tells me great things of THE CAPTAIN in Canada. Among his own circle of friends there are no less than thirty-six subscribers to THE "CAP."—eleven of these having taken it in at his suggestion. Excellent!

Tomboy.—(1) Bound volumes of THE CAPTAIN cost 6s.; postage, 6d. extra. (2) To avoid bites from midges, sleep with a revolver under your pillow.

Puella. — Exercise, fresh air, regular meals, and plenty of sleep (say eight hours) in a well-ventilated room, all tend to make a young person *grow*. Hope for the best and you may put on a few more inches yet.

W. J. Riley (1), being under age limit for Class III., wishes to know if he may enter for Classes II. and I. as well. Yes, certainly he may. (2) A jeweller or curio dealer could advise him about the value of his coins.

C. H. Bermingham wants to know how to make a tent. Will some reader send a short article on this subject to the "Special Pages"?



Designed by D. G. Barnsley, after THE CAPTAIN.

M. T.—I believe what you call "dandy-legs" can sometimes be cured, when the subject is very young, with "irons" especially made for this purpose, but I do not think you can alter the shape of your legs now.

Football Result (1899-00).—The Plymouth Corporation Grammar School played thirteen matches—won six, lost four, and drew three.

A. R. Lisle.—(1) Maps can be any size. (2) The O. F.'s birthday is on the 27th of June. (3) Certainly, glasses improve the sight of short-sighted people. (4) Albums for crests cost anything from half a crown to half a guinea.

Marlboro' Boy.—Most of the facts you are good enough to send have appeared in THE CAPTAIN.

F. L. Christie.—I cannot insert exchange notices.

3-2th Mate.—Euclid and the other subjects you mention help to train and develop the mind, so they are not useless. Euclid, especially, teaches you how to reason.

Afflicted.—People with prominent ears sometimes wear elastic bands round them at night-time. No doubt a chemist could supply you with these.

Hazel Ford.—I will always write in readers' albums when stamps are enclosed for return of same. "Excelsior" means "Onwards and upwards."

Mark Vaughan.—What did "Pedro" want to know?

Jumbo (registered nick-name No. 54404-7).—Remarks noted. Joke given to the office dog. Good summer for the fish, wasn't it? Well, that's all! S'long!

Joan Thomas.—The O. F. will write his name in any birthday book when stamps are enclosed for return of the book. You needn't believe all the lies the palmist told you. Judging by your handwriting you are a very nice girl, and ought to have a good time if you always take in THE CAPTAIN, and mind what I say.

May.—In time Kruger shillings will, no doubt, be very valuable.

Perplexed.—(1) The quotation that begins "Ships that pass in the night," comes from Longfellow. (2) I don't know where "She built herself an everlasting name" comes from. (3) A "weet-weet" is a bird.

Toby says there are five in his family; and adds, that there have only been two numbers of THE CAPTAIN in which at least one of his family has not known something about one of the "prize-lifters." By seeing a prize-lifter's name in THE CAPTAIN they recognised an old chum, and renewed their friendship with him.

"What We Think of Boys."—A great number of young ladies have sent me their opinions of the opposite sex (in its youthful stage). I hope to make up a page of extracts from these letters very shortly.

J. A. Rose.—"School Cricket results" will be published as soon as all the returns have come in. Some secretaries are very slow, and some are so slack that they don't trouble to send in results at all. Thus they are not published, and a great many "Boys and Old Boys" belonging to those schools are disappointed.

At the Front.—There are 250 Old Haileyburians at the front, and eighty-four Old Paulines.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER OF "THE CAPTAIN" HAS BEEN NAILED TO THE BARN GABLE AND PHOTOGRAPHED FOUR TIMES WITH VARYING POWERS, 15YDS. OFF.

In the largest original the smallest print is quite legible.

(See "Tele-photography," on p. 15.)

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Well-wisher gives me some advice about the way to edit this magazine, and hints that he is qualified to do so, because he was himself once an editor of an amateur magazine, which "ran on for five months and then had to be broken up, because I had to go to business." However, I take "Well-wisher's" hints in good part, because he writes to me quite sincerely and nicely.

Le Bourse.—"The Stockbrokers' Handbook" will, I think, meet your requirements.

Anxious.—Yes, consult a doctor. If anything is the matter with you, of course you must tell your parents.

Communications (letters, photos, drawings, etc.) also received from "Kiddie," "Constant Reader," "Buffer," C. J. McManus, "Lover of Dark Blue," Elsie E——, Bob Muffle, "One of Your Advised Crew," J. C. Ireland, Frank Halford, F. Martin, F. Delafond, "Leslie," Khaki, "Crystal Palace," Gordon Barnsley, J. Jungheim (South Canara, India), "Bobs," H. Peabody, "Friendly Critic," and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"Longest Words."

WINNERS OF 7s.: KATHLEEN DEERING, Long Ashton Vicarage, near Bristol; JAMES M. CHURCHFIELD, 138, Northcote Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; HARRY BURTON, 27, Dartmouth Park Road, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CECIL ROWDEN, 5, Chaucer Road, Wanstead; JOSEPH ROBINSON, 31, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland; A. W. G. KIDD, 11, Forest Drive West, Leytonstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. Heard, Alex. G. Templeton, Percy Auger, A. W. Annand, J. W. Hilton.

No. II.—"Punsters' Competition."

WINNERS OF 7s.: CYNTHIA SEYMOUR, The Royal Mint, London, E.; F. C. KIRBY, Tor Bank, Cromwell Road, Bristol; HARRY MULLETT, 238, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. C. NETTLETON, 70, George Street, Portman Square, W.; LEONARD BINGHAM, "Mantonville," Baxter Road, Sale, Cheshire; S. E. PAUL, 4, Dalkeith Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. D. Boulton, H. R. Morris, Herbert J. Worrell, S. H. Mellor.

No. III.—Best Essay on "My Summer Holiday."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: LILIAN R. ORMISTON, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: M. E. COCK, 35, Milton Road, Fitzhugh, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Dorothy S. Morris, Celia C. Evans, William Henry Bytham, Leslie Howe.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. S. WEBSTER, 26, Victoria Street, Shrewsbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: ALAN LESLIE SNOW, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent; DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick G. Bristow, William B. Huntly, N. Heard, Doris Petley, David Pryde, "Aitchee."

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: F. MILTON, 8, College Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JESSIE HUNTLY, 55, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Horace C. Easton, Gladys Vivian, Henry J. D. Clark, Ronald C. Wainwright.

No. IV.—Best "Map of South America."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: WILLIAM CARRIGAN, 55, Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Spain, Mary Moreton, Caroline R. Barrat, Cecil Rowden, Ethel Walker, Edith Browis.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. V. Abeeler, Gladys M. Burnham, Alan L. Snow, A. A. Adams, John Wood, H. Gayton, Violet A. Sothers, Francis E. F. Crisp, Dorothy Watkins, Marjory Cranthan, A. J. Airston, Maud Sothers, Garforth Bradley, O. C. Whiteman, J. O. Nicol, T. S. Adams, S. Attwell, Eric E. Temple, T. Walker, Dorothy M. Cross, Gertrude Clark, A. E. Andrews, P. M. Fremlin, Olive Garfit, W. Mathews, J. Weir, W. W. Goalen, Hylda Easton, J. Y. Laidlaw, W. F. Macdonald, Jessie Hepburn, Mary Stedman, Phyllis Peel, H. Whitehead, Frank Cole, C. Smith, D. S. Walker, W. E. Giffen, B. Baker, K. Vaughan, H. Coulthurst, Amy Head, T. W. Middleton, Mabel Webb, C. H. Newman, Sylvia Burnett, K. W. Hirons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: LEONARD RIGBY, 6, Springbridge Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Storey, J. F. Harlow, Nancy Huntly, G. Mammatt, Winefride Hill, A. H. Smith, C. G. P. Laidlaw, R. Inglis, W. B. Horne, Margaret Rose, H. Taylor, Gertrude Talbot, G. B. Aliens, C. M. Kerr.

No. V.—Best Sketch of "My Home."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: EVA E. BARRETT, Chantry Villa, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: THOMAS A. CHAPLIN, 50, High Street, Winchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Longman, S. Payne, W. S. Eardley, J. Seddon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen).

WINNER OF 7s.: DUDLEY G. BUXTON, "Rose Done," Dollis Road, Finchley, Church End, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. T. Hughes, W. Milburn, T. Stopford, W. Vennard, Dorothy Wheatley, W. McBurney.

No. VI.—Best "Amateur Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF MOUNTING ALBUM: A. E. RADFORD, Tunnel Road, The Park, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Whilley, Lily R. Brazier, S. P. Billington, E. C. Bradburn, Maggie Mackerchar, Ernest Mountney, G. Standen, L. E. Brossy.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF MOUNTING ALBUM: ALFRED M. BODET, "Bon-Accord," Dowsett Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Brown, W. Loffhagen, "Rabbits," F. Davis, F. C. Owen, A. D. Wood, W. H. Lucas, J. T. Silcock, Flossie L. Booth, D. Hardy, R. U. Pilbeam, Ruby Oliver, H. Lee, V. C. S. Oliver, R. K. Howard, W. H. Croucher, F. Grundy, D. O. Milledge.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF MOUNTING ALBUM: S. H. FITTER, Richmond Lodge, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Stanford, A. E. Davis, E. H. Shield, Jack Swan, A. H. Pearce, A. M. Gray, Mary Boothroyd, F. S. Storr, C. G. Arthur, C. Dible, Cecil C. D. Fox, W. F. Medlock, E. Garratt, F. R. Johnson, F. Overton, T. F. Oliver, G. Walter, A. W. G. Oliver, Georgina V. Bradshaw, W. J. Riley, H. S. Thompson, E. E. D. Duval, H. S. Harrison, C. S. Milledge, E. Hepworth, W. H. Simmons, E. Baker, A. C. Hutt C. H. Barfield, A. C. Collins.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

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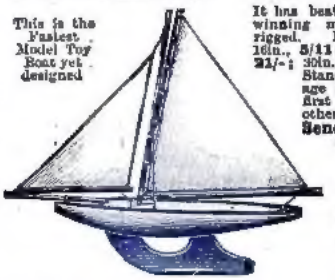

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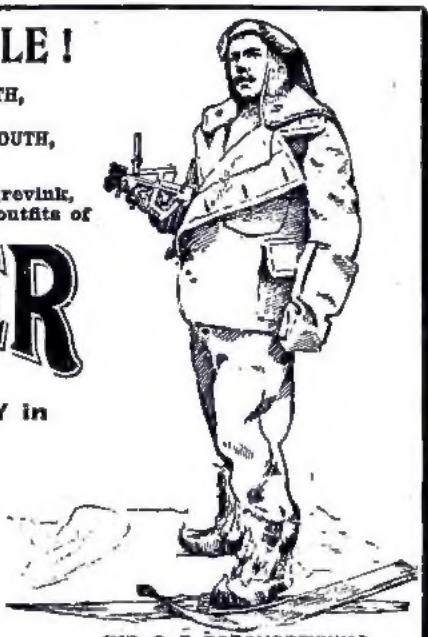

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